Margaret: Drinkwater 179

THE Richard Hay

BEAUTIES

OF THE

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BEAUTIES, &c.

FUTURITY.

NUMB. 2. SATURDAY, *March* 24, 1750.

Stare loco neſcit, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.
STATIUS.

Th' impatient courſer pants in every [illegible]
And pawing ſeems to beat the diſta[illegible]n;
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſt,
And ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt. POPE.

THAT the mind of man is never ſatisfied with the objects immediately before it, but is always breaking away from the preſent moment, and loſing itſelf in ſchemes of future felicity; and that we forget the proper uſe of the time now in our power, to provide for the enjoyment of that which, perhaps, may never be granted us, has been frequently remarked; and as this practice is a commodious ſubject of raillery to the gay, and of declamation to the ſerious, it has been ridiculed, with all the pleaſantry of wit, and exaggerated with all the amplifications of rhetoric. Every inſtance, by which its abſurdity might appear moſt flagrant, has been ſtudiouſly collected; it has been marked with every epithet of contempt, and all

the tropes and figures have been called forth againſt it.

Cenſure is willingly indulged, becauſe it always implies ſome ſuperiority; men pleaſe themſelves with imagining that they have made a deeper ſearch, or wider ſurvey, than others, and detected faults and follies, which eſcape vulgar obſervation. And the pleaſure of wantoning in common topics is ſo tempting to a writer, that he cannot eaſily reſign it; a train of ſentiments generally received enables him to ſhine without labour, and to conquer without a conteſt. It is ſo eaſy to laugh at the folly of him who lives only in idea, refuſes immediate eaſe for diſtant pleaſures, and, inſtead of enjoying the bleſſings of life, lets life glide away in preparations to enjoy them; it affords ſuch opportunities of triumphant exultation, to exemplify the uncertainty of the human ſtate, to rouſe mortals from their dream, and inform them of the ſilent celerity of time, that we may believe authors willing rather to tranſmit than examine ſo advantageous a principle, and more inclined to purſue a track ſo ſmooth and ſo flowery, than attentively to conſider whether it leads to truth.

This quality of looking forward into futurity ſeems the unavoidable condition of a being, whoſe motions are gradual, and whoſe life is progreſſive: as his powers are limited, he muſt uſe means for the attainment of his ends, and intend firſt what he performs laſt; as by continual advances from his firſt ſtage of exiſtence, he is perpetually varying the horizon of his proſpects, he muſt always diſcover new motives of action, new excitements of fear, and allurements of deſire.

The end therefore which at preſent calls forth our efforts, will be found, when it is once gained, to be only one of the means to ſome remoter end. The natural flights of the human mind

are

are not from pleaſure to pleaſure, but from hope to hope.

He that directs his ſteps to a certain point, muſt frequently turn his eyes to that place which he ſtrives to reach; he that undergoes the fatigue of labour, muſt ſolace his wearineſs with the contemplation of its reward. In agriculture, one of the moſt ſimple and neceſſary employments, no man turns up the ground but becauſe he thinks of the harveſt, that harveſt which blights may intercept, which inundations may ſweep away, or which death or calamity may hinder him from reaping.

Yet as few maxims are widely received or long retained but for ſome conformity with truth and nature, it muſt be confeſſed, that this caution againſt keeping our view too intent upon remote advantages is not without its propriety or uſefulneſs, though it may have been recited with too much levity, or enforced with too little diſtinction: for, not to ſpeak of that vehemence of deſire which preſſes through right and wrong to its gratification, or that anxious inquietude which is juſtly chargeable with diſtruſt of heaven, ſubjects too ſolemn for my preſent purpoſe, it frequently happens that, by indulging early the raptures of ſucceſs, we forget the meaſures neceſſary to ſecure it, and ſuffer the imagination to riot in the fruition of ſome poſſible good, till the time of obtaining it has ſlipped away.

There would however be few enterprizes of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we perſuade ourſelves to expect from them. When the knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to ſignalize himſelf in ſuch a manner that he ſhall be ſummoned to the ſupport of empires, ſolicited to accept the heireſs of the crown which he has preſerved, have

honours and riches to ſcatter about him, and an iſland to beſtow on his worthy ſquire, very few readers, amidſt their mirth or pity, can deny that they have admitted viſions of the ſame kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally ſtrange, or by means equally inadequate. When we pity him, we reflect on our own diſappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us that he is not more ridiculous than ourſelves, except that he tells what we have only thought.

The underſtanding of a man, naturally ſanguine, may, indeed, be eaſily vitiated by the luxurious indulgence of hope, however neceſſary to the production of every thing great or excellent, as ſome plants are deſtroyed by too open expoſure to that ſun which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

ROMANCES.

IN narratives, where hiſtorical veracity has no place, I cannot diſcover why there ſhould not be exhibited the moſt perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor above probability, for what we cannot credit we ſhall never imitate, but the higheſt and pureſt that humanity can reach, which, exerciſed in ſuch trials as the various revolutions of things ſhall bring upon it, may, by conquering ſome calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is neceſſary to be ſhewn, ſhould always diſguſt; nor ſhould the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be ſo united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it ſhould raiſe hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanneſs of its ſtrata-

gems;

gems; for while it is ſupported by either parts or ſpirit, it will be ſeldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thouſands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It is therefore to be ſteadily inculcated, that virtue is the higheſt proof of underſtanding, and the only ſolid baſis of greatneſs; and that vice is the natural conſequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in miſtake, and ends in ignominy.

SPRING.

NUMB. 5. TUESDAY, *April* 3, 1750.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos.
Nunc frondent ſilvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.

VIRG.

Now ev'ry field, now ev'ry tree is green;
Now genial nature's faireſt face is ſeen.

ELPHINSTON.

EVERY man is ſufficiently diſcontented with ſome circumſtances of his preſent ſtate, to ſuffer his imagination to range more or leſs in queſt of future happineſs, and to fix upon ſome point of time, in which, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or acquiſition of the advantage which he at preſent wants, he ſhall find the condition of his life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at laſt arrives, it generally comes without the bleſſing for which it was deſired; but we ſolace ourſelves with ſome new proſ-

pect, and preſs forward again with equal eagerneſs.

It is lucky for a man, in whom this temper prevails, when he turns his hopes upon things wholly out of his own power; ſince he forbears then to precipitate his affairs, for the ſake of the great event that is to complete his felicity, and waits for the bliſsful hour with leſs neglect of the meaſures neceſſary to be taken in the mean time.

I have long known a perſon of this temper, who indulged his dream of happineſs with leſs hurt to himſelf than ſuch chimerical wiſhes commonly produce, and adjuſted his ſcheme with ſuch addreſs, that his hopes were in full bloom three parts of the year, and in the other part never wholly blaſted. Many, perhaps, would be deſirous of learning by what means he procured to himſelf ſuch a cheap and laſting ſatisfaction. It was gained by a conſtant practice of referring the removal of all his uneaſineſs to the coming of the next ſpring; if his health was impaired, the ſpring would reſtore it; if what he wanted was at a high price, it would fall its value in the ſpring.

The ſpring indeed did often come without any of theſe effects, but he was always certain that the next would be more propitious; nor was ever convinced, that the preſent ſpring would fail him before the middle of ſummer; for he always talked of the ſpring as coming till it was paſt, and when it was once paſt, every one agreed with him that it was coming.

By long converſe with this man, I am, perhaps, brought to feel immoderate pleaſure in the contemplation of this delightful ſeaſon; but I have the ſatisfaction of finding many, whom it can be no ſhame to reſemble, infected with the ſame enthuſiaſm; for there is, I believe, ſcarce any poet of eminence, who has not left ſome teſtimony of his fondneſs

fondneſs for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of the ſpring. Nor has the moſt luxuriant imagination been able to deſcribe the ſerenity and happineſs of the golden age, otherwiſe than by giving a perpetual ſpring, as the higheſt reward of uncorrupted innocence.

There is, indeed, ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new diſplay of the treaſures of nature. The cold and darkneſs of winter, with the naked deformity of every object on which we turn our eyes, make us rejoice at the ſucceeding ſeaſon, as well for what we have eſcaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower, which a warm ſituation brings early to our view, is conſidered by us as a meſſenger to notify the approach of more joyous days.

The SPRING affords to a mind, ſo free from the diſturbance of cares or paſſions as to be vacant to calm amuſements, almoſt every thing that our preſent ſtate makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the ſucceſſion of grateful odours, the voice of pleaſure pouring out its notes on every ſide, with the gladneſs apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gaiety, ſignificantly expreſſed by the ſmile of nature.

Yet there are men to whom theſe ſcenes are able to give no delight, and who hurry away from all the varieties of rural beauty, to loſe their hours and divert their thoughts by cards, or aſſemblies, a tavern dinner, or the prattle of the day.

It may be laid down as a poſition which will ſeldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company there is ſomething wrong. He muſt fly from himſelf, either becauſe he feels a tediouſneſs in

life, from the equipoiſe of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion more than another but as it is impelled by ſome external power, muſt always have recourſe to foreign objects; or he muſt be afraid of the intruſion of ſome unpleaſing ideas, and, perhaps, is ſtruggling to eſcape from the remembrance of a loſs, the fear of a calamity, or ſome other thought of greater horror.

Thoſe whom ſorrow incapacitates to enjoy the pleaſures of contemplation, may properly apply to ſuch diverſions, provided they are innocent, as lay ſtrong hold on the attention; and thoſe, whom fear of any future affliction chains down to miſery, muſt endeavour to obviate the danger.

My conſiderations ſhall, on this occaſion, be turned on ſuch as are burthenſome to themſelves merely becauſe they want ſubjects for reflection, and to whom the volume of nature is thrown open, without affording them pleaſure or inſtruction, becauſe they never learned to read the characters.

A French author has advanced this ſeeming paradox, that *very few men know how to take a walk*; and, indeed, it is true, that few know how to take a walk with a proſpect of any other pleaſure, than the ſame company would have afforded them at home.

There are animals that borrow their colour from the neighbouring body, and conſequently vary their hue as they happen to change their place. In like manner it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him; for it is to no purpoſe that he alters his poſition, if his attention continues fixed to the ſame point. The mind ſhould be kept open to the acceſs of every new idea, and ſo far diſengaged from the predominance of particular thoughts as eaſily to accommodate itſelf to occaſional entertainment.

A man

A man that has formed this habit of turning every new object to his entertainment, finds in the productions of nature an inexhauſtible ſtock of materials upon which he can employ himſelf, without any temptations to envy or malevolence; faults, perhaps, ſeldom totally avoided by thoſe, whoſe judgment is much exerciſed upon the works of art. He has always a certain proſpect of diſcovering new reaſons for adoring the Sovereign Author of the univerſe, and probable hopes of making ſome diſcovery of benefit to others, or of profit to himſelf. There is no doubt but many vegetables and animals have qualities that might be of great uſe, to the knowledge of which there is not required much force of penetration, or fatigue of ſtudy, but only frequent experiments, and cloſe attention. What is ſaid by the chemiſts of their darling mercury, is, perhaps, true of every body through the whole creation, that, if a thouſand lives ſhould be ſpent upon it, all its properties would not be found out.

Mankind muſt neceſſarily be diverſified by various taſtes, ſince life affords and requires ſuch multiplicity of employments; and a nation of naturaliſts is neither to be hoped, or deſired; but it is ſurely not improper to point out a freſh amuſement to thoſe who languiſh in health, and repine in plenty, for want of ſome ſource of diverſion that may be leſs eaſily exhauſted, and to inform the multitudes of both ſexes, who are burthened with every new day, that there are many ſhows which they have not ſeen.

He that enlarges his curioſity after the works of nature, demonſtrably multiplies the inlets to happineſs; and, therefore, the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal ſpeculation, muſt excuſe me for calling upon them, to make uſe at once of the ſpring of the year, and the

ſpring of life; to acquire, while their minds may be yet impreſſed with new images, a love of innocent pleaſures, and an ardour for uſeful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted ſpring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.

HAPPINESS.

NUMB. 6. SATURDAY *April* 7, 1750.

Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic eſt;
Eſt Ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus. HOR.

Active in indolence, abroad we roam
In queſt of happineſs, which dwells at home:
With vain purſuits fatigu'd, at length you'll find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind.

ELPHINSTON.

THAT man ſhould never ſuffer his happineſs to depend upon external circumſtances, is one of the chief precepts of the Stoical philoſophy; a precept, indeed, which that lofty ſect has extended beyond the condition of human life, and in which ſome of them ſeem to have compriſed an utter excluſion of all corporal pain and pleaſure from the regard or attention of a wiſe man.

Such *ſapientia inſaniens*, as Horace calls the doctrine of another ſect, ſuch extravagance of philoſophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation: it is overthrown by the experience of every hour, and the powers of nature riſe up againſt it. But we may very properly enquire, how near to this exalted ſtate it is in our power to approach,

approach, how far we can exempt ourſelves from outward influences, and ſecure to our minds a ſtate of tranquillity: for, though the boaſt of abſolute independence is ridiculous and vain, yet a mean flexibility to every impulſe, and a patient ſubmiſſion to the tyranny of caſual troubles, is below the dignity of that mind, which, however depraved or weakened, boaſts its derivation from a celeſtial original, and hopes for an union with infinite goodneſs, and unvariable felicity.

Ni vitiis pejora fovens
Proprium deſerat ortum.

Unleſs the ſoul, to vice a thrall,
Deſert her own original.

The neceſſity of erecting ourſelves to ſome degree of intellectual dignity, and of preſerving reſources of pleaſure, which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon thoſe whom fortune has let looſe to their own conduct; who, not being chained down by their condition to a regular and ſtated allotment of their hours, are obliged to find themſelves buſineſs or diverſion, and having nothing within that can entertain or employ them, are compelled to try all the arts of deſtroying time.

The numberleſs expedients practiſed by this claſs of mortals to alleviate the burthen of life, is not leſs ſhameful, nor, perhaps, much leſs pitiable, than thoſe to which a trader on the edge of bankruptcy is reduced. I have ſeen melancholy overſpread a whole family at the diſappointment of a party for cards; and when, after the propoſal of a thouſand ſchemes, and the diſpatch of the footmen upon a hundred meſſages, they have ſubmitted, with gloomy reſignation, to the misfortune of paſſing one evening in converſation with each other; on a ſudden, ſuch are the revolutions of the world, an unexpected

viſitor has brought them relief, acceptable as proviſion to a ſtarving city, and enabled them to hold out till the next day.

The general remedy of thoſe, who are uneaſy without knowing the cauſe, is change of place; they are willing to imagine that their pain is the conſequence of ſome local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it, as children from their ſhadows; always hoping for ſome more ſatisfactory delight from every new ſcene, and always returning home with diſappointment and complaints.

Who can look upon this kind of infatuation, without reflecting on thoſe that ſuffer under the dreadful ſymptom of canine madneſs, termed by phyſicians the *dread of water?* Theſe miſerable wretches, unable to drink, though burning with thriſt, are ſometimes known to try various contortions, or inclinations of the body, flattering themſelves that they can ſwallow in one poſture that liquor, which they find in another to repel their lips.

Yet ſuch folly is not peculiar to the thoughtleſs or ignorant, but ſometimes ſeizes thoſe minds which ſeem moſt exempted from it, by the variety of attainments, quickneſs of penetration, or ſeverity of judgment; and, indeed, the pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified by finding that they confer no ſecurity againſt the common errors, which miſlead the weakeſt and meaneſt of mankind.

Theſe reflections aroſe in my mind upon the remembrance of a paſſage in Cowley's preface to his poems, where, however exalted by genius, and enlarged by ſtudy, he informs us of a ſcheme of happineſs to which the imagination of a girl upon the loſs of her firſt lover, could have ſcarcely given way; but which he ſeems to have indulged, till he had totally forgotten its abſurdity, and would probably have

have put in execution, had he been hindered only by his reaſon.

'My deſire,' ſays he, 'has been for ſome years 'paſt, though the execution has been accidentally 'diverted, and does ſtill vehemently continue, to 'retire myſelf to ſome of our American planta- 'tions, not to ſeek for gold, or enrich myſelf with 'the traffic of thoſe parts, which is the end of 'moſt men that travel thither; but to forſake this 'world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations 'of it, and to bury myſelf there in ſome obſcure re- 'treat, but not without the conſolation of letters 'and philoſophy.'

Such was the chimerical proviſion which Cowley had made, in his own mind, for the quiet of his remaining life, and which he ſeems to recommend to poſterity, ſince there is no other reaſon for diſcloſing it. Surely no ſtronger inſtance can be given of a perſuaſion that content was the inhabitant of particular regions, and that a man might ſet ſail with a fair wind, and leave behind him all his cares, incumbrances, and calamities.

If he travelled ſo far with no other purpoſe than to *bury himſelf in ſome obſcure retreat*, he might have found, in his own country, innumerable coverts ſufficiently dark to have concealed the genius of Cowley; for whatever might be his opinion of the importunity with which he might be ſummoned back into public life, a ſhort experience would have convinced him, that privation is eaſier than acquiſition, and that it would require little continuance to free himſelf from the intruſion of the world. There is pride enough in the human heart to prevent much deſire of acquaintance with a man, by whom we are ſure to be neglected, however his reputation for ſcience or virtue may excite our curioſity or eſteem; ſo that the lover of retirement needs

needs not be afraid leſt the reſpect of ſtrangers ſhould overwhelm him with viſits. Even thoſe to whom he has formerly been known will very patiently ſupport his abſence when they have tried a little to live without him, and found new diverſions for thoſe moments which his company contributed to exhilarate.

It was, perhaps, ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyranniſing over one another, that no individual ſhould be of ſuch importance, as to cauſe, by his retirement or death, any chaſm in the world. And Cowley had converſed to little purpoſe with mankind, if he had never remarked, how ſoon the uſeful friend, the gay companion, and the favoured lover, when once they are removed from before the ſight, give way to the ſucceſſion of new objects.

The privacy, therefore, of his hermitage might have been ſafe enough from violation, though he had choſen it within the limits of his native iſland; he might have found here preſervatives againſt the *vanities* and *vexations* of the world, not leſs efficacious than thoſe which the woods or fields of America could afford him: but having once his mind imbittered with diſguſt, he conceived it impoſſible to be far enough from the cauſe of his uneaſineſs; and was poſting away with the expedition of a coward, who, for want of venturing to look behind him, thinks the enemy perpetually at his heels.

When he was interrupted by company, or fatigued with buſineſs, he ſo ſtrongly imaged to himſelf the happineſs of leiſure and retreat, that he determined to enjoy them for the future without interruption, and to exclude for ever all that could deprive him of his darling ſatisfaction. He forgot, in the vehemence of deſire, that ſolitude and quiet owe their pleaſures to thoſe miſeries, which he was

ſo

ſo ſtudious to obviate; for ſuch are the viciſſitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labour and reſt, hurry and retirement endear each other; ſuch are the changes that keep the mind in action; we deſire, we purſue, we obtain, we are ſatiated; we deſire ſomething elſe, and begin a new purſuit.

If he had proceeded in his project, and fixed his habitation in the moſt delightful part of the new world, it may be doubted, whether his diſtance from the *vanities* of life would have enabled him to keep away the *vexations*. It is common for a man, who feels pain, to fancy that he could bear it better in any other part. Cowley having known the troubles and perplexities of a particular condition, readily perſuaded himſelf that nothing worſe was to be found, and that every alteration would bring ſome improvement; he never ſuſpected that the cauſe of his unhappineſs was within, that his own paſſions were not ſufficiently regulated, and that he was haraſſed by his own impatience, which could never be without ſomething to awaken it, would accompany him over the ſea, and find its way to his American elyſium. He would, upon the trial, have been ſoon convinced, that the fountain of content muſt ſpring up in the mind, and that he who has ſo little knowledge of human nature, as to ſeek happineſs by changing any thing, but his own diſpoſitions, will waſte his life in fruitleſs efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purpoſes to remove.

RETIREMENT.

NUMB. 7. TUESDAY, *April* 10, 1750.

O qui perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum cœlique ſator! ———
Diſjice terrenæ nebulas & pondera molis,
Atque tuo ſplendore mica! Tu namque ſerenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere, finis,
Principium, vector, dux, ſemita, terminus, idem.

BOETHIUS.

O thou whoſe pow'r o'er moving worlds preſides,
Whoſe voice created, and whoſe wiſdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence ſhine,
And chear the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breaſt
With ſilent confidence and holy reſt;
From thee, great God, we ſpring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

THE love of RETIREMENT has, in all ages, adhered cloſely to thoſe minds, which have been moſt enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Thoſe who enjoyed every thing generally ſuppoſed to confer happineſs, have been forced to ſeek it in the ſhades of privacy. Though they poſſeſſed both power and riches, and were, therefore, ſurrounded by men, who conſidered it as their chief intereſt to remove from them every thing that might offend their eaſe, or interrupt their pleaſure, they have ſoon felt the languors of ſatiety, and found themſelves unable to purſue the race of life without frequent reſpirations of intermediate ſolitude.

To produce this diſpoſition nothing appears requiſite but quick ſenſibility, and active imagination;

tion; for, though not devoted to virtue, or ſcience, the man, whoſe faculties enable him to make ready compariſons of the preſent with the paſt, will find ſuch a conſtant recurrence of the ſame pleaſures and troubles, the ſame expectations and diſappointments, that he will gladly ſnatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and ſeek for that variety of his own ideas, which the objects of ſenſe cannot afford him.

Nor will greatneſs, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this deſire, ſince, if he is born to think, he cannot reſtrain himſelf from a thouſand enquiries and ſpeculations, which he muſt purſue by his own reaſon, and which the ſplendour of his condition can only hinder; for thoſe who are moſt exalted above dependence or controul, are yet condemned to pay ſo large a tribute of their time to cuſtom, ceremony, and popularity, that, according to the *Greek* proverb, no man in the houſe is more a ſlave than the maſter.

When a king aſked Euclid the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner? he was anſwered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be ſeized by might, or purchaſed with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by ſtudy, and ſtudy to be proſecuted only in retirement.

Theſe are ſome of the motives which have had power to ſequeſter kings and heroes from the crowds that ſoothed them with flatteries, or inſpirited them with acclamations; but their efficacy ſeems confined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common claſſes of mankind, to whoſe conceptions the preſent aſſemblage of things is adequate, and who ſeldom range beyond thoſe entertainments and vexations, which ſolicit their attention by preſſing on their ſenſes.

But

But there is an univerſal reaſon for ſome ſtated intervals of ſolitude, which the inſtitutions of the church call upon me, now eſpecially to mention; a reaſon which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future ſtate, and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; ſince none can imagine themſelves not comprehended in its obligation, but ſuch as determine to ſet their Maker at defiance by obſtinate wickedneſs, or whoſe enthuſiaſtick ſecurity of his approbation places them above external ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great taſk of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the preſent, to impreſs upon his mind ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promiſed to virtue, and the terrors of the puniſhment denounced againſt crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and ſorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and puſh forward at another againſt the threats of calamity.

It is not without reaſon that the apoſtle repreſents our paſſage through this ſtage of our exiſtence by images drawn from the alarms and ſolicitude of a military life; for we are placed in ſuch a ſtate, that almoſt every thing about us conſpires againſt our chief intereſt. We are in danger from whatever can get poſſeſſion of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleaſure has a tendency to obſtruct the way that leads to happineſs, and either to turn us aſide, or retard our progreſs.

Our ſenſes, our appetites, and our paſſions, are our lawful and faithful guides, in moſt things that relate

relate ſolely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly neceſſity of conſulting them, we gradually ſink into an implicit ſubmiſſion, and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a ſecond compliance, every new ſtep towards depravity is made with leſs reluctance than the former, and thus the deſcent to life merely ſenſual is perpetually accelerated.

The ſenſes have not only that advantage over conſcience, which things neceſſary muſt always have over things choſen, but they have likewiſe a kind of preſcription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the ſenſations of pleaſure, before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early eſtabliſhed, and inceſſantly increaſing, it muſt be remembered, that almoſt every man has, in ſome part of his life, added new ſtrength by a voluntary or negligent ſubjection of himſelf; for who is there that has not inſtigated his appetites by indulgence, or ſuffered them by an unreſiſting neutrality to enlarge their dominion, and multiply their demands?

From the neceſſity of diſpoſſeſſing the ſenſitive faculties of the influence which they muſt naturally gain by this preoccupation of the ſoul, ariſes that conflict between oppoſite deſires, in the firſt endeavours after a religious life, which, however enthuſiaſtically it may have been deſcribed, or however contemptuouſly ridiculed, will naturally be felt in ſome degree, though varied without end, by different tempers of mind, and innumerable circumſtances of health or condition, greater or leſs fervour, more or fewer temptations to relapſe.

From the perpetual neceſſity of conſulting the animal faculties, in our proviſion for the preſent life, ariſes the difficulty of withſtanding their impulſes, even in caſes where they ought to be of no weight;

weight; for the motions of ſenſe are inſtantaneous, its objects ſtrike unſought, we are accuſtomed to follow its directions, and therefore often ſubmit to the ſentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philoſophical eſtimate, that, ſuppoſing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoiſe between the pleaſures of this life, and the hopes of futurity, preſent objects falling more frequently into the ſcale would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an inviſible ſtate would grow every moment weaker, till at laſt it would loſe all its activity, and become abſolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our own hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either ſide. The motives to a life of holineſs are infinite, not leſs than the favour or anger of omnipotence, not leſs than eternity of happineſs or miſery. But theſe can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the buſineſs, or diverſions, of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rites of religion ſeem to be inſtituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its neceſſity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the ſtanding principles of action, and the teſt by which every thing propoſed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

To facilitate this change of our affections, it is neceſſary that we weaken the temptations of the world, by retiring at certain ſeaſons from it; for its influence

influence ariſing only from its preſence, is much leſſened when it becomes the object of ſolitary meditation. A conſtant reſidence amidſt noiſe and pleaſure inevitably obliterates the impreſſions of piety, and a frequent abſtraction of ourſelves into a ſtate, where this life, like the next, operates only upon the reaſon, will reinſtate religion in its juſt authority, even without thoſe irradiations from above, the hope of which I have no intention to withdraw from the ſincere and the diligent.

This is that conqueſt of the world and of ourſelves, which has been always conſidered as the perfection of human nature; and this is only to be obtained by fervent prayer, ſteady reſolutions, and frequent retirement from folly and vanity, from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance, from the lulling ſounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting ſight of proſperous wickedneſs.

ANGER.

NUMB. 11. TUESDAY, *April* 24, 1750.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem ſacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Triſtes ut iræ.——— HOR.

Yet O! remember, nor the god of wine,
Nor *Pythian Phœbus* from his inmoſt ſhrine,
Nor *Dindymene*, nor her prieſts poſſeſt,
Can with their ſounding cymbals ſhake the breaſt,
Like furious anger. FRANCIS.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the ſeven ſages of Greece, left as a memorial of his

his knowledge and benevolence, was χόλω κράτει, *Be maſter of thy anger*. He conſidered anger as the great diſturber of human life, the chief enemy both of public happineſs and private tranquillity, and thought that he could not lay on poſterity a ſtronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a ſalutary caution againſt this outrageous paſſion.

To what latitude Periander might extend the word, the brevity of his precept will ſcarce allow us to conjecture. From anger, in its full import, protracted into malevolence, and exerted in revenge, ariſe, indeed, many of the evils to which the life of man is expoſed. By anger operating upon power are produced the ſubverſion of cities, the deſolation of countries, the maſſacre of nations, and all thoſe dreadful and aſtoniſhing calamities which fill the hiſtories of the world, and which could not be read at any diſtant point of time, when the paſſions ſtand neutral, and every motive and principle is left to its natural force, without ſome doubt of the truth of the relation, did we not ſee the ſame cauſes ſtill tending to the ſame effects, and only acting with leſs vigour for want of the ſame concurrent opportunities.

But this gigantick and enormous ſpecies of anger falls not properly under the animadverſion of a writer, whoſe chief end is the regulation of common life, and whoſe precepts are to recommend themſelves by their general uſe. Nor is this eſſay intended to expoſe the tragical or fatal effects even of private malignity. The anger which I propoſe now for my ſubject is ſuch as makes thoſe who indulge it more troubleſome than formidable, and ranks them rather with hornets and waſps, than with baſiliſks and lions. I have, therefore, prefixed a motto, which characteriſes this paſſion, not ſo much

much by the miſchief that it cauſes, as by the noiſe that it utters.

There is in the world a certain claſs of mortals, known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of *paſſionate men*, who imagine themſelves entitled by that diſtinction to be provoked on every ſlight occaſion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces and licentious reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the moſt part, fumes away in outcries of injury, and proteſtations of vengeance, and ſeldom proceeds to actual violence, unleſs a drawer or linkboy falls in their way; but they interrupt the quiet of thoſe that happen to be within the reach of their clamours, obſtruct the courſe of converſation, and diſturb the enjoyment of ſociety.

Men of this kind are ſometimes not without underſtanding or virtue, and are, therefore, not always treated with the ſeverity which their neglect of the eaſe of all about them might juſtly provoke; they have obtained a kind of preſcription for their folly, and are conſidered by their companions as under a predominant influence that leaves them not maſters of their conduct or language, as acting without conſciouſneſs, and ruſhing into miſchief with a miſt before their eyes; they are therefore pitied rather than cenſured, and their ſallies are paſſed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the ſpaſms of a convulſion.

It is ſurely not to be obſerved without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be ſatisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without ſhame, and without regret, conſider themſelves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exerciſing their patience, and boaſting their clemency.

Pride

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger; but pride, like every other paſſion, if it once breaks looſe from reaſon, counteracts its own purpoſes. A paſſionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has conſidered how his outrages were cauſed, why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at laſt.

Thoſe ſudden burſts of rage generally break out upon ſmall occaſions; for life, unhappy as it is, cannot ſupply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks it fit to be enraged; therefore the firſt reflection upon his violence muſt ſhew him that he is mean enough to be driven from his poſt by every petty incident, that he is the mere ſlave of caſualty, and that his reaſon and virtue are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of theſe loud extravagancies, which a man is careful to conceal from others, and does not always diſcover to himſelf. He that finds his knowledge narrow, and his arguments weak, and by conſequence his ſuffrage not much regarded, is ſometimes in hope of gaining that attention, by his clamours, which he cannot otherwiſe obtain, and is pleaſed with remembering that at leaſt he made himſelf heard, that he had the power to interrupt thoſe whom he could not confute, and ſuſpend the deciſion which he could not guide.

Of this kind is the fury to which many men give way among their ſervants and domeſticks; they feel their own ignorance, they ſee their own inſignificance, and, therefore, they endeavour, by their fury, to fright away contempt from before them, when they know it muſt follow them behind; and think themſelves eminently maſters, when they ſee one folly tamely complied with, only leſt refuſal or delay ſhould provoke them to a greater.

Theſe

Theſe temptations cannot but be owned to have ſome force. It is ſo little pleaſing to any man to ſee himſelf wholly overlooked in the maſs of things, that he may be allowed to try a few expedients for procuring ſome kind of ſupplemental dignity, and uſe ſome endeavour to add weight, by the violence of his temper, to the lightneſs of his other powers. But this has now been long practiſed, and found, upon the moſt exact eſtimate, not to produce advantages equal to its inconveniencies; for it appears not that a man can by uproar, tumult, and bluſter, alter any one's opinion of his underſtanding, or gain influence except over thoſe whom fortune or nature have made his dependents. He may, by a ſteady perſeverance in his ferocity, fright his children, and haraſs his ſervants, but the reſt of the world will look on and laugh; and he will have the comfort at laſt of thinking, that he lives only to raiſe contempt and hatred, emotions to which wiſdom and virtue would be always unwilling to give occaſion. He has contrived only to make thoſe fear him, whom every reaſonable being is endeavouring to endear by kindneſs, and muſt content himſelf with the pleaſure of a triumph obtained by trampling on them who could not reſiſt. He muſt perceive that the apprehenſion which his preſence cauſes is not the awe of his virtue, but the dread of his brutality, and that he has given up the felicity of being loved, without gaining the honour of being reverenced.

But this is not the only ill conſequence of the frequent indulgence of this bluſtering paſſion, which a man, by often calling to his aſſiſtance, will teach, in a ſhort time, to intrude before the ſummons, to ruſh upon him with reſiſtleſs violence, and without any previous notice of its approach. He will find himſelf liable to be inflamed at the firſt touch of provocation, and unable to retain his reſentment,

till he has a full conviction of the offence, to proportion his anger to the cauſe, or to regulate it by prudence or by duty. When a man has once ſuffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the moſt hateful and unhappy beings. He can give no ſecurity to himſelf that he ſhall not, at the next interview, alienate by ſome ſudden tranſport his deareſt friend; or break out, upon ſome ſlight contradiction, into ſuch terms of rudeneſs as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converſes with him, lives with the ſuſpicion and ſolicitude of a man that plays with a tame tiger, always under a neceſſity of watching the moment in which the capricious ſavage ſhall begin to growl.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyrick on the Duke of Dorſet, that his ſervants uſed to put themſelves in his way when he was angry, becauſe he was ſure to recompenſe them for any indignities which he made them ſuffer. This is the round of a paſſionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to diſcharge at the return of reaſon. He ſpends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himſelf in oppreſſion, and juſtifies the wrong, becauſe he has done it, his inſenſibility can make ſmall part of his praiſe, or his happineſs; he only adds deliberate to haſty folly, aggravates petulance by contumacy, and deſtroys the only plea that he can offer for the tenderneſs and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, becauſe it ſeldom wants a puniſhment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more deſpicable or more miſerable than the old age of a paſſionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amuſements pall with frequent repetition, his occaſional rage ſinks by decay of ſtrength into peeviſh-

peeviſhneſs, that peeviſhneſs, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him, and he is left, as Homer expreſſes it, φθινύθων φίλον ἦτορ, to devour his own heart in ſolitude and contempt.

SECRECY.

NUMB. 13. TUESDAY, *May* 1, 1750.

Commiſſumque tege & vino tortus & irâ. HOR.

And let not wine or anger wreſt
Th' intruſted ſecret from your breaſt. FRANCIS.

IT is related by Quintus Curtius, that the Perſians always conceived an invincible contempt of a man, who had violated the laws of ſecrecy; for they thought, that however he might be deficient in the qualities requiſite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at leaſt were in his power, and though he perhaps could not ſpeak well if he was to try, it was ſtill eaſy for him not to ſpeak.

In forming this opinion of the eaſineſs of ſecrecy they ſeem to have conſidered it as oppoſed, not to treachery, but loquacity, and to have conceived the man, whom they thus cenſured, not frighted by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promiſes to betray, but incited by the mere pleaſure of talking, or ſome other motive equally trifling, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew ſlip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether, by their ſettled and avowed ſcorn of thoughtleſs talkers, the Perſians were able to diffuſe to any great extent the virtue of taciturnity, we are hindered by the diſtance of thoſe times from being able to diſcover, there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of Perſepolis, nor

any diſtinct accounts handed down to us of their office clerks, their ladies of the bed-chamber, their attorneys, their chamber-maids, or their footmen.

In theſe latter ages, though the old animoſity againſt a prattler is ſtill retained, it appears wholly to have loſt its effects upon the conduct of mankind; for ſecrets are ſo ſeldom kept, that it may with ſome reaſon be doubted, whether the ancients were not miſtaken in their firſt poſtulate, whether the quality of retention be ſo generally beſtowed, and whether a ſecret has not ſome ſubtle volatility. by which it eſcapes imperceptibly at the ſmalleſt vent, or ſome power of fermentation, by which it expands itſelf ſo as to burſt the heart that will not give it way.

Thoſe that ſtudy either the body or the mind of man, very often find the moſt ſpecious and pleaſing theory falling under the weight of contrary experience; and inſtead of gratifying their vanity by inferring effects from cauſes, they are always reduced at laſt to conjecture cauſes from effects. That it is eaſy to be ſecret, the ſpeculatiſt can demonſtrate in his retreat, and therefore thinks himſelf juſtified in placing confidence; the man of the world knows, that whether difficult or not, it is uncommon, and therefore finds himſelf rather inclined to ſearch after the reaſon of this univerſal failure in one of the moſt important duties of ſociety.

The vanity of being known to be truſted with a ſecret is generally one of the chief motives to diſcloſe it; for however abſurd it may be thought to boaſt an honour by an act which ſhews that it was conferred without merit, yet moſt men ſeem rather inclined to confeſs the want of virtue than of importance, and more willingly ſhew their influence, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life with no other pleaſure than the private

conſci-

conſciouſneſs of fidelity; which, while it is preſerved, muſt be without praiſe, except from the ſingle perſon who tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a ſecret, by which a man exempts himſelf from the reproaches of his conſcience, and gratifies his pride, without ſuffering himſelf to believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the private affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to thoſe from whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them to thoſe, who have no temptation to betray the truſt, or with a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friendſhip, if he diſcovers that they become public.

Secrets are very frequently told in the firſt ardour of kindneſs, or of love, for the ſake of proving by ſo important a ſacrifice, ſincerity, or tenderneſs; but with this motive, though it be ſtrong in itſelf, vanity concurs, ſince every man deſires to be moſt eſteemed by thoſe whom he loves, or with whom he converſes, with whom he paſſes his hours of pleaſure, and to whom he retires from buſineſs and from care.

When the diſcovery of ſecrets is under conſideration, there is always a diſtinction carefully to be made between our own and thoſe of another; thoſe of which we are fully maſters as they affect only our own intereſt, and thoſe which are repoſited with us in truſt, and involve the happineſs or convenience of ſuch as we have no right to expoſe to hazard. To tell our own ſecrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate thoſe with which we are intruſted is always treachery, and treachery for the moſt part combined with folly.

There have, indeed, been ſome enthuſiaſtick and irrational zealots for friendſhip, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in poſſeſſion of another;

and that therefore it is a violation of kindneſs to exempt any ſecret from this boundleſs confidence. Accordingly a late female miniſter of ſtate has been ſhameleſs enough to inform the world, that ſhe uſed, when ſhe wanted to extract any thing from her ſovereign, to remind her of Montaigne's reaſoning, who has determined, that to tell a ſecret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, becauſe the number of perſons truſted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the ſame.

That ſuch a fallacy could be impoſed upon any human underſtanding, or that an author could have advanced a poſition ſo remote from truth and reaſon, any other ways than as a declaimer, to ſhew to what extent he could ſtretch his imagination, and with what ſtrength he could preſs his principle, would ſcarcely have been credible, had not this lady kindly ſhewn us how far weakneſs may be deluded, or indolence amuſed. But ſince it appears that even this ſophiſtry has been able, with the help of a ſtrong deſire to repoſe in quiet upon the underſtanding of another, to miſlead honeſt intentions, and an underſtanding not contemptible, it may not be ſuperfluous to remark, that thoſe things which are common among friends are only ſuch as either poſſeſſes in his own right, and can alienate or deſtroy without injury to any other perſon. Without this limitation, confidence muſt run on without end, the ſecond perſon may tell the ſecret to the third, upon the ſame principle as he received it from the firſt, and the third may hand it forward to a fourth, till at laſt it is told in the round of friendſhip to them from whom it was the firſt intention to conceal it.

The confidence which Caius has of the faithfulneſs of Titius is nothing more than an opinion which himſelf cannot know to be true, and which Claudius, who firſt tells his ſecret to Caius, may know

know to be falſe; and therefore the truſt is transferred by Caius, if he reveal what has been told him, to one from whom the perſon originally concerned would have withheld it; and whatever may be the event, Caius has hazarded the happineſs of his friend, without neceſſity and without permiſſion, and has put that truſt in the hand of fortune which was given only to virtue.

All the arguments upon which a man who is telling the private affairs of another may ground his confidence of ſecurity, he muſt upon reflection know to be uncertain, becauſe he finds them without effect upon himſelf. When he is imagining that Titius will be cautious, from a regard to his intereſt, his reputation, or his duty, he ought to reflect that he is himſelf at that inſtant acting in oppoſition to all theſe reaſons, and revealing what intereſt, reputation, and duty direct him to conceal.

Every one feels that in his own caſe he ſhould conſider the man incapable of truſt, who believed himſelf at liberty to tell whatever he knew to the firſt whom he ſhould conclude deſerving of his confidence; therefore Caius, in admitting Titius to the affairs imparted only to himſelf, muſt know that he violates his faith, ſince he acts contrary to the intention of Claudius, to whom that faith was given. For promiſes of friendſhip are, like all others, uſeleſs and vain, unleſs they are made in ſome known ſenſe, adjuſted and acknowledged by both parties.

I am not ignorant that many queſtions may be ſtarted relating to the duty of ſecrecy, where the affairs are of public concern; where ſubſequent reaſons may ariſe to alter the appearance and nature of the truſt; that the manner in which the ſecret was told may change the degree of obligation; and that the principles upon which a man is choſen for

a confident may not always equally conſtrain him. But theſe ſcruples, if not too intricate, are of too extenſive conſideration for my preſent purpoſe, nor are they ſuch as generally occur in common life; and though caſuiſtical knowledge be uſeful in proper hands, yet it ought by no means to be careleſsly expoſed, ſince moſt will uſe it rather to lull than awaken their own conſciences; and the threads of reaſoning, on which truth is ſuſpended, are frequently drawn to ſuch ſubtility, that common eyes cannot perceive, and common ſenſibility cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine, as well as practice of ſecrecy, is ſo perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is compelled to truſt, I think him unhappy who is choſen to be truſted; for he is often involved in ſcruples without the liberty of calling in the help of any other underſtanding; he is frequently drawn into guilt, under the appearance of friendſhip and honeſty; and ſometimes ſubjected to ſuſpicion by the treachery of others, who are engaged without his knowledge in the ſame ſchemes; for he that has one confident has generally more, and when he is at laſt betrayed, is in doubt on whom he ſhall fix the crime.

The rules therefore that I ſhall propoſe concerning ſecrecy, and from which I think it not ſafe to deviate, without long and exact deliberation, are—Never to ſolicit the knowledge of a ſecret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept ſuch confidence when it is offered. When a ſecret is once admitted, to conſider the truſt as of a very high nature, important as ſociety, and ſacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or ſlight appearance of contrary fitneſs.

AUTHORS.

NUMB. 14. SATURDAY, *May* 5, 1750.

——— *Nil fuit unquam*
Sic diſpar ſibi ——— HOR.

Sure ſuch a various creature ne'er was known. FRANCIS.

AMONG the many inconſiſtencies which folly produces, or infirmity ſuffers in the human mind, there has often been obſerved a manifeſt and ſtriking contrariety between the life of an author and his writings; and Milton, in a letter to a learned ſtranger, by whom he had been viſited, with great reaſon congratulates himſelf upon the conſciouſneſs of being found equal to his own character, and having preſerved, in a private and familiar interview, that reputation which his works had procured him.

Thoſe whom the appearance of virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer in whoſe performances they may be found, have indeed had frequent reaſon to repent their curioſity; the bubble that ſparkled before them has become common water at the touch; the phantom of perfection has vaniſhed when they wiſhed to preſs it to their boſom. They have loſt the pleaſure of imagining how far humanity may be exalted, and, perhaps, felt themſelves leſs inclined to toil up the ſteeps of virtue, when they obſerve thoſe who ſeem beſt able to point the way, loitering below, as either afraid of the labour, or doubtful of the reward.

It has been long the cuſtom of the oriental monarchs to hide themſelves in gardens and palaces, to avoid the converſation of mankind, and to be known to their ſubjects only by their edicts. The

ſame policy is no leſs neceſſary to him that writes, than to him that governs; for men would not more patiently ſubmit to be taught, than commanded, by one known to have the ſame follies and weakneſſes with themſelves. A ſudden intruder into the cloſet of an author would perhaps feel equal indignation with the officer, who having long ſolicited admiſſion into the preſence of Sardanapalus, ſaw him not conſulting upon laws, enquiring into grievances, or modelling armies, but employed in feminine amuſements, and directing the ladies in their work.

It is not difficult to conceive, however, that for many reaſons a man writes much better than he lives. For without entering into refined ſpeculations, it may be ſhewn much eaſier to deſign than to perform. A man propoſes his ſchemes of life in a ſtate of abſtraction and diſengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the ſolicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depreſſions of fear, and is in the ſame ſtate with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the ſea is always ſmooth, and the wind always proſperous.

The mathematicians are well acquainted with the difference between pure ſcience, which has to do only with ideas, and the application of its laws to the uſe of life, in which they are conſtrained to ſubmit to the imperfection of matter and the influence of accidents. Thus, in moral diſcuſſions, it is to be remembered that many impediments obſtruct our practice, which very eaſily give way to theory. The ſpeculatiſt is only in danger of erroneous reaſoning, but the man involved in life has his own paſſions, and thoſe of others, to encounter, and is embarraſſed with a thouſand inconveniencies, which confound him with variety of impulſe, and either perplex or obſtruct his way. He is forced to act without

without deliberation, and obliged to chooſe before he can examine; he is ſurpriſed by ſudden alterations of the ſtate of things, and changes his meaſures according to ſuperficial appearances; he is led by others, either becauſe he is indolent, or becauſe he is timorous; he is ſometimes afraid to know what is right, and ſometimes finds friends or enemies diligent to deceive him.

We are, therefore, not to wonder that moſt fail, amidſt tumult, and ſnares, and danger, in the obſervance of thoſe precepts, which they lay down in ſolitude, ſafety, and tranquillity, with a mind unbiaſſed, and with liberty unobſtructed. It is the condition of our preſent ſtate to ſee more than we can attain; the exacteſt vigilance and caution can never maintain a ſingle day of unmingled innocence, much leſs can the utmoſt efforts of incorporated mind reach the ſummits of ſpeculative virtue.

It is, however, neceſſary for the idea of perfection to be propoſed, that we may have ſome object to which our endeavours are to be directed; and he that is moſt deficient in the duties of life, makes ſome atonement for his faults, if he warns others againſt his own failings, and hinders, by the ſalubrity of his admonitions, the contagion of his example.

Nothing is more unjuſt, however common, than to charge with hypocriſy him that expreſſes zeal for thoſe virtues, which he neglects to practiſe; ſince he may be ſincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his paſſions, without having yet obtained the victory, as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage, or a journey, without having courage or induſtry to undertake it, and may honeſtly recommend to others, thoſe attempts which he neglects himſelf.

The intereſt which the corrupt part of mankind have in hardening themſelves againſt every motive

to amendment, has diſpoſed them to give to theſe contradictions, when they can be produced againſt the cauſe of virtue, that weight which they will not allow them in any other caſe. They ſee men act in oppoſition to their intereſt, without ſuppoſing, that they do not know it; thoſe who give way to the ſudden violence of paſſion, and forſake the moſt important purſuits for petty pleaſures, are not ſuppoſed to have changed their opinions, or to approve their own conduct. In moral or religious queſtions alone they determine the ſentiments by the actions, and charge every man with endeavouring to impoſe upon the world, whoſe writings are not confirmed by his life. They never conſider that themſelves neglect or practiſe ſomething every day, inconſiſtently with their own ſettled judgment, nor diſcover that the conduct of the advocates for virtue can little increaſe, or leſſen, the obligations of their dictates; argument is to be invalidated only by argument, and is in itſelf of the ſame force, whether or not it convinces him by whom it is propoſed.

Yet ſince this prejudice, however unreaſonable, is always likely to have ſome prevalence, it is the duty of every man to take care leſt he ſhould hinder the efficacy of his own inſtructions. When he deſires to gain the belief of others, he ſhould ſhew that he believes himſelf; and when he teaches the fitneſs of virtue by his reaſonings, he ſhould, by his example, prove its poſſibility: Thus much at leaſt may be required of him, that he ſhall not act worſe than others becauſe he writes better, nor imagine that, by the merit of his genius, he may claim indulgence beyond mortals of the lower claſſes, and be excuſed for want of prudence, or neglect of virtue.

Bacon, in his hiſtory of the winds, after having offered ſomething to the imagination as deſirable,

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often propoſes lower advantages in its place to the reaſon as attainable. The ſame method may be ſometimes purſued in moral endeavours, which this philoſopher has obſerved in natural enquiries; having firſt ſet poſitive and abſolute excellence before us, we may be pardoned though we ſink down to humbler virtue, trying, however, to keep our point always in view, and ſtruggling not to loſe ground, though we cannot gain it.

It is recorded of Sir Matthew Hale, that he, for a long time, concealed the conſecration of himſelf to the ſtricter duties of religion, leſt, by ſome flagitious and ſhameful action, he ſhould bring piety into diſgrace. For the ſame reaſon it may be prudent for a writer, who apprehends that he ſhall not inforce his own maxims by his domeſtick character, to conceal his name, that he may not injure them.

There are, indeed, a great number whoſe curioſity to gain a more familiar knowledge of ſucceſsful writers, is not ſo much prompted by an opinion of their power to improve as to delight, and who expect from them not arguments againſt vice, or diſſertations on temperance or juſtice, but flights of wit, and ſallies of pleaſantry, or, at leaſt, acute remarks, nice diſtinctions, juſtneſs of ſentiment, and elegance of diction.

This expectation is, indeed, ſpecious and probable, and yet, ſuch is the fate of all human hopes, that it is very often fruſtrated, and thoſe who raiſe admiration by their books, diſguſt by their company. A man of letters for the moſt part ſpends, in the privacies of ſtudy, that ſeaſon of life in which the manners are to be ſoftened into eaſe, and poliſhed into elegance; and, when he has gained knowledge enough to be reſpected, has neglected the minuter acts by which he might have pleaſed. When he enters life, if his temper be ſoft and timorous, he

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is diffident and baſhful, from the knowledge of his defects; or if he was born with ſpirit and reſolution, he is ferocious and arrogant, from the conſciouſneſs of his merit: he is either diſſipated by the awe of company, and unable to recollect his reading, and arrange his arguments; or he is hot and dogmatical, quick in oppoſition, and tenacious in defence, diſabled by his own violence, and confuſed by his haſte to triumph.

The graces of writing and converſation are of different kinds, and though he who excels in one might have been with opportunities and application equally ſucceſsful in the other, yet as many pleaſe by extemporary talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate method, and more laboured beauties, which compoſition requires; ſo it is very poſſible that men, wholly accuſtomed to works of ſtudy, may be without that readineſs of conception, and affluence of language, always neceſſary to colloquial entertainment. They may want addreſs to watch the hints which converſation offers for the diſplay of their particular attainments, or they may be ſo much unfurniſhed with matter on common ſubjects, that diſcourſe not profeſſedly literary glides over them as heterogeneous bodies, without admitting their conceptions to mix in the circulation.

A tranſition from an author's book to his converſation, is too often like an entrance into a large city, after a diſtant proſpect. Remotely, we ſee nothing but ſpires of temples, and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the reſidence of ſplendor, grandeur, and magnificence; but, when we have paſſed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow paſſages, diſgraced with deſpicable cottages, embarraſſed with obſtructions, and clouded with ſmoke.

DEATH.

NUMB. 17. TUESDAY, *May* 15, 1750.

-----Me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit. LUCAN.

Let thoſe weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling prieſts for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fixt, my certain ſoul from doubt has freed. ROWE.

IT is recorded of ſome eaſtern monarch, that he kept an officer in his houſe, whoſe employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a ſtated hour, *Remember, prince, that thou ſhalt die.* And the contemplation of the frailneſs and uncertainty of our preſent ſtate appeared of ſo much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages; *Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life.*

A frequent and attentive proſpect of that moment, which muſt put a period to all our ſchemes, and deprive us of all our acquiſitions, is indeed of the utmoſt efficacy to the juſt and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing abſurd, be undertaken or proſecuted by him who ſhould begin every day with a ſerious reflection that he is born to die.

The diſturbers of our happineſs, in this world, are our deſires, our griefs, and our fears, and to all theſe, the conſideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. Think, ſays Epictetus, frequently on poverty, baniſhment, and death, and thou wilt then never indulge violent deſires,

or give up thy heart to mean ſentiments, οὐδὲν οὐδέποτε ταπεινὸν ἐνθυμήσῃ, οὔτε ἄγαν ἐπιθυμήσεις τινός.

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on juſt obſervation will eaſily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerneſs after the common objects of purſuit is kindled in our minds. We repreſent to ourſelves the pleaſures of ſome future poſſeſſion, and ſuffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engroſſed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happineſs but its attainment, or any miſery but its loſs; every other ſatisfaction which the bounty of providence has ſcattered over life is neglected as inconſiderable, in compariſon of the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as ſtanding in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when a ſharp or tedious ſickneſs has ſet death before his eyes. The extenſive influence of greatneſs, the glitter of wealth, the praiſes of admirers, and the attendance of ſupplicants, have appeared vain and empty things, when the laſt hour ſeemed to be approaching; and the ſame appearance they would always have, if the ſame thought was always predominant. We ſhould then find the abſurdity of ſtretching out our arms inceſſantly to graſp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabrick of ambition, when the foundation itſelf is ſhaking, and the ground on which it ſtands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to deſire; we are uneaſy at the attainments of another, according as we think our own happineſs would be advanced by the addition of that which he withholds from us; and therefore whatever depreſſes immoderate wiſhes, will, at the ſame time, ſet the heart free from

from the corroſion of envy, and exempt us from that vice which is, above moſt others, tormenting to ourſelves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices, and ſordid projects. He that conſiders how ſoon he muſt cloſe his life, will find nothing of ſo much importance as to cloſe it well; and will, therefore, look with indifference upon whatever is uſeleſs to that purpoſe. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out, that the ſtate of others is not more permanent, and that what can confer nothing on himſelf very deſirable, cannot ſo much improve the condition of a rival, as to make him much ſuperior to thoſe from whom he has carried the prize, a prize too mean to deſerve a very obſtinate oppoſition.

Even grief, that paſſion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly ſubject, will be obviated or alleviated, by the ſame thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the bleſſings of our condition are enjoyed with a conſtant ſenſe of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we poſſeſs is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little, which our moſt lively hopes can promiſe us, may be made leſs, by ten thouſand accidents; we ſhall not much repine at a loſs, of which we cannot eſtimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the leaſt amount, we know, with ſufficient certainty, the greateſt, and are convinced that the greateſt is not much to be regretted.

But, if any paſſion has ſo much uſurped our underſtanding, as not to ſuffer us to enjoy advantages with the moderation preſcribed by reaſon, it is not too late to apply this remedy, when we find ourſelves ſinking under ſorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vaniſhed. We may then uſefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition,

condition, and the folly of lamenting that from which, if it had ſtayed a little longer, we ſhould ourſelves have been taken away.

With regard to the ſharpeſt and moſt melting ſorrow, that which ariſes from the loſs of thoſe whom we have loved with tenderneſs, it may be obſerved, that friendſhip between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one muſt ſome time mourn for the other's death: And this grief will always yield to the ſurvivor one conſolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himſelf feels, his friend has eſcaped.

Nor is fear, the moſt overbearing and reſiſtleſs of all our paſſions, leſs to be temperated by this univerſal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it ſhows the vanity of all human good, diſcovers likewiſe the lightneſs of all terreſtrial evil, which certainly can laſt no longer than the ſubject upon which it acts; and according to the old obſervation, muſt be ſhorter, as it is more violent. The moſt cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, muſt, by the neceſſity of nature, be quickly at an end. The ſoul cannot long be held in priſon, but will fly away, and leave a lifeleſs body to human malice.

———*Ridetque ſui ludibria trunci.*

And ſoaring mocks the broken frame below.

The utmoſt that we can threaten to one another is that death, which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard, and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wiſe man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue, ſince he knows not how ſmall a portion of time he can purchaſe, but knows, that, whether ſhort or long, it will be made leſs valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is ſure that he deſtroys his happineſs,

happineſs, but is not ſure that he lengthens his life.

The known ſhortneſs of life, as it ought to moderate our paſſions, may likewiſe, with equal propriety, contract our deſigns. There is not time for the moſt forcible genius, and moſt active induſtry, to extend its effects beyond a certain ſphere. To project the conqueſt of the world, is the madneſs of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in every ſcience, has been the folly of literary heroes; and both have found at laſt, that they have panted for a height of eminence denied to humanity, and have loſt many opportunities of making themſelves uſeful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a ſpecies of honour, which the eternal laws of providence have placed beyond the reach of man.

The miſcarriages of the great deſigns of princes are recorded in the hiſtories of the world, but are of little uſe to the bulk of mankind, who ſeem very little intereſted in admonitions againſt errors which they cannot commit. But the fate of learned ambition is a proper ſubject for every ſcholar to conſider; for who has not had occaſion to regret the diſſipation of great abilities in a boundleſs multiplicity of purſuits, to lament the ſudden deſertion of excellent deſigns, upon the offer of ſome other ſubject made inviting by its novelty, and to obſerve the inaccuracy and deficiencies of works left unfiniſhed by too great an extenſion of the plan?

It is always pleaſing to obſerve, how much more our minds can conceive, than our bodies can perform; yet it is our duty, while we continue in this complicated ſtate, to regulate one part of our compoſition by ſome regard to the other. We are not to indulge our corporeal appetites with pleaſures that impair our intellectual vigour, nor gratify our minds with ſchemes which we know our lives muſt fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of

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our duration ought at once to ſet bounds to our deſigns, and add incitements to our induſtry; and when we find ourſelves inclined either to immenſity in our ſchemes, or ſluggiſhneſs in our endeavours, we may either check, or animate, ourſelves, by recollecting, with the father of phyſick, *that art is long, and life is ſhort.*

MARRIAGE.

NUMB. 18. SATURDAY, *May* 19, 1750.

Illic matre carentibus,
Privignis muliere temperat innocens,
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero:
Dos eſt magna parentum
Virtus, et metuens alterius tori
Certo fœdere caſtitas. HORACE.

Not there the guiltleſs ſtep-dame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compoſe;
No wife high-portion'd rules her ſpouſe,
Or truſts her eſſenc'd lover's faithleſs vows:
The lovers there for dow'ry claim
The father's virtue, and the ſpotleſs fame,
Which dares not break the nuptial tie. FRANCIS.

THERE is no obſervation more frequently made by ſuch as employ themſelves in ſurveying the conduct of mankind, than that marriage, though the dictate of nature, and the inſtitution of providence, is yet very often the cauſe of miſery, and that thoſe who enter into that ſtate can ſeldom forbear to expreſs their repentance, and their envy of thoſe whom either chance or caution hath withheld from it.

This general unhappineſs has given occaſion to many ſage maxims among the ſerious, and ſmart remarks among the gay; the moraliſt and the writer of

of epigrams have equally ſhown their abilities upon it; ſome have lamented, and ſome have ridiculed it; but as the faculty of writing has been chiefly a maſculine endowment, the reproach of making the world miſerable has been always thrown upon the women, and the grave and the merry have equally thought themſelves at liberty to conclude either with declamatory complaints, or ſatirical cenſures, of female folly or ficklenеſs, ambition or cruelty, extravagance or luſt.

Led by ſuch number of examples, and incited by my ſhare in the common intereſt, I ſometimes venture to conſider this univerſal grievance, having endeavoured to diveſt my heart of all partiality, and place myſelf as a kind of neutral being between the ſexes, whoſe clamours, being equally vented on both ſides with all the vehemence of diſtreſs, all the apparent confidence of juſtice, and all the indignation of injured virtue, ſeem entitled to equal regard. The men have, indeed, by their ſuperiority of writing, been able to collect the evidence of many ages, and raiſe prejudices in their favour by the venerable teſtimonies of philoſophers, hiſtorians, and poets; but the pleas of the ladies appeal to paſſions of more forcible operation than the reverence of antiquity. If they have not ſo great names on their ſide, they have ſtronger arguments; it is to little purpoſe, that Socrates, or Euripides, are produced againſt the ſighs of ſoftneſs, and the tears of beauty. The moſt frigid and inexorable judge would, at leaſt, ſtand ſuſpended between equal powers, as Lucan was perplexed in the determination of the cauſe, where the deities were on one ſide, and Cato on the other.

But I, who have long ſtudied the ſevereſt and moſt abſtracted philoſophy, have now, in the cool maturity of life, arrived at ſuch command over my paſſions, that I can hear the vociferations of either

either ſex without catching any of the fire from thoſe that utter them. For I have found, by long experience, that a man will ſometimes rage at his wife, when in reality his miſtreſs has offended him; and a lady complain of the cruelty of her huſband, when ſhe has no other enemy than bad cards. I do not ſuffer myſelf to be any longer impoſed upon by oaths on one ſide, or fits on the other; nor when the huſband haſtens to the tavern, and the lady retires to her cloſet, am I always confident that they are driven by their miſeries; ſince I have ſometimes reaſon to believe, that they purpoſe not ſo much to ſooth their ſorrows, as to animate their fury. But how little credit ſoever may be given to particular accuſations, the general accumulation of the charge ſhews, with too much evidence, that married perſons are not very often advanced in felicity; and, therefore, it may be proper to examine at what avenues ſo many evils have made their way into the world. With this purpoſe, I have reviewed the lives of my friends, who have been leaſt ſucceſsful in connubial contracts, and attentively conſidered by what motives they were incited to marry, and by what principles they regulated their choice.

One of the firſt of my acquaintances that reſolved to quit the unſettled thoughtleſs condition of a batchelor, was Prudentius, a man of ſlow parts, but not without knowledge or judgment in things which he had leiſure to conſider gradually before he determined them. Whenever we met at a tavern, it was his province to ſettle the ſcheme of our entertainment, contract with the cook, and inform us when we had called for wine to the ſum originally propoſed. This grave conſiderer found, by deep meditation, that a man was no loſer by marrying early, even though he contented himſelf with a leſs fortune; for eſtimating the exact worth

of

of annuities, he found that conſidering the conſtant diminution of the value of life, with the probable fall of the intereſt of money, it was not worſe to have ten thouſand pounds at the age of two and twenty years, than a much larger fortune at thirty; for many opportunities, ſays he, occur of improveing money, which if a man miſſes, he may not afterwards recover.

Full of theſe reflections, he threw his eyes about him, not in ſearch of beauty or elegance, dignity or underſtanding, but of a woman with ten thouſand pounds. Such a woman, in a wealthy part of the kingdom, it was not very difficult to find; and by artful management with her father, whoſe ambition was to make his daughter a gentlewoman, my friend got her, as he boaſted to us in confidence two days after his marriage, for a ſettlement of ſeventy-three pounds a year leſs than her fortune might have claimed, and leſs than he would himſelf have given, if the fools had been but wiſe enough to delay the bargain.

Thus, at once delighted with the ſuperiority of his parts, and the augmentation of his fortune, he carried Furia to his own houſe, in which he never afterwards enjoyed one hour of happineſs. For Furia was a wretch of mean intellects, violent paſſions, a ſtrong voice, and low education, without any ſenſe of happineſs but that which conſiſted in eating and counting money. Furia was a ſcold. They agreed in the deſire of wealth, but with this difference, that Prudentius was for growing rich by gain, Furia by parſimony. Prudentius would venture his money with chances very much in his favour; but Furia very wiſely obſerving that what they had was, while they had it, *their own*, thought all traffick too great a hazard, and was for putting it out at low intereſt, upon good ſecurity. Prudentius ventured, however, to inſure a ſhip, at

a very

a very unreaſonable price, but happening to loſe his money, was ſo tormented with the clamours of his wife, that he never durſt try a ſecond experiment. He has now grovelled ſeven and forty years under Furia's direction, who never once mentioned him, ſince his bad luck, by any other name than that of *the inſurer*.

The next that married from our ſociety was Florentius. He happened to ſee Zephyretta in a chariot at a horſe-race, danced with her at night, was confirmed in his firſt ardour, waited on her next morning, and declared himſelf her lover. Florentius had not knowledge enough of the world, to diſtinguiſh between the flutter of coquetry, and the ſprightlineſs of wit, or between the ſmile of allurement, and that of cheerfulneſs. He was ſoon waked from his rapture by conviction that his pleaſure was but the pleaſure of a day. Zephyretta had in four and twenty hours ſpent her ſtock of repartee, gone round the circle of her airs, and had nothing remaining for him but childiſh inſipidity, or for herſelf, but the practice of the ſame artifices upon new men.

Meliſſus was a man of parts, capable of enjoying and of improving life. He had paſſed through the various ſcenes of gaiety with that indifference and poſſeſſion of himſelf, natural to men who have ſomething higher and nobler in their proſpect. Retiring to ſpend the ſummer in a village little frequented, he happened to lodge in the ſame houſe with Ianthe, and was unavoidably drawn to ſome acquaintance, which her wit and politeneſs ſoon invited him to improve. Having no opportunity of any other company, they were always together; and, as they owed their pleaſures to each other, they began to forget that any pleaſure was enjoyed before their meeting. Meliſſus, from being delighted with her company, quickly began to be uneaſy in

in her abſence, and being ſufficiently convinced of the force of her underſtanding, and finding, as he imagined, ſuch a conformity of temper as declared them formed for each other, addreſſed her as a lover, after no very long courtſhip obtained her for his wife, and brought her next winter to town in triumph.

Now began their infelicity. Meliſſus had only ſeen her in one ſcene, where there was no variety of objects, to produce the proper excitements to contrary deſires. They had both loved ſolitude and reflection, where there was nothing but ſolitude and reflection to be loved; but when they came into publick life, Ianthe diſcovered thoſe paſſions, which accident rather than hypocriſy had hitherto concealed. She was, indeed, not without the power of thinking, but was wholly without the exertion of that power, when either gaiety, or ſplendour, played on her imagination. She was expenſive in her diverſions, vehement in her paſſions, inſatiate of pleaſure, however dangerous to her reputation, and eager of applauſe by whomſoever it might be given. This was the wife which Meliſſus the philoſopher found in his retirement, and from whom he expected an aſſociate in his ſtudies, and an aſſiſtant to his virtues.

Proſapius, upon the death of his younger brother, that the family might not be extinct, married his houſekeeper, and has ever ſince been complaining to his friends that mean notions are inſtilled into his children, that he is aſhamed to ſit at his own table, and that his houſe is uneaſy to him for want of ſuitable companions.

Avaro, maſter of a very large eſtate, took a woman of bad reputation, recommended to him by a rich uncle, who made that marriage the condition on which he ſhould be his heir. Avaro now wonders to perceive his own fortune, his wife's and his uncle's, inſufficient to give him that happineſs

pineſs which is to be found only with a woman of virtue.

I intend to treat in more papers on this important article of life, and ſhall, therefore, make no reflection upon theſe hiſtories, except that all whom I have mentioned failed to obtain happineſs, for want of conſidering that marriage is the ſtricteſt tie of perpetual friendſhip; that there can be no friendſhip without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and that he muſt expect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches, or politeneſs, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

WIT AND LEARNING.

NUMB. 22. SATURDAY, *June* 2, 1750.

——Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium, alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amice. HOR.

Without a genius learning ſoars in vain;
And without learning genius ſinks again;
Their force united crowns the ſprightly reign.
ELPHINSTON.

WIT and LEARNING were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; WIT was the offſpring of EUPHROSYNE, and reſembled her in cheerfulneſs and vivacity; LEARNING was born of SOPHIA, and retained her ſerioufneſs and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual oppoſition, and all means were ſo inceſſantly employed to impreſs upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foreſaw the ill effects of their diſcord, endeavoured to ſoften them, by dividing his regard equally between them,

yet

yet his impartiality and kindneſs were without effect; the maternal animoſity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their firſt ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as freſh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No ſooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celeſtials, than WIT began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the ſolemnity of LEARNING, and LEARNING to divert Minerva at her loom, by expoſing the blunders and ignorance of WIT.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increaſing, by the encouragement which each received from thoſe whom their mothers had perſuaded to patroniſe and ſupport them; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not ſo much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding a rival from all pretenſions to regard, and of putting an everlaſting ſtop to the progreſs of that influence which either believed the other to have obtained by mean arts and falſe appearances.

At laſt the day came, when they were both, with the uſual ſolemnities, received into the claſs of ſuperior deities, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour CONCORD loſt her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauſes of the aſſociate powers, haraſſed each other by inceſſant conteſts, with ſuch a regular viciſſitude of victory, that neither was depreſſed.

It was obſervable, that, at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the ſide of WIT; and that, at the firſt ſallies, the whole aſſembly ſparkled, according to Homer's expreſſion, with unextinguiſhable merriment. But LEARNING would reſerve her ſtrength till the burſt of applauſe was over, and the languor, with which the violence

of joy is always ſucceeded, began to promiſe more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence, and, by comparing one part of her antagoniſt's objections with another, commonly made him confute himſelf: or by ſhewing how ſmall a part of the queſtion he had taken into his view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aſide their prepoſſeſſions, and roſe, at laſt, with great veneration for LEARNING, but with greater kindneſs for WIT.

Their conduct was, whenever they deſired to recommend themſelves to diſtinction, entirely oppoſite. WIT was daring and adventurous; LEARNING cautious and deliberate. WIT thought nothing reproachful but dulneſs; LEARNING was afraid of no imputation but that of error. WIT anſwered before he underſtood, leſt his quickneſs of apprehenſion ſhould be queſtioned; LEARNING paused, where there was no difficulty, leſt any inſidious ſophiſm ſhould lie undiſcovered. WIT perplexed every debate by rapidity and confuſion; LEARNING tired the hearers with endleſs diſtinctions, and prolonged the diſpute without advantage, by proving that which never was denied. WIT, in hopes of ſhining, would venture to produce what he had not conſidered, and often ſucceeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought; LEARNING would reject every new notion, for fear of being intangled in conſequences which ſhe could not foreſee, and was often hindered, by her caution, from preſſing her advantages, and ſubduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in ſome degree hindered their progreſs towards perfection, and left them open to attacks. Novelty was the darling of WIT, and antiquity of LEARNING. To WIT, all that

that was new was ſpecious; to LEARNING, whatever was ancient was venerable. WIT, however, ſeldom failed to divert thoſe whom he could not convince, and to convince was not often his ambition; LEARNING always ſupported her opinion with ſo many collateral truths, that, when the cauſe was decided againſt her, her arguments were remembered with admiration.

Nothing was more common on either ſide, than to quit their proper characters, and to hope for a complete conqueſt by the uſe of the weapons which had been employed againſt them. WIT would ſometimes labour a ſyllogiſm, and LEARNING diſtort her features with a jeſt; but they always ſuffered by the experiment, and betrayed themſelves to confutation or contempt. The ſerioufneſs of WIT was without dignity, and the merriment of LEARNING without vivacity.

Their conteſts, by long continuance, grew at laſt important, and the divinities broke into parties. WIT was taken into protection of the laughter-loving Venus, had a retinue allowed him of SMILES and JESTS, and was often permitted to dance among the GRACES. LEARNING ſtill continued the favourite of Minerva, and ſeldom went out of her palace, without a train of the ſeverer virtues, CHASTITY, TEMPERANCE, FORTITUDE, and LABOUR. WIT, cohabiting with MALICE, had a ſon named SATYR, who followed him, carrying a quiver filled with poiſoned arrows, which, where they once drew blood, could by no ſkill ever be extracted. Theſe arrows he frequently ſhot at LEARNING, when ſhe was moſt earneſtly or uſefully employed, engaged in abſtruſe enquiries, or giving inſtructions to her followers. Minerva, therefore, deputed CRITICISM to her aid, who generally broke the point of SATYR's arrows, turning them aſide, or retorted them on himſelf.

Jupiter was at laſt angry, that the peace of the heavenly regions ſhould be in perpetual danger of violation, and reſolved to diſmiſs theſe troubleſome antagoniſts to the lower world. Hither therefore they came, and carried on their ancient quarrel among mortals, nor was either long without zealous votaries. WIT, by his gaiety, captivated the young; and LEARNING, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects, theatres were built for the reception of WIT, and colleges endowed for the reſidence of LEARNING. Each party endeavoured to outvie the other in coſt and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion, that it was neceſſary, from the firſt entrance into life, to enliſt in one of the factions: and that none could hope for the regard of either divinity, who had once entered the temple of the rival power.

There were indeed a claſs of mortals, by whom WIT and LEARNING were equally diſregarded: Theſe were the devotees of Plutus, the god of riches; among theſe it ſeldom happened that the gaiety of WIT could raiſe a ſmile, or the eloquence of LEARNING procure attention. In revenge of this contempt they agreed to incite their followers againſt them; but the forces that were ſent on thoſe expeditions frequently betrayed their truſt; and, in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in public, while they ſcorned them in their hearts; and when, by this treachery, they had obtained the favour of Plutus, affected to look with an air of ſuperiority on thoſe who ſtill remained in the ſervice of WIT and LEARNING.

Diſguſted with theſe deſertions, the two rivals, at the ſame time, petitioned Jupiter for re-admiſſion to their native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right hand, and they prepared to obey the happy ſummons. WIT readily ſpread his wings and ſoared

ed aloft, but not being able to ſee far, was bewildered in the pathleſs immenſity of the ethereal ſpaces. LEARNING, who knew the way, ſhook her pinions; but for want of natural vigour could only take ſhort flights: ſo, after many efforts, they both ſunk again to the ground, and learned, from their mutual diſtreſs, the neceſſity of union. They therefore joined their hands, and renewed their flight. LEARNING was borne up by the vigour of WIT, and WIT guided by the perſpicacity of LEARNING. They ſoon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were ſo endeared to each other, that they lived afterwards in perpetual concord. WIT perſuaded LEARNING to converſe with the GRACES, and LEARNING engaged WIT in the ſervice of the VIRTUES. They were now the favourites of all the powers of heaven, and gladdened every banquet by their preſence. They ſoon after married, at the command of Jupiter, and had a numerous progeny of ARTS and SCIENCES.

THE TASTE OF AN AUTHOR TO BE FOLLOWED.

NUMB. 23. TUESDAY, *June* 5, 1750.

Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur;
Poſcentur vario multum diverſa palato. HOR.

Three gueſts I have, diſſenting at my feaſt,
Requiring each to gratify his taſte
With different food. FRANCIS.

THAT every man ſhould regulate his actions by his own conſcience, without any regard to the opinions of the reſt of the world, is one of the firſt precepts of moral prudence, juſtified not only by the ſuffrage of reaſon, which declares that none of the gifts of heaven are to lie uſeleſs, but by the voice likewiſe of experience, which will ſoon inform us that, if we make the praiſe or blame of

others the rule of our conduct, we ſhall be diſtracted by a boundleſs variety of irreconcileable judgments, be held in perpetual ſuſpenſe between contrary impulſes, and conſult for ever without determination.

I know not whether, for the ſame reaſon, it is not neceſſary for an author to place ſome confidence in his own ſkill, and to ſatisfy himſelf in the knowledge that he has not deviated from the eſtabliſhed laws of compoſition, without ſubmitting his works to frequent examinations before he gives them to the public, or endeavouring to ſecure ſucceſs by a ſolicitous conformity to advice and criticiſm.

It is, indeed, quickly diſcoverable, that conſultation and compliance can conduce little to the perfection of any literary performance; for whoever is ſo doubtful of his own abilities as to encourage the remarks of others, will find himſelf every day embarraſſed with new difficulties, and will haraſs his mind, in vain, with the hopeleſs labour of uniting heterogenous ideas, digeſting independent hints, and collecting into one point the ſeveral rays of borrowed light, emitted often with contrary directions.

Of all authors, thoſe who retail their labours in periodical ſheets would be moſt unhappy, if they were much to regard the cenſures or the admonitions of their readers: for, as their works are not ſent into the world at once, but by ſmall parts in gradual ſucceſſion, it is always imagined, by thoſe who think themſelves qualified to give inſtructions, that they may yet redeem their former failings by hearkening to better judges, and ſupply the deficiencies of their plan, by the help of the criticiſms which are ſo liberally afforded.

I have had occaſion to obſerve, ſometimes with vexation, and ſometimes with merriment, the different

different temper with which the ſame man reads a printed and manuſcript performance. When a book is once in the hands of the public, it is conſidered as permanent and unalterable; and the reader, if he be free from perſonal prejudices, takes it up with no other intention than of pleaſing or inſtructing himſelf; he accommodates his mind to the author's deſign; and, having no intereſt in refuſing the amuſement that is offered him, never interrupts his own tranquillity by ſtudied cavils, or deſtroys his ſatisfaction in that which is already well, by an anxious enquiry how it might be better; but is often contented without pleaſure, and pleaſed without perfection.

But if the ſame man be called to conſider the merit of a production yet unpubliſhed, he brings an imagination heated with objections to paſſages, which he has yet never heard; he invokes all the powers of criticiſm, and ſtores his memory with Taſte and Grace, Purity and Delicacy, Manners and Unities, ſounds which, having been once uttered by thoſe that underſtood them, have been ſince re-echoed without meaning, and kept up to the diſturbance of the world, by a conſtant repercuſſion from one coxcomb to another. He conſiders himſelf as obliged to ſhew, by ſome proof of his abilities, that he is not conſulted to no purpoſe, and therefore watches every opening for objection, and looks round for every opportunity to propoſe ſome ſpecious alteration. Such opportunities a very ſmall degree of ſagacity will enable him to find; for, in every work of imagination, the diſpoſition of parts, the inſertion of incidents, and uſe of decorations, may be varied a thouſand ways with equal propriety; and as in things nearly equal, that will always ſeem beſt to every man which he himſelf produces, the critic, whoſe buſineſs is only to propoſe, without the care of

execution, can never want the ſatisfaction of believing that he has ſuggeſted very important improvements, nor the power of inforcing his advice by arguments, which, as they appear convincing to himſelf, either his kindneſs or his vanity will preſs obſtinately and importunately, without ſuſpicion that he may poſſibly judge too haſtily in favour of his own advice, or enquiry whether the advantage of the new ſcheme be proportionate to the labour.

It is obſerved, by the younger Pliny, that an orator ought not ſo much to ſelect the ſtrongeſt arguments which his cauſe admits, as to employ all which his imagination can afford: for, in pleading, thoſe reaſons are of moſt value, which will moſt affect the judges; and the judges, ſays he, will be always moſt touched with that which they had before conceived. Every man who is called to give his opinion of a performance, decides upon the ſame principle; he firſt ſuffers himſelf to form expectations, and then is angry at his diſappointment. He lets his imagination rove at large, and wonders, that another, equally unconfined in the boundleſs ocean of poſſibility, takes a different courſe.

But, though the rule of Pliny be judiciouſly laid down, it is not applicable to the writer's cauſe, becauſe there always lies an appeal from domeſtick criticiſm to a higher judicature, and the publick, which is never corrupted, nor often deceived, is to paſs the laſt ſentence upon literary claims.

Of the great force of preconceived opinions I had many proofs, when I firſt entered upon this weekly labour. My readers having, from the performances of my predeceſſors, eſtabliſhed an idea of unconnected eſſays, to which they believed all future authors under a neceſſity of conforming,

were

were impatient of the leaſt deviation from their ſyſtem, and numerous remonſtrances were accordingly made by each, as he found his favourite ſubject omitted or delayed. Some were angry that the RAMBLER did not, like the SPECTATOR, introduce himſelf to the acquaintance of the public, by an account of his own birth and ſtudies, an enumeration of his adventures, and a deſcription of his phyſiognomy. Others ſoon began to remark that he was a ſolemn, ſerious, dictatorial writer, without ſprightlineſs or gaiety, and called out with vehemence for mirth and humour. Another admoniſhed him to have a ſpecial eye upon the various clubs of this great city, and informed him that much of the Spectator's vivacity was laid out upon ſuch aſſemblies. He has been cenſured for not imitating the politeneſs of his predeceſſors, having hitherto neglected to take the ladies under his protection, and give them rules for the juſt oppoſition of colours, and the proper dimenſions of ruffles and pinners. He has been required by one to fix a particular cenſure upon thoſe matrons who play at cards with ſpectacles. And another is very much offended whenever he meets with a ſpeculation, in which naked precepts are compriſed, without the illuſtration of examples and characters.

I make not the leaſt queſtion that all theſe monitors intend the promotion of my deſign, and the inſtruction of my readers; but they do not know, or do not reflect, that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himſelf, and ſelects thoſe ſubjects which he is beſt qualified to treat, by the courſe of his ſtudies, or the accidents of his life; that ſome topicks of amuſement have been already treated with too much ſucceſs to invite a competition; and that he who endeavours to gain many readers muſt try various arts of invitation, eſſay

every avenue of pleaſure, and make frequent changes in his methods of approach.

I cannot but conſider myſelf, amidſt this tumult of criticiſm, as a ſhip in a poetical tempeſt, impelled at the ſame time by oppoſite winds, and daſhed by the waves from every quarter, but held upright by the contrariety of the aſſailants, and ſecured, in ſome meaſure, by multiplicity of diſtreſs. Had the opinion of my cenſures been unanimous, it might perhaps have overſet my reſolution; but ſince I find them at variance with each other, I can, without ſcruple, neglect them, and endeavour to gain the favour of the publick by following the direction of my own reaſon, and indulging the ſallies of my own imagination.

RASHNESS.

NUMB. 25. TUESDAY, *June* 12, 1750.

Poſſunt quia poſſe videntur. VIRGIL.

For they can conquer who believe they can. DRYDEN.

THERE are ſome vices and errors which, though often fatal to thoſe in whom they are found, have yet, by the univerſal conſent of mankind, been conſidered as entitled to ſome degree of reſpect, or have, at leaſt, been exempted from contemptuous infamy, and condemned by the ſevereſt moraliſts with pity rather than deteſtation.

A conſtant and invariable example of this general partiality will be found in the different regard which has always been ſhewn to raſhneſs and cowardice, two vices, of which, though they may be conceived equally diſtant from the middle point, where true fortitude is placed, and may equally injure any publick or private intereſt, yet the one is never

never mentioned without ſome kind of veneration, and the other always conſidered as a topick of unlimited and licentious cenſure, on which all the virulence of reproach may be lawfully exerted.

The ſame diſtinction is made, by the common ſuffrage, between profuſion and avarice, and, perhaps, between many other oppoſite vices; and, as I have found reaſon to pay great regard to the voice of the people, in caſes where knowledge has been forced upon them by experience, without long deductions or deep reſearches, I am inclined to believe that this diſtribution of reſpect is not without ſome agreement with the nature of things; and that in the faults, which are thus inveſted with extraordinary privileges, there are generally ſome latent principles of merit, ſome poſſibilities of future virtue, which may, by degrees break from obſtruction, and by time and opportunity be brought into act.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more eaſy to take away ſuperfluities than to ſupply defects; and therefore he that is culpable, becauſe he has paſſed the middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer object of hope, than he who fails by falling ſhort. The one has all that perfection requires, and more, but the exceſs may be eaſily retrenched; the other wants the qualities requiſite to excellence, and who can tell how he ſhall obtain them? We are certain that the horſe may be taught to keep pace with his fellows, whoſe fault is that he leaves them behind. We know that a few ſtrokes of the axe will lop a cedar; but what arts of cultivation can elevate a ſhrub?

To walk with circumſpection and ſteadineſs in the right path, at an equal diſtance between the extremes of error, ought to be the conſtant endeavour of every reaſonable being; nor can I think thoſe teachers of moral wiſdom much to be honoured

noured as benefactors to mankind, who are always enlarging upon the difficulty of our duties, and providing rather excuſes for vice, than incentives to virtue.

But, ſince to moſt it will happen often, and to all ſometimes, that there will be a deviation towards one ſide or the other, we ought always to employ our vigilance, with moſt attention, on that enemy from which there is the greateſt danger, and to ſtray, if we muſt ſtray, towards thoſe parts from whence we may quickly and eaſily return.

Among other oppoſite qualities of the mind, which may become dangerous, though in different degrees, I have often had occaſion to conſider the contrary effects of preſumption and deſpondency; of heady confidence, which promiſes victory without conteſt, and heartleſs puſillanimity, which ſhrinks back from the thought of great undertakings, confounds difficulty with impoſſibility, and conſiders all advancement towards any new attainment as irreverſibly prohibited.

Preſumption will be eaſily corrected. Every experiment will teach caution, and miſcarriages will hourly ſhew, that attempts are not always rewarded with ſucceſs. The moſt precipitate ardour will, in time, be taught the neceſſity of methodical gradation, and preparatory meaſures; and the moſt daring confidence be convinced that neither merit, nor abilities, can command events.

It is the advantage of vehemence and activity, that they are always haſtening to their own reformation; becauſe they incite us to try whether our expectations are well grounded, and therefore detect the deceits which they are apt to occaſion. But timidity is a diſeaſe of the mind more obſtinate and fatal; for a man once perſuaded, that any impediment is inſuperable, has given it, with reſpect to himſelf,

himſelf, that ſtrength and weight which it had not before. He can ſcarcely ſtrive with vigour and perſeverance, when he has no hope of gaining the victory; and ſince he never will try his ſtrength, can never diſcover the unreaſonableneſs of his fears.

There is often to be found in men devoted to literature, a kind of intellectual cowardice, which whoever converſes much among them, may obſerve frequently to depreſs the alacrity of enterpriſe, and, by conſequence, to retard the improvement of ſcience. They have annexed to every ſpecies of knowledge ſome chimerical character of terror and inhibition, which they tranſmit, without much reflection, from one to another; they firſt fright themſelves, and then propagate the panick to their ſcholars and acquaintance. One ſtudy is inconſiſtent with a lively imagination, another with a ſolid judgment; one is improper in the early parts of life, another requires ſo much time, that it is not to be attempted at an advanced age; one is dry, and contracts the ſentiments, another is diffuſe, and overburdens the memory; one is inſufferable to taſte and delicacy, and another wears out life in the ſtudy of words, and is uſeleſs to a wiſe man, who deſires only the knowledge of things.

But of all the bugbears by which the *Infantes barbati*, boys both young and old, have been hitherto frighted from digreſſing into new tracts of learning, none has been more miſchievouſly efficacious than an opinion that every kind of knowledge requires a peculiar genius, or mental conſtitution, framed for the reception of ſome ideas, and the excluſion of others; and that to him whoſe genius is not adapted to the ſtudy which he proſecutes, all labour ſhall be vain and fruitleſs, vain as an endeavour to mingle oil and water, or, in the lan-

guage

guage of chemiſtry, to amalgamate bodies of heterogeneous principles.

This opinion we may reaſonably ſuſpect to have been propagated, by vanity, beyond the truth. It is natural for thoſe who have raiſed a reputation by any ſcience, to exalt themſelves as endowed by heaven with peculiar powers, or marked out by an extraordinary deſignation for their profeſſion; and to fright competitors away, by repreſenting the difficulties with which they muſt contend, and the neceſſity of qualities which are ſuppoſed to be not generally conferred, and which no man can know, but by experience, whether he enjoys.

To this diſcouragement it may be poſſibly anſwered, that ſince a genius, whatever it be, is like fire in the flint, only to be produced by colliſion with a proper ſubject, it is the buſineſs of every man to try whether his faculties may not happily co-operate with his deſires; and ſince they whoſe proficiency he admires, knew their own force only by the event, he needs but engage in the ſame undertaking with equal ſpirit, and may reaſonably hope for equal ſucceſs.

There is another ſpecies of falſe intelligence, given by thoſe who profeſs to ſhew the way to the ſummit of knowledge, of equal tendency to depreſs the mind with falſe diſtruſt of itſelf, and weaken it by needleſs ſolicitude and dejection. When a ſcholar whom they deſire to animate, conſults them at his entrance on ſome new ſtudy, it is common to make flattering repreſentations of its pleaſantneſs and facility. Thus they generally attain one of two ends almoſt equally deſirable; they either incite his induſtry by elevating his hopes, or produce a high opinion of their own abilities, ſince they are ſuppoſed to relate only what they have found, and to have proceeded with no leſs eaſe than they promiſe to their followers.

The

The ſtudent, inflamed by this encouragement, ſets forward in the new path, and proceeds a few ſteps with great alacrity, but he ſoon finds aſperities and intricacies of which he has not been forewarned, and imagining that none ever were ſo entangled or fatigued before him, ſinks ſuddenly into deſpair, and deſiſts as from an expedition in which fate oppoſes him. Thus his terrors are multiplied by his hopes, and he is defeated without reſiſtance, becauſe he had no expectation of an enemy.

Of theſe treacherous inſtructors, the one deſtroys induſtry, by declaring that induſtry is vain, the other by repreſenting it as needleſs; the one cuts away the root of hope, the other raiſes it only to be blaſted. The one confines his pupil to the ſhore, by telling him that his wreck is certain, the other ſends him to ſea, without preparing him for tempeſts.

Falſe hopes and falſe terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who propoſes to grow eminent by learning, ſhould carry in his mind, at once, the difficulty of excellence, and the force of induſtry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompenſe of labour, and that labour, vigorouſly continued, has not often failed of its reward.

SELF DELUSION.

NUMB. 28. SATURDAY, *June* 23, 1750.

Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur ſibi. SENECA.

To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear,
Who in his life, flatt'ring his ſenſeleſs pride,
By being known to all the world beſide,
Does not himſelf, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go. COWLEY.

I HAVE ſhewn, in a late eſſay, to what errors men are hourly betrayed by a miſtaken opinion of their own powers, and a negligent inſpection of their own character. But as I then confined my obſervations to common occurrences, and familiar ſcenes, I think it proper to inquire, how far a nearer acquaintance with ourſelves is neceſſary to our preſervation from crimes as well as follies, and how much the attentive ſtudy of our own minds may contribute to ſecure to us the approbation of that Being, to whom we are accountable for our thoughts and our actions, and whoſe favour muſt finally conſtitute our total happineſs.

If it be reaſonable to eſtimate the difficulty of any enterpriſe by frequent miſcarriages, it may juſtly be concluded that it is not eaſy for a man to know himſelf; for whereſoever we turn our view, we ſhall find almoſt all with whom we converſe ſo nearly as to judge of their ſentiments, indulging more favourable conceptions of their own virtue than they have been able to impreſs upon others, and congratulating themſelves upon degrees of excellence,

cellence, which their fondeſt admirers cannot allow them to have attained.

Thoſe repreſentations of imaginary virtue are generally conſidered as arts of hypocriſy, and as ſnares laid for confidence and praiſe. But I believe the ſuſpicion often unjuſt; thoſe who thus propagate their own reputation, only extend the fraud by which they have been themſelves deceived; for this failing is incident to numbers, who ſeem to live without deſigns, competitions, or purſuits; it appears on occaſions which promiſe no acceſſion of honour or of profit, and to perſons from whom very little is to be hoped or feared. It is, indeed, not eaſy to tell how far we may be blinded by the love of ourſelves, when we reflect how much a ſecondary paſſion can cloud our judgment, and how few faults a man, in the firſt raptures of love, can diſcover in the perſon or conduct of his miſtreſs.

To lay open all the ſources from which error flows in upon him who contemplates his own character, would require more exact knowledge of the human heart, than, perhaps, the moſt acute and laborious obſervers have acquired. And ſince falſehood may be diverſified without end, it is not unlikely that every man admits an impoſture in ſome reſpect peculiar to himſelf, as his views have been accidentally directed, or his ideas particularly combined.

Some fallacies, however, there are, more frequently inſidious, which it may, perhaps, not be uſeleſs to detect, becauſe though they are groſs, they may be fatal, and becauſe nothing but attention is neceſſary to defeat them.

One ſophiſm by which men perſuade themſelves that they have thoſe virtues which they really want, is formed by the ſubſtitution of ſingle acts for habits. A miſer who once relieved a friend from

from the danger of a priſon, ſuffers his imagination to dwell for ever upon his own heroic generoſity; he yields his heart up to indignation at thoſe who are blind to merit, or inſenſible to miſery, and who can pleaſe themſelves with the enjoyment of that wealth, which they never permit others to partake. From any cenſures of the world, or reproaches of his conſcience, he has an appeal to action and to knowledge; and though his whole life is a courſe of rapacity and avarice, he concludes himſelf to be tender and liberal, becauſe he has once performed an act of liberality and tenderneſs.

As a glaſs which magnifies objects by the approach of one end to the eye, leſſens them by the application of the other, ſo vices are extenuated by the inverſion of that fallacy, by which virtues are augmented. Thoſe faults which we cannot conceal from our own notice, are conſidered, however frequent, not as habitual corruptions, or ſettled practices, but as caſual failures, and ſingle lapſes. A man who has, from year to year, ſet his country to ſale, either for the gratification of his ambition or reſentment, confeſſes that the heat of party now and then betrays the ſevereſt virtue to meaſures that cannot be ſeriouſly defended. He that ſpends his days and nights in riot and debauchery, owns that his paſſions oftentimes overpower his reſolution. But each comforts himſelf that his faults are not without precedent, for the beſt and the wiſeſt men have given way to the violence of ſudden temptations.

There are men who always confound the praiſe of goodneſs with the practice, and who believe themſelves mild and moderate, charitable and faithful, becauſe they have exerted their eloquence in commendation of mildneſs, fidelity, and other virtues. This is an error almoſt univerſal among thoſe that converſe much with dependents, with ſuch

ſuch whoſe fear or intereſt diſpoſes them to a ſeeming reverence for any declamation, however enthuſiaſtick, and ſubmiſſion to any boaſt, however arrogant. Having none to recall their attention to their lives, they rate themſelves by the goodneſs of their opinions, and forget how much more eaſily men may ſhew their virtue in their talk than in their actions.

The tribe is likewiſe very numerous of thoſe who regulate their lives, not by the ſtandard of religion, but the meaſure of other men's virtue; who lull their own remorſe with the remembrance of crimes more atrocious than their own, and ſeem to believe that they are not bad while another can be found worſe.

For eſcaping theſe and a thouſand other deceits, many expedients have been propoſed. Some have recommended the frequent conſultation of a wiſe friend, admitted to intimacy, and encouraged to ſincerity. But this appears a remedy by no means adapted to general uſe: for in order to ſecure the virtue of one, it preſuppoſes more virtue in two than will generally be found. In the firſt, ſuch a deſire of rectitude and amendment, as may incline him to hear his own accuſation from the mouth of him whom he eſteems, and by whom, therefore, he will always hope that his faults are not diſcovered; and in the ſecond ſuch zeal and honeſty, as will make him content for his friend's advantage to loſe his kindneſs.

A long life may be paſſed without finding a friend in whoſe underſtanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whoſe opinion we can value at once for its juſtneſs and ſincerity. A weak man, however honeſt, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counſel. Friends are often choſen for ſimilitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failings

failings, becauſe they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain, or they are intereſted, and fearful to offend.

Theſe objections have inclined others to adviſe, that he who would know himſelf, ſhould conſult his enemies, remember the reproaches that are vented to his face, and liſten for the cenſures that are uttered in private. For his great buſineſs is to know his faults, and thoſe malignity will diſcover, and reſentment will reveal. But this precept may be often fruſtrated; for it ſeldom happens that rivals or opponents are ſuffered to come near enough to know our conduct with ſo much exactneſs as that conſcience ſhould allow and reflect the accuſation. The charge of an enemy is often totally falſe, and commonly ſo mingled with falſehood, that the mind takes advantage from the failure of one part to diſcredit the reſt, and never ſuffers any diſturbance afterward from ſuch partial reports.

Yet it ſeems that enemies have been always found by experience the moſt faithful monitors; for adverſity has ever been conſidered as the ſtate in which a man moſt eaſily becomes acquainted with himſelf, and this effect it muſt produce by withdrawing flatterers, whoſe buſineſs it is to hide our weakneſſes from us, or by giving looſe to malice, and licence to reproach; or at leaſt by cutting off thoſe pleaſures which called us away from meditation on our own conduct, and repreſſing that pride which too eaſily perſuades us, that we merit whatever we enjoy.

Part of theſe benefits it is in every man's power to procure to himſelf, by aſſigning proper portions of his life to the examination of the reſt, and by putting himſelf frequently in ſuch a ſituation by retirement and abſtraction, as may weaken the influence of external objects. By this practice he may

may obtain the ſolitude of adverſity without its melancholy, its inſtructions without its cenſures, and its ſenſibility without its perturbations.

The neceſſity of ſetting the world at a diſtance from us, when we are to take a ſurvey of ourſelves, has ſent many from high ſtations to the ſeverities of a monaſtick life; and indeed, every man deeply engaged in buſineſs, if all regard to another ſtate be not extinguiſhed, muſt have the conviction, though, perhaps, not the reſolution of Valdeſſo, who, when he ſolicited Charles the Fifth to diſmiſs him, being aſked, whether he retired upon diſguſt, anſwered, that he laid down his commiſſion, for no other reaſon but becauſe *there ought to be ſome time for ſober reflection between the life of a ſoldier and his death.*

There are few conditions which do not entangle us with ſublunary hopes and fears, from which it is neceſſary to be at intervals diſencumbered, that we may place ourſelves in his preſence who views effects in their cauſes, and actions in their motives; that we may, as Chillingworth expreſſes it, conſider things as if there were no other beings in the world but God and ourſelves; or, to uſe language yet more awful, *may commune with our own hearts, and be ſtill.*

Death, ſays Seneca, falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himſelf; and Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early reſtorers of literature, thought the ſtudy of our own hearts of ſo much importance, that he has recommended it from his tomb. *Sum* Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, *quem amaverunt bonæ muſæ, ſuſpexerunt viri probi, honeſtaverunt reges domini; jam ſcis qui ſim, vel qui potius fuerim; ego vero te, hoſpes, noſcere in tenebris nequeo, ſed teipſum ut noſcas rogo.* "I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers "of literature, admired by men of worth, and "digni-

"dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou "knoweſt now who I am, or more properly who "I was. For thee, ſtranger, I who am in dark-"neſs cannot know thee, but I intreat thee to "know thyſelf."

I hope every reader of this paper will conſider himſelf as engaged to the obſervation of a precept, which the wiſdom and virtue of all ages have concurred to enforce, a precept dictated by philoſophers, inculcated by poets, and ratified by ſaints.

SOLICITUDE FOR THE FUTURE.

NUMB. 29. TUESDAY, *June* 26, 1750.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſa nocte premit deus,
Ridetque ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet—— HOR.

But God has wiſely hid from human ſight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate,
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late. DRYD.

THERE is nothing recommended with greater frequency among the gayer poets of antiquity, than the ſecure poſſeſſion of the preſent hour, and the diſmiſſion of all the cares which intrude upon our quiet, or hinder, by importunate perturbations, the enjoyment of thoſe delights which our condition happens to ſet before us.

The ancient poets are, indeed, be no means unexceptionable teachers of morality; their precepts are to be always conſidered as the ſallies of a genius, intent rather upon giving pleaſure than inſtruction, eager to take every advantage of inſinuation, and, provided the paſſions can be engaged on

on its ſide, very little ſolicitous about the ſuffrage of reaſon.

The darkneſs and uncertainty through which the heathens were compelled to wander in the purſuit of happineſs, may, indeed, be alleged as an excuſe for many of their ſeducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which the moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have not to plead. It is no wonder that ſuch as had no promiſe of another ſtate ſhould eagerly turn their thoughts upon the improvement of that which was before them; but ſurely thoſe who are acquainted with the hopes and fears of eternity, might think it neceſſary to put ſome reſtraint upon their imagination, and reflect that by echoing the ſongs of the ancient bacchanals, and tranſmitting the maxims of paſt debauchery, they not only prove that they want invention, but virtue, and ſubmit to the ſervility of imitation only to copy that of which the writer, if he was to live now, would often be aſhamed.

Yet as the errors and follies of a great genius are ſeldom without ſome radiations of underſtanding, by which meaner minds may be enlightened, the incitements to pleaſure are, in thoſe authors, generally mingled with ſuch reflections upon life, as well deſerve to be conſidered diſtinctly from the purpoſes for which they are produced, and to be treaſured up as the ſettled concluſions of extenſive obſervation, acute ſagacity and mature experience.

It is not without true judgment that on theſe occaſions they often warn their readers againſt enquiries into futurity, and ſolicitude about events which lie hid in cauſes yet unactive, and which time has not brought forward into the view of reaſon. An idle and thoughtleſs reſignation to chance, without any ſtruggle againſt calamity, or

endeavour after advantage, is indeed below the dignity of a reaſonable being, in whoſe power Providence has put a great part even of his preſent happineſs; but it ſhews an equal ignorance of our proper ſphere, to haraſs our thoughts with conjectures about things not yet in being. How can we regulate events, of which we yet know not whether they will ever happen? And why ſhould we think, with painful anxiety, about that on which our thoughts can have no influence

It is a maxim commonly received, that a wiſe man is never ſurpriſed; and, perhaps, this exemption from aſtoniſhment may be imagined to proceed from ſuch a proſpect into futurity, as gave previous intimation of thoſe evils which often fall unexpected upon others that have leſs foreſight. But the truth is, that things to come, except when they approach very nearly, are equally hidden from men of all degrees of underſtanding; and if a wiſe man is not amazed at ſudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but leſs upon futurity. He never conſidered things not yet exiſting as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, nor ever realized non-entities to his mind. He is not ſurprized becauſe he is not diſappointed, and he eſcapes diſappointment becauſe he never forms any expectations.

The concern about things to come, that is ſo juſtly cenſured, is not the reſult of thoſe general reflections on the variableneſs of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the univerſal inſecurity of all human acquiſitions, which muſt always be ſuggeſted by the view of the world; but ſuch a deſponding anticipation of misfortune, as fixes the mind upon ſcenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominate in every imagination.

Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the ſame nature

ture with jealouſy in love, and ſuſpicion in the general commerce of life; a temper which keeps the man always in alarms, diſpoſes him to judge of every thing in a manner that leaſt favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual ſtratagems of counteraction, wears him out in ſchemes to obviate evils which never threatened him, and at length, perhaps, contributes to the production of thoſe miſchiefs of which it had raiſed ſuch dreadful apprehenſions.

It has been uſual in all ages for moraliſts to repreſs the ſwellings of vain hope by repreſentations of the innumerable caſualties to which life is ſubject, and by inſtances of the unexpected defeat of the wiſeſt ſchemes of policy, and ſudden ſubverſions of the higheſt eminences of greatneſs. It has, perhaps, not been equally obſerved, that all theſe examples afford the proper antidote to fear as well as to hope, and may be applied with no leſs efficacy as conſolations to the timorous, than as reſtraints to the proud.

Evil is uncertain in the ſame degree as good, and for the reaſon that we ought not to hope too ſecurely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The ſtate of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the reſult of the next viciſſitude. Whatever is afloat in the ſtream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blaſt, which ſhall happen to croſs the general courſe of the current. The ſudden accidents by which the powerful are depreſſed, may fall upon thoſe whoſe malice we fear; and the greatneſs by which we expect to be overborn, may become another proof of the falſe flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow ſtrong before our encounter, or we may advance againſt each other without ever meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils which we can

flatter ourſelves with no hopes of eſcaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the oppoſition of rival intereſts, we may always alleviate the terror by conſidering that our perſecutors are weak and ignorant, and mortal like ourſelves.

The misfortunes which ariſe from the concurrence of unhappy incidents ſhould never be ſuffered to diſturb us before they happen; becauſe, if the breaſt be once laid open to the dread of mere poſſibilities of miſery, life muſt be given a prey to diſmal ſolicitude, and quiet muſt be loſt for ever.

It is remarked by old Cornaro, that it is abſurd to be afraid of the natural diſſolution of the body, becauſe it muſt certainly happen, and can, by no caution or artifice, be avoided. Whether this ſentiment be entirely juſt, I ſhall not examine; but certainly, if it be improper to fear events which muſt happen, it is yet more evidently contrary to right reaſon to fear thoſe which may never happen, and which, if they ſhould come upon us, we cannot reſiſt.

As we ought not to give way to fear any more than indulgence to hope, becauſe the objects both of fear and hope are yet uncertain, ſo we ought not to truſt the repreſentations of one more than of the other, becauſe they are both equally fallacious; as hope enlarges happineſs, fear aggravates calamity. It is generally allowed, that no man ever found the happineſs of poſſeſſion proportionate to that expectation which incited his deſire, and invigorated his purſuit; nor has any man found the evils of life ſo formidable in reality, as they were deſcribed to him by his own imagination; every ſpecies of diſtreſs brings with it ſome peculiar ſupports, ſome unforeſeen means of reſiſting, or power of enduring. Taylor juſtly blames ſome pious perſons, who indulge their fancies too much, ſet themſelves, by

the

the force of imagination, in the place of the ancient martyrs and confeſſors, and queſtion the validity of their own faith, becauſe they ſhrink at the thoughts of flames and tortures. It is, ſays he, ſufficient that you are able to encounter the temptations which now aſſault you; when God ſends trials, he may ſend ſtrength.

All fear is in itſelf painful, and when it conduces not to ſafety is painful without uſe. Every conſideration, therefore, by which groundleſs terrors may be removed, adds ſomething to human happineſs. It is likewiſe not unworthy of remark, that in proportion as our cares are employed upon the future, they are abſtracted from the preſent, from the only time which we can call our own, and of which if we neglect the duties, to make proviſion againſt viſionary attacks, we ſhall certainly counteract our own purpoſe; for he, doubtleſs, miſtakes his true intereſt, who thinks that he can increaſe his ſafety, when he impairs his virtue.

PATIENCE.

NUMB. 32. SATURDAY, *July* 7, 1750.

Ὅσσά τε δαιμονίῃσι τύχαις βροτοὶ ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν,
Ὧν ἂν μοῖραν ἔχῃς, πρᾴως φέρε, μηδ' ἀγανάκτε.
Ἰᾶσθαι δὲ πρέπει κάθοσον δυνίῃ. PYTHAG.

Of all the woes that load the mortal ſtate,
Whate'er thy portion, mildly meet thy fate;
But eaſe it as thou can'ſt——— ELPHINSTON.

SO large a part of human life paſſes in a ſtate contrary to our natural deſires, that one of the principal topicks of moral inſtruction is the art of

bearing calamities. And ſuch is the certainty of evil, that it is the duty of every man to furniſh his mind with thoſe principles that may enable him to act under it with decency and propriety.

The ſect of ancient philoſophers, that boaſted to have carried this neceſſary ſcience to the higheſt perfection, were the ſtoicks, or ſcholars of Zeno, whoſe wild enthuſiaſtic virtue pretended to an exemption from the ſenſibilities of unenlightened mortals, and who proclaimed themſelves exalted, by the doctrines of their ſect, above the reach of thoſe miſeries, which embitter life to the reſt of the world. They therefore removed pain, poverty, loſs of friends, exile, and violent death, from the catalogue of evils; and paſſed, in their haughty ſtyle, a kind of irreverſible decree, by which they forbad them to be counted any longer among the objects of terror or anxiety, or to give any diſturbance to the tranquillity of a wiſe man.

This edict was, I think, not univerſally obſerved; for though one of the more reſolute, when he was tortured by a violent diſeaſe, cried out, that let pain haraſs him to its utmoſt power, it ſhould never force him to conſider it as other than indifferent and neutral; yet all had not ſtubbornneſs to hold out againſt their ſenſes: for a weaker pupil of Zeno is recorded to have confeſſed in the anguiſh of the gout, that *he now found pain to be an evil.*

It may, however, be queſtioned, whether theſe philoſophers can be very properly numbered among the teachers of patience; for if pain be not an evil, there ſeems no inſtruction requiſite how it may be borne; and therefore, when they endeavour to arm their followers with arguments againſt it, they may be thought to have given up their firſt poſition. But ſuch inconſiſtencies are to be expected from the greateſt underſtandings, when they endeavour

endeavour to grow eminent by ſingularity, and employ their ſtrength in eſtabliſhing opinions oppoſite to nature.

The controverſy about the reality of external evils is now at an end. That life has many miſeries, and that thoſe miſeries are, ſometimes at leaſt, equal to all the powers of fortitude, is now univerſally confeſſed; and therefore it is uſeful to conſider not only how we may eſcape them, but by what means thoſe which either the accidents of affairs, or the infirmities of nature, muſt bring upon us, may be mitigated and lightened, and how we may make thoſe hours leſs wretched, which the condition of our preſent exiſtence will not allow to be very happy.

The cure for the greateſt part of human miſeries is not radical, but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts therefore to decline it wholly are uſeleſs and vain: the armies of pain ſend their arrows againſt us on every ſide, the choice is only between thoſe which are more or leſs ſharp, or tinged with poiſon of greater or leſs malignity; and the ſtrongeſt armour which reaſon can ſupply, will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them.

The great remedy which heaven has put in our hands is patience, by which, though we cannot leſſen the torments of the body, we can in a great meaſure preſerve the peace of the mind, and ſhall ſuffer only the natural and genuine force of an evil, without heightening its acrimony, or prolonging its effects.

There is, indeed, nothing more unſuitable to the nature of man in any calamity than rage and turbulence, which, without examining whether they are not ſometimes impious, are at leaſt always offenſive, and incline others rather to hate and deſpiſe

than to pity and aſſiſt us. If what we ſuffer has been brought upon us by ourſelves, it is obſerved by an ancient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, ſince no one ſhould be angry at feeling that which he has deſerved.

Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare ferendum eſt.
Let pain deſerv'd without complaint be borne.

And ſurely, if we are conſcious that we have not contributed to our own ſufferings, if puniſhment falls upon innocence, or diſappointment happens to induſtry and prudence, patience, whether more neceſſary or not, is much eaſier, ſince our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterneſs of remorſe to add to the aſperity of miſfortune.

In thoſe evils which are allotted to us by providence, ſuch as deformity, privation of any of the ſenſes, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no preſent effect, but to deprive us of the conſolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us thoſe by whoſe converſation or advice we might be amuſed or helped; and that with regard to futurity it is yet leſs to be juſtified, ſince, without leſſening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he by whom it is inflicted will confer upon them that bear it well.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, becauſe it waſtes that time and attention in complaints, that if properly applied, might remove the cauſe. Turenne, among the acknowledgments which he uſed to pay in converſation to the memory of thoſe by whom he had been inſtructed in the art of war, mentioned one with honour, who taught him not to ſpend his time in regretting any miſtake which he had made, but to ſet himſelf immediately and vigorouſly to repair it.

Patience

Patience and ſubmiſſion are very carefully to be diſtinguiſhed from cowardice and indolence. We are not to repine, but we may lawfully ſtruggle; for the calamities of life, like the neceſſities of nature, are calls to labour and exerciſes of diligence. When we feel any preſſures of diſtreſs, we are not to conclude that we can only obey the will of heaven by languiſhing under it, any more than when we perceive the pain of thirſt, we are to imagine that water is prohibited. Of misfortune it never can be certainly known whether, as proceeding from the hand of GOD, it is an act of favour, or of puniſhment: but ſince all the ordinary diſpenſations of providence are to be interpreted according to the general analogy of things, we may conclude that we have a right to remove one inconvenience as well as another; that we are only to take care leſt we purchaſe eaſe with guilt; and that our Maker's purpoſe, whether of reward or ſeverity, will be anſwered by the labours which he lays us under the neceſſity of performing.

This duty is not more difficult in any ſtate than in diſeaſes intenſely painful, which may indeed ſuffer ſuch exacerbations as ſeem to ſtrain the powers of life to their utmoſt ſtretch, and leave very little of the attention vacant to precept or reproof. In this ſtate the nature of man requires ſome indulgence, and every extravagance but impiety may be eaſily forgiven him. Yet, leſt we ſhould think ourſelves too ſoon entitled to the mournful privileges of irreſiſtible miſery, it is proper to reflect, that the utmoſt anguiſh which human wit can contrive, or human malice can inflict, has been borne with conſtancy; and that if the pains of diſeaſe be, as I believe they are, ſometimes greater than thoſe of artificial torture, they are therefore in their own nature ſhorter, the vital frame is quickly broken, or the union between ſoul and

body is for a time ſuſpended by inſenſibility, and we ſoon ceaſe to feel our maladies when they once become too violent to be borne. I think there is ſome reaſon for queſtioning whether the body and mind are not ſo proportioned, that the one can bear all that can be inflicted on the other, whether virtue cannot ſtand its ground as long as life, and whether a ſoul well principled will not be ſeparated ſooner than ſubdued.

In calamities which operate chiefly on our paſſions, ſuch as diminution of fortune, loſs of friends, or declenſion of character, the chief danger of impatience is upon the firſt attack, and many expedients have been contrived, by which the blow may be broken. Of theſe the moſt general precept is, not to take pleaſure in any thing, of which it is not in our power to ſecure the poſſeſſion to ourſelves. This counſel, when we conſider the enjoyment of any terreſtrial advantage, as oppoſite to a conſtant and habitual ſolicitude for future felicity, is undoubtedly juſt, and delivered by that authority which cannot be diſputed; but in any other ſenſe, is it not like advice, not to walk leſt we ſhould ſtumble, or not to ſee leſt our eyes ſhould light upon deformity? It ſeems to me reaſonable to enjoy bleſſings with confidence as well as to reſign them with ſubmiſſion, and to hope for the continuance of good which we poſſeſs without inſolence or voluptuouſneſs, as for the reſtitution of that which we loſe without deſpondency or murmurs.

The chief ſecurity againſt the fruitleſs anguiſh of impatience, muſt ariſe from frequent reflection on the wiſdom and goodneſs of the GOD of nature, in whoſe hands are riches and poverty, honour and diſgrace, pleaſure and pain, and life and death. A ſettled conviction of the tendency of every thing to our good, and of the poſſibility of turning miſeries into

nto happineſs, by receiving them rightly, will incline us to *bleſs the name of the* LORD, *whether he gives or takes away.*

LABOUR AND REST.

NUMB. 33. TUESDAY, *July* 10, 1750.

Quod caret alternâ requie durabile non eſt. OVID.
Alternate reſt and labour long endure.

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to thoſe who are verſed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and ſimplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleaſure, and conſtant plenty, under the protection of REST; a gentle divinity, who required of her worſhippers neither altars nor ſacrifices, and whoſe rites were only performed by proſtrations upon turfs of flowers in ſhades of jaſmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this eaſy government the firſt generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual ſpring, eat the fruits, which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and ſlept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds ſinging over their heads, and the beaſts ſporting about them. But by degrees they began to loſe their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was deſirous of appropriating part to himſelf. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new ſtandard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themſelves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others;

and began to conſider themſelves as poor, when they beheld their own poſſeſſions exceeded by thoſe of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, becauſe only one could have moſt, and that one was always in danger, leſt the ſame arts by which he had ſupplanted others ſhould be practiſed upon himſelf.

Amidſt the prevalence of this corruption, the ſtate of the earth was changed; the year was divided into ſeaſons; part of the ground became barren, and the reſt yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The ſummer and autumn indeed furniſhed a coarſe and inelegant ſufficiency, but winter was without any relief; FAMINE, with a thouſand diſeaſes, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havock among men, and there appeared to be danger leſt they ſhould be deſtroyed before they were reformed.

To oppoſe the devaſtations of FAMINE, who ſcattered the ground every where with carcaſes, LABOUR came down upon earth. LABOUR was the ſon of NECESSITY, the nurſeling of HOPE, and the pupil of ART; he had the ſtrength of his mother, the ſpirit of his nurſe, and the dexterity of his governeſs. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and ſwarthy with the ſun; he had the implements of huſbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raiſed walls and towers at his pleaſure. He called out with a rough voice, "Mortals! ſee here the power to whom you are "conſigned, and from whom you are to hope for "all your pleaſures, and all your ſafety. You "have long languiſhed under the dominion of "REST, an impotent and deceitful goddeſs, who "can neither protect nor relieve you, but reſigns "you to the firſt attacks of either FAMINE or "DISEASE, and ſuffers her ſhades to be invaded

"by

" by every enemy, and deſtroyed by every acci-
" dent.

" Awake therefore to the call of LABOUR. I
" will teach you to remedy the ſterility of the
" earth, and the ſeverity of the ſky; I will com-
" pel ſummer to find proviſions for the winter; I
" will force the waters to give you their fiſh, the
" air its fowls, and the foreſt its beaſts; I will
" teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth,
" and bring out from the caverns of the moun-
" tains metals which ſhall give ſtrength to your
" hands, and ſecurity to your bodies, by which
" you may be covered from the aſſaults of the
" fierceſt beaſts, and with which you ſhall fell the
" oak, and divide rocks, and ſubject all nature to
" your uſe and pleaſure."

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe conſidered LABOUR as their only friend, and haſted to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and ſhewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marſhes, and change the courſe of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompaſſed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit trees; and nothing was ſeen but heaps of grain, and baſkets of fruit, full tables, and crowded ſtorehouſes.

Thus LABOUR and his followers added every hour new acquiſitions to their conqueſts, and ſaw FAMINE gradually diſpoſſeſſed of his dominions; till at laſt, amidſt their jollity and triumphs, they were depreſſed and amazed by the approach of LASSITUDE, who was known by her ſunk eyes, and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all thoſe that beheld her loſt their courage, their nerves

nerves ſlackened, their hands ſhook, and the inſtruments of labour fell from their graſp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom they reflected with regret on their eaſy compliance with the ſolicitations of LABOUR, and began to wiſh again for the golden hours which they remembered to have paſſed under the reign of REST, whom they reſolved again to viſit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. REST had not left the world; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former deſertion, invited her to the enjoyment of thoſe acquiſitions which LABOUR had procured them.

REST therefore took leave of the groves and vallies, which ſhe had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, repoſed herſelf in alcoves, and ſlumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the ſummer in artificial grottos with caſcades playing before her. There was indeed always ſomething wanting to complete her felicity, and ſhe could never lull her returning fugitives to that ſerenity, which they knew before their engagements with LABOUR: Nor was her dominion entirely without controul, for ſhe was obliged to ſhare it with LUXURY, though ſhe always looked upon her as a falſe friend, by whom her influence was in reality deſtroyed, while it ſeemed to be promoted.

The two ſoft aſſociates, however, reigned for ſome time without viſible diſagreement, till at laſt LUXURY betrayed her charge, and let in DISEASE to ſeize upon her worſhippers. REST then flew away, and left the place to the uſurpers; who employed all their arts to fortify themſelves in their poſſeſſion, and to ſtrengthen the intereſt of each other.

REST had not always the ſame enemy: in ſome places ſhe eſcaped the incurſions of DISEASE; but had her reſidence invaded by a more ſlow and ſubtle intruder,

intruder, for very frequently when every thing was compoſed and quiet, when there was neither pain within, nor danger without, when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes, SATIETY would enter with a languiſhing and repining look, and throw herſelf upon the couch placed and adorned for the accommodation of REST. No ſooner was ſhe ſeated than a general gloom ſpread itſelf on every ſide, the groves immediately loſt their verdure, and their inhabitants deſiſted from their melody, the breeze ſunk in ſighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves and ſhut up their odours. Nothing was ſeen on every ſide but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in queſt they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

REST had now loſt her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; ſome of them united themſelves more cloſely to LUXURY, who promiſed by her arts to drive SATIETY away; and others that were more wiſe, or had more fortitude, went back again to LABOUR, by whom they were indeed protected from SATIETY, but delivered up in time to LASSITUDE, and forced by her to the bowers of REST.

Thus REST and LABOUR equally perceived their reign of ſhort duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from thoſe who were alike enemies to both. They each found their ſubjects unfaithful, and ready to deſert them upon every opportunity. LABOUR ſaw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to REST, and REST found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of LABOUR. They, therefore, at laſt determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between

between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promiſed to guard the frontiers of each other, ſo that, whenever hoſtilities were attempted, SATIETY ſhould be intercepted by LABOUR, and LASSITUDE expelled by REST. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeaſed, and as hatred is often ſucceeded by its contrary, REST afterwards became pregnant by LABOUR, and was delivered of HEALTH, a benevolent Goddeſs, who conſolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular viciſſitudes of their reign, by diſpenſing her gifts to thoſe only who ſhared their lives in juſt proportions between REST and LABOUR.

MEDIOCRITY.

NUMB. 38. SATURDAY, *July* 28, 1750.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.

HOR.

The man within the golden mean,
Who can his boldeſt wiſh contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where ſordid want and ſorrow dwell;
And in himſelf ſerenely great,
Declines an envied room of ſtate.

FRANCIS.

AMONG many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral ſtate of the world, it has been obſerved that happineſs, as well as virtue, conſiſts in mediocrity; that to avoid every extreme is neceſſary, even to him who has no other care than to paſs through the preſent ſtate with eaſe and ſafety; and that the middle

middle path is the road of ſecurity, on either ſide of which are not only the pitfals of vice, but the precipices of ruin.

Thus the maxim of Cleobulus the Lindian, μέτρον ἄριστον, *Mediocrity is beſt*, has been long conſidered as an univerſal principle, extended through the whole compaſs of life and nature. The experience of every age ſeems to have given it new confirmation, and to ſhew that nothing, however ſpecious or alluring, is purſued with propriety, or enjoyed with ſafety, beyond certain limits.

Even the gifts of nature, which may truly be conſidered as the moſt ſolid and durable of all terreſtrial advantages, are found, when they exceed the middle point, to draw the poſſeſſor into many calamities, eaſily avoided by others that have been leſs bountifully enriched or adorned. We ſee every day women periſh with infamy, by having been too willing to ſet their beauty to ſhew, and others though not with equal guilt or miſery, yet with very ſharp remorſe, languiſhing in decay, neglect, and obſcurity, for having rated their youthful charms at too high a price. And, indeed, if the opinion of Bacon be thought to deſerve much regard, very few ſighs would be vented for eminent and ſuperlative elegance of form; "for beautiful "women," ſays he, "are ſeldom of any great "accompliſhments, becauſe they, for the moſt "part, ſtudy behaviour rather than virtue."

Health and vigour, and a happy conſtitution of the corporeal frame, are of abſolute neceſſity to the enjoyment of the comforts, and to the performance of the duties of life, and requiſite in yet a greater meaſure to the accompliſhment of any thing illuſtrious or diſtinguiſhed; yet even theſe, if we can judge by their apparent conſequences, are ſometimes not very beneficial to thoſe on whom they are moſt liberally beſtowed. They

that

that frequent the chambers of the ſick, will generally find the ſharpeſt pains, and moſt ſtubborn maladies, among them whom confidence of the force of nature formerly betrayed to negligence and irregularity; and that ſuperfluity of ſtrength, which was at once their boaſt and their ſnare, has often, in the latter part of life, no other effect than that it continues them long in impotence and anguiſh.

Theſe gifts of nature are, however, always bleſſings in themſelves, and to be acknowledged with gratitude to him that gives them; ſince they are, in their regular and legitimate effects, productive of happineſs, and prove pernicious only by voluntary corruption, or idle negligence. And as there is little danger of purſuing them with too much ardour or anxiety, becauſe no ſkill or diligence can hope to procure them, the uncertainty of their influence upon our lives is mentioned, not to depreciate their real value, but to repreſs the diſcontent and envy to which the want of them often gives occaſion in thoſe who do not enough ſuſpect their own frailty, nor conſider how much leſs is the calamity of not poſſeſſing great powers, than of not uſing them aright.

Of all thoſe things that make us ſuperior to others, there is none ſo much within the reach of our endeavours as riches, nor any thing more eagerly or conſtantly deſired. Poverty is an evil always in our view, an evil complicated with ſo many circumſtances of uneaſineſs and vexation, that every man is ſtudious to avoid it. Some degree of riches is therefore required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of neceſſity; when this purpoſe is once attained, we naturally wiſh for more, that the evil which is regarded with ſo much horror, may be yet at a greater diſtance from us; as he that has once felt or dreaded the paw of a ſavage, will not be at reſt till they are parted by ſome barrier,

barrier, which may take away all poſſibility of a ſecond attack.

To this point, if fear be not unreaſonably indulged, Cleobulus would, perhaps, not refuſe to extend his mediocrity. But it almoſt always happens, that the man who grows rich, changes his notions of poverty, ſtates his wants by ſome new meaſure, and from flying the enemy that purſued him, bends his endeavours to overtake thoſe whom he ſees before him. The power of gratifying his appetites encreaſes their demands; a thouſand wiſhes crowd in upon him, importunate to be ſatisfied, and vanity and ambition open proſpects to deſire, which ſtill grow wider, as they are more contemplated.

Thus in time want is enlarged without bounds; an eagerneſs for increaſe of poſſeſſions deluges the ſoul, and we ſink into the gulphs of inſatiability, only becauſe we do not ſufficiently conſider, that all real need is very ſoon ſupplied, and all real danger of its invaſion eaſily precluded; that the claims of vanity being without limits, muſt be denied at laſt; and that the pain of repreſſing them is leſs pungent before they have been long accuſtomed to compliance.

Whoſoever ſhall look heedfully upon thoſe who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition ſuch as that he ſhould hazard his quiet, and much leſs his virtue, to obtain it. For all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker ſucceſſion of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuouſneſs.

There is one reaſon ſeldom remarked which makes riches leſs deſirable. Too much wealth is very frequently the occaſion of poverty. He whom the wantonneſs of abundance has once ſoftened, eaſily

eaſily ſinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will ſoon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render unſurmountable; he will fly for help to thoſe whoſe intereſt it is that he ſhould be more diſtreſſed, and will be at laſt torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over fortunes in decay.

When the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raſchid, two neighbouring ſhepherds, faint with thirſt, ſtood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of diſtreſs prayed for water. On a ſudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceaſed to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and ſaw a being of mighty ſtature advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon his nearer approach to be the Genius of diſtribution. In one hand he held the ſheaves of plenty, and in the other the ſabre of deſtruction. The ſhepherds ſtood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the ſpices of Sabæa; "Fly not from your "benefactor, children of the duſt! I am come "to offer you gifts, which only your own folly "can make vain. You here pray for water, and "water I will beſtow; let me know with how "much you will be ſatisfied: ſpeak not raſhly; "conſider, that of whatever can be enjoyed by the "body, exceſs is no leſs dangerous than ſcarcity. "When you remember the pain of thirſt, do not "forget the danger of ſuffocation. Now, Hamet, "tell me your requeſt."

"O Being, kind and beneficent," ſays Hamet, "let thine eye pardon my confuſion. I entreat a "little brook, which in ſummr ſhall never be dry,

"and

" and in winter never overflow." " It is granted," replies the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his ſabre, and a fountain bubbling up under their feet ſcattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees ſpread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirſt.

Then turning to Raſchid, the Genius invited him likewiſe to offer his petition. " I requeſt," ſays Raſchid, " that thou wilt turn the Ganges " through my grounds, with all his waters, and " all their inhabitants." Hamet was ſtruck with the greatneſs of his neighbour's ſentiments, and ſecretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the ſame petition before him; when the Genius ſpoke, " Raſh man, be not inſatiable! remember, " to thee that is nothing which thou canſt not " uſe; and how are thy wants greater than the " wants of Hamet?" Raſchid repeated his deſire, and pleaſed himſelf with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the preſence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two ſhepherds ſtood waiting the event. As Raſchid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a ſudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty ſtream that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raſchid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was ſwept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

RECOLLECTION.

NUMB. 41. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 7, 1750.

Nulla recordanti lux eſt ingrata graviſque,
Nulla fuit cujus non meminiſſe velit.
Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus, hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui. MART.

No day's remembrance ſhall the good regret,
Nor wiſh one bitter moment to forget;
They ſtretch the limits of this narrow ſpan,
And, by enjoying, live paſt life again. F. LEWIS.

SO few of the hours of life are filled up with objects adequate to the mind of man, and ſo frequently are we in want of preſent pleaſure or employment, that we are forced to have recourſe every moment to the paſt and future for ſupplemental ſatisfactions, and relieve the vacuities of our being, by recollection of former paſſages, or anticipation of events to come.

I cannot but conſider this neceſſity of ſearching on every ſide for matter on which the attention may be employed, as a ſtrong proof of the ſuperior and celeſtial nature of the ſoul of man. We have no reaſon to believe that other creatures have higher faculties, or more extenſive capacities, than the preſervation of themſelves, or their ſpecies, requires; they ſeem always to be fully employed, or to be completely at eaſe without employment, to feel few intellectual miſeries or pleaſures, and to have no exuberance of underſtanding to lay out upon curioſity or caprice, but to have their minds exactly adapted to their bodies, with few other ideas than ſuch as corporal pain or pleaſure impreſs upon them.

Of memory, which makes ſo large a part of the excellence of the human ſoul, and which has ſo much influence upon all its other powers, but a

ſmall

ſmall portion has been allotted to the animal world. We do not find the grief, with which the dams lament the loſs of their young, proportionate to the tenderneſs with which they careſs, the aſſiduity with which they feed, or the vehemence with which they defend them. Their regard for their offſpring, when it is before their eyes, is not, in appearance, leſs than that of a human parent; but when it is taken away, it is very ſoon forgotten, and, after a ſhort abſence, if brought again, wholly diſregarded.

That they have very little remembrance of any thing once out of the reach of their ſenſes, and ſcarce any power of comparing the preſent with the paſt, and regulating their concluſions from experience, may be gathered from this, that their intellects are produced in their full perfection.—The ſparrow that was hatched laſt ſpring, makes her firſt neſt the enſuing ſeaſon, of the ſame materials, and with the ſame art, as in any following year; and the hen conducts and ſhelters her firſt brood of chickens with all the prudence that ſhe ever attains.

It has been aſked by men who love to perplex any thing that is plain to common underſtandings, how reaſon differs from inſtinct; and Prior has, with no great propriety, made Solomon himſelf declare, that, to diſtinguiſh them is *the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.* To give an accurate anſwer to a queſtion, of which the terms are not completely underſtood, is impoſſible; we do not know in what either reaſon or inſtinct conſiſt, and therefore cannot tell with exactneſs how they differ; but ſurely he that contemplates a ſhip and a bird's neſt, will not be long without finding out, that the idea of the one was impreſſed at once, and continued through all the progreſſive deſcents of the ſpecies, without variation or improvement; and that the other

other is the reſult of experiments compared with experiments, has grown, by accumulated obſervation, from leſs to greater excellence, and exhibits the collective knowledge of different ages and various profeſſions.

Memory is the purveyor of reaſon, the power which places thoſe images before the mind upon which the judgment is to be exerciſed, and which treaſures up the determinations that are once paſſed, as the rules of future action, or grounds of ſubſequent concluſions.

It is, indeed, the faculty of remembrance, which may be ſaid to place us in the claſs of moral agents. If we were to act only in conſequence of ſome immediate impulſe, and receive no direction from internal motives of choice, we ſhould be puſhed forward by an invincible fatality, without power or reaſon for the moſt part to prefer one thing to another, becauſe we could make no compariſon but of objects which might both happen to be preſent.

We owe to memory not only the increaſe of our knowledge, and our progreſs in rational enquiries, but many other intellectual pleaſures.—Indeed, almoſt all that we can be ſaid to enjoy is paſt or future; the preſent is in perpetual motion, leaves us as ſoon as it arrives, ceaſes to be preſent before its preſence is well perceived, and is only known to have exiſted by the effects which it leaves behind. The greateſt part of our ideas ariſes, therefore, from the view before or behind us, and we are happy or miſerable, according as we are affected by the ſurvey of our life, or our proſpect of future exiſtence.

With regard to futurity, when events are at ſuch a diſtance from us, that we cannot take the whole concatenation into our view, we have generally power enough over our imagination to turn

it

it upon pleaſing ſcenes, and can promiſe ourſelves riches, honours, and delights, without intermingling thoſe vexations and anxieties, with which all human enjoyments are polluted. If fear breaks in on one ſide, and alarms us with dangers and diſappointments, we can call in hope on the other, to ſolace us with rewards, and eſcapes, and victories; ſo that we are ſeldom without means of palliating remote evils, and can generally ſooth ourſelves to tranquillity, whenever any troubleſome preſage happens to attack us.

It is, therefore, I believe, much more common for the ſolitary and thoughtful, to amuſe themſelves with ſchemes of the future, than reviews of the paſt. For the future is pliant and ductile, and will be eaſily moulded by a ſtrong fancy into any form. But the images which memory preſents are of a ſtubborn and untractable nature; the objects of remembrance have already exiſted, and left their ſignature behind them impreſſed upon the mind, ſo as to defy all attempts of raſure or of change.

As the ſatisfactions, therefore, ariſing from memory are leſs arbitrary, they are more ſolid, and are, indeed, the only joys which we can call our own. Whatever we have once repoſited, as Dryden expreſſes it, *in the ſacred treaſure of the paſt*, is out of the reach of accident, or violence, nor can be loſt either by our own weakneſs, or another's malice:

——*Non tamen irritum*
Quodcunque retro eſt efficiet, neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugies ſemel hora vexit.

Be fair or foul, or rain or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd in ſpite of fate are mine.
Not heav'n itſelf upon the paſt has pow'r,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

DRYDEN.

There is certainly no greater happineſs than to be able to look back on a life uſefully and virtuouſly employed, to trace our own progreſs in exiſtence, by ſuch tokens as excite neither ſhame nor ſorrow. Life, in which nothing has been done or ſuffered to diſtinguiſh one day from another, is to him that has paſſed it, as if it had never been, except that he is conſcious how ill he has huſbanded the great depoſit of his Creator. Life, made memorable by crimes, and diverſified through its ſeveral periods by wickedneſs, is indeed eaſily reviewed, but reviewed only with horror and remorſe.

The great conſideration which ought to influence us in the uſe of the preſent moment, is to ariſe from the effect, which, as well or ill applied, it muſt have upon the time to come; for though its actual exiſtence be inconceivably ſhort, yet its effects are unlimited; and there is not the ſmalleſt point of time but may extend its conſequences, either to our hurt or our advantage, through all eternity, and give us reaſon to remember it for ever with anguiſh or exultation.

The time of life, in which memory ſeems particularly to claim predominance over the other faculties of the mind, is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall eaſily into recitals of paſt tranſactions, and accounts of perſons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave it is more eminently true;

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Life's ſpan forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And ſtretch thy hopes beyond thy years. CREECH.

We have no longer any poſſibility of great viciſſitudes in our favour; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation; and thoſe who have no hope before

fore them, and to whom their preſent ſtate is painful and irkſome, muſt of neceſſity turn their thoughts back to try what retroſpect will afford. It ought, therefore, to be the care of thoſe who wiſh to paſs the laſt hours with comfort, to lay up ſuch a treaſure of pleaſing ideas, as ſhall ſupport the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

——*Petite hinc, juveneſque ſeneſque*
Finem animo certum, miſeriſque viatica canis.

Seek here, ye young, the anchor of your mind;
Here, ſuff'ring age, a bleſs'd proviſion find. ELPHINSTON.

In youth, however unhappy, we ſolace ourſelves with the hope of better fortune, and however vicious, appeaſe our conſciences with intentions of repentance; but the time comes at laſt, in which life has no more to promiſe, in which happineſs can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleaſure.

PERSEVERANCE.

NUMB. 43. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 14, 1750.

Flumine perpetuo torrens ſolet acrius ire,
Sed tamen hæc brevis eſt, illa perennis aqua. OVID.

In courſe impetuous ſoon the torrent dries,
The brook a conſtant peaceful ſtream ſupplies. F. LEWIS.

IT is obſerved by thoſe who have written on the conſtitution of the human body, and the original of thoſe diſeaſes by which it is afflicted, that every man comes into the world morbid, that there is no temperature ſo exactly regulated but that ſome humour is fatally predominant, and that we are generally impregnated, in our firſt entrance upon life,

with the ſeeds of that malady, which, in time, ſhall bring us to the grave.

This remark has been extended by others to the intellectual faculties. Some, that imagine themſelves to have looked with more than common penetration into human nature, have endeavoured to perſuade us that each man is born with a mind formed peculiarly for certain purpoſes, and with deſires unalterably determined to particular objects, from which the attention cannot be long diverted, and which alone, as they are well or ill purſued, muſt produce the praiſe or blame, the happineſs or miſery, of his future life.

This poſition has not, indeed, been hitherto proved with ſtrength proportionate to the aſſurance with which it has been advanced, and, perhaps, will never gain much prevalence by a cloſe examination.

If the doctrine of innate ideas be itſelf diſputable, there ſeems to be little hope of eſtabliſhing an opinion, which ſuppoſes that even complications of ideas have been given us at our birth, and that we are made by nature ambitious, or covetous, before we know the meaning of either power or money.

Yet as every ſtep in the progreſſion of exiſtence changes our poſition with reſpect to the things about us, ſo as to lay us open to new aſſaults and particular dangers, and ſubjects us to inconveniencies, from which any other ſituation is exempt; as a public or a private life, youth and age, wealth and poverty, have all ſome evil cloſely adherent, which cannot wholly be eſcaped but by quitting the ſtate to which it is annexed, and ſubmitting to the incumbrances of ſome other condition; ſo it cannot be denied that every difference in the ſtructure of the mind has its advantages and its wants; and that failures and defects being inſeparable

ſeparable from humanity, however the powers of underſtanding be extended or contracted, there will on one ſide or the other always be an avenue to error and miſcarriage.

There ſeem to be ſome ſouls ſuited to great, and others to little employments; ſome formed to ſoar aloft, and take in wide views, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow ſphere. Of theſe the one is always in danger of becoming uſeleſs by a daring negligence, the other by a ſcrupulous ſolicitude; the one collects many ideas, but confuſed and indiſtinct; the other is buſied in minute accuracy, but without compaſs and without dignity.

The general error of thoſe who poſſeſs powerful and elevated underſtandings is, that they form ſchemes of too great extent, and flatter themſelves too haſtily with ſucceſs; they feel their own force to be great, and, by the complacency with which every man ſurveys himſelf, imagine it ſtill greater: they therefore look out for undertakings worthy of their abilities, and engage in them with very little precaution, for they imagine that, without premeditated meaſures, they ſhall be able to find expedients in all difficulties. They are naturally apt to conſider all prudential maxims as below their regard, to treat with contempt thoſe ſecurities and reſources which others know themſelves obliged to provide, and diſdain to accompliſh their purpoſes by eſtabliſhed means, and common gradations.

Precipitation thus incited by the pride of intellectual ſuperiority, is very fatal to great deſigns. The reſolution of the combat is ſeldom equal to the vehemence of the charge. He that meets with an oppoſition which he did not expect, loſes his courage. The violence of his firſt onſet is ſucceeded by a laſting and unconquerable languor; miſcarriage makes him fearful of giving way to

new hopes; and the contemplation of an attempt, in which he has fallen below his own expectations, is painful and vexatious; he therefore naturally turns his attention to more pleasing objects, and habituates his imagination to other entertainments, till, by slow degrees, he quits his first pursuit, and suffers some other project to take possession of his thoughts, in which the same ardour of mind promises him again certain success, and which disappointments of the same kind compel him to abandon.

Thus too much vigour in the beginning of an undertaking, often intercepts and prevents the steadiness and perseverance always necessary in the conduct of a complicated scheme, where many interests are to be connected, many movements to be adjusted, and the joint effort of distinct and independent powers to be directed to a single point. In all important events, which have been suddenly brought to pass, chance has been the agent rather than reason; and therefore, however those, who seemed to preside in the transaction, may have been celebrated by such as loved or feared them, succeeding times have commonly considered them as fortunate rather than prudent. Every design in which the connection is regularly traced from the first motion to the last, must be formed and executed by calm intrepidity, and requires not only courage which danger cannot turn aside, but constancy which fatigues cannot weary, and contrivance which impediments cannot exhaust.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance: it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-ax, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design

ſign and laſt reſult, he would be overwhelmed by the ſenſe of their diſproportion; yet thoſe petty operations, inceſſantly continued, in time ſurmount the greateſt difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the ſlender force of human beings.

It is therefore of the utmoſt importance that thoſe who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation ſuperior to names hourly ſwept away by time among the refuſe of fame, ſhould add to their reaſon, and their ſpirit, the power of perſiſting in their purpoſes; acquire the art of ſapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquiſhing obſtinate reſiſtance by obſtinate attacks.

The ſtudent who would build his knowledge on ſolid foundations, and proceed by juſt degrees to the pinnacles of truth, is directed by the great philoſopher of France to begin by doubting of his own exiſtence. In like manner, whoever would complete any arduous and intricate enterpriſe, ſhould, as ſoon as his imagination can cool after the firſt blaze of hope, place before his own eyes every poſſible embarraſſment that may retard or defeat him. He ſhould firſt queſtion the probability of ſucceſs, and then endeavour to remove the objections that he has raiſed. It is proper, ſays old Markham, to exerciſe your horſe on the more inconvenient ſide of the courſe, that if he ſhould, in the race, be forced upon it, he may not be diſcouraged; and Horace adviſes his poetical friend to conſider every day as the laſt which he ſhall enjoy, becauſe that will always give pleaſure which we receive beyond our hopes. If we alarm ourſelves beforehand with more difficulties than we really find, we ſhall be animated by unexpected facility with double ſpirit; and if we find our cautions and fears juſtified by the conſequence, there will, how-

ever happen nothing againſt which proviſion has not been made, no ſudden ſhock will be received, nor will the main ſcheme be diſconcerted.

There is, indeed, ſome danger leſt he that too ſcrupulouſly balances probabilities, and too perſpicaciouſly foreſees obſtacles, ſhould remain always in a ſtate of inaction, without venturing upon attempts, on which he may perhaps ſpend his labour without advantage. But previous deſpondence is not the fault of thoſe for whom this eſſay is deſigned; they who require to be warned againſt precipitation, will not ſuffer more fear to intrude into their contemplations than is neceſſary to allay the efferveſcence of an agitated fancy. As *Des Cartes* has kindly ſhewn how a man may prove to himſelf his own exiſtence, if once he can be prevailed upon to queſtion it, ſo the ardent and adventurous will not be long without finding ſome plauſible extenuation of the greateſt difficulties. Such, indeed, is the uncertainty of all human affairs, that ſecurity and deſpair are equal follies, and as it is preſumption and arrogance to anticipate triumphs, it is weakneſs and cowardice to prognoſticate miſcarriages. The numbers that have been ſtopped in their career of happineſs are ſufficient to ſhew the uncertainty of human foreſight; but there are not wanting contrary inſtances of ſuch ſucceſs obtained againſt all appearances, as may warrant the boldeſt flights of genius, if they are ſupported by unſhaken perſeverance.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

NUMB. 44. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 18, 1750.

Ὄναρ ἰὸ Διός ἐϛι. HOMER.
——Dreams deſcend from *Jove*. POPE.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows:

Methought I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively converſation, when on a ſudden I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſt in black, her ſkin was contracted into a thouſand wrinkles, her eyes deep ſunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting ſeverity, and her hands armed with whips and ſcorpions. As ſoon as ſhe came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, ſhe bid me follow her. I obeyed, and ſhe led me through rugged paths, beſet with briars and thorns, into a deep, ſolitary valley. Wherever ſhe paſſed the fading verdure withered beneath her ſteps; her peſtilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obſcured the luſtre of the ſun, and involved the fair face of heaven in univerſal gloom. Diſmal howlings reſounded through the foreſt; from every baleful tree the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and the

proſpect was filled with deſolation and horror. In the midſt of this tremendous ſcene my execrable guide addreſſed me in the following manner:

"Retire with me, O raſh unthinking mortal, "from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, "and learn that pleaſure was not deſigned the "portion of human life. Man was born to mourn "and to be wretched; this is the condition of all "below the ſtars, and whoever endeavours to "oppoſe it, acts in contradiction to the will of "heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments "of youth, and ſocial delight, and here conſe-"crate the ſolitary hours to lamentation and woe. "Miſery is the duty of all ſublunary beings, and "every enjoyment is an offence to the deity, who "is to be worſhipped only by the mortification of "every ſenſe of pleaſure, and the everlaſting ex-"erciſe of ſighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite ſunk my ſpirits, and ſeemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myſelf beneath a blaſted yew, where the winds blew cold and diſmal round my head, and dreadful apprehenſions chilled my heart. Here I reſolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, ſhould put an end to the miſeries of a life ſo deplorably wretched. In this ſad ſituation I ſpied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whoſe heavy waves rolled on in ſlow ſullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was juſt upon the brink, when I found myſelf ſuddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was ſurpriſed by the ſight of the loveliеſt object I had ever beheld. The moſt engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories ſparkled in her eyes, and their awful ſplendours were ſoftened by the gentleſt looks of compaſſion and peace. At her approach the frightful ſpectre, who had before tormented me, vaniſhed away,

away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

"My name is RELIGION. I am the offspring "of TRUTH and LOVE, and the parent of BE-"NEVOLENCE, HOPE and JOY. That monster "from whose power I have freed you is called "SUPERSTITION, she is the child of DISCON-"TENT, and her followers are FEAR and SOR-"ROW. Thus different as we are, she has often "the insolence to assume my name and character, "and seduces unhappy mortals to think us, the "same, till she, at length drives them to the bor-"ders of DESPAIR, that dreadful abyss into which "you were just going to sink.

"Look round and survey the various beauties of "the globe, which heaven has destined for the "seat of the human race, and consider whether a "world thus exquisitely framed could be meant "for the abode of misery and pain. For what "end has the lavish hand of providence diffused "such innumerable objects of delight, but that all "might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and "be filled with gratitude to the benificent Author "of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, "is virtue and obedience; and to reject them "merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable igno-"rance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite good-"ness is the source of created existence; the pro-"per tendency of every rational being, from the "highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest "rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower

" degrees of happineſs to h gher. They have each " faculties aſſigned them for various orders of " delights."

" What," cried I, " is this the language of RE- " LIGION? Does ſhe lead her votaries through " flowery paths, and bid them paſs an unlaborious " life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the " mortifications of penitents, the ſelf-denying exer- " ciſes of ſaints and heroes?"

" The true enjoyments of a reaſonable being," anſwered ſhe mildly, " do not conſiſt in unbound- " ed indulgence, or luxurious eaſe, in the tumult " of paſſions, the languor of indolence, or the flut- " ter of light amuſements. Yielding to immoral " pleaſure corrupts the mind, living to animal and " trifling ones debaſes it; both in their degree diſ- " qualify it for its genuine good, and conſign it " over to wretchedneſs. Whoever would be really " happy muſt make the diligent and regular ex- " erciſe of his ſuperior powers his chief attention, " adoring the perfections of his Maker, expreſſing " good-will to his fellow-creatures, cultivating in- " ward rectitude. To his lower faculties he muſt " allow ſuch gratifications as will, by refreſhing " him, invigorate his nobler purſuits. In the " regions inhabited by angelic natures, un- " mingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows there " with a perpetual and abundant ſtream, nor needs " there any mound to check its courſe. Beings " conſcious of a frame of mind originally diſeaſed, " as all the human race has cauſe to be, muſt uſe " the regimen of a ſtricter ſelf-government. Who- " ever has been guilty of voluntary exceſſes muſt " patiently ſubmit both to the painful workings of " nature, and needful ſeverities of medicine, in or- " der to his cure. Still he is intitled to a moderate " ſhare of whatever alleviating accommodations " this fair manſion of his merciful Parent affords,

" conſiſtent

" conſiſtent with his recovery. And in propor-
" tion as this recovery advances, the livelieſt joy
" will ſpring from his ſecret ſenſe of an amended
" and improving heart.—So far from the horrors
" of deſpair is the condition even of the guilty.—
" Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the
" gulph into which thou waſt but now going to
" plunge.

" While the moſt faulty have ever encourage-
" ment to amend, the more innocent ſoul will be
" ſupported with ſtill ſweeter conſolations under
" all its experience of human infirmities; ſup-
" ported by the gladdening aſſurances that every
" ſincere endeavour to outgrow them ſhall be aſ-
" ſiſted, accepted, and rewarded. To ſuch a one
" the lowlieſt ſelf-abaſement is but a deep laid
" foundation for the moſt elevated hopes; ſince
" they who faithfully examine and acknowledge
" what they are, ſhall be enabled under my con-
" duct to become what they deſire. The Chriſ-
" tian and the hero are inſeparable; and to aſpir-
" ings of unaſſuming truſt, and filial confidence,
" are ſet no bounds. To him who is animated with
" a view of obtaining approbation from the Sove-
" reign of the univerſe, no difficulty is inſurmount-
" able. Secure in this purſuit of every needful
" aid, his conflict with the ſevereſt pains and trials,
" is little more than the vigorous exerciſes of a
" mind in health. His patient dependance on that
" providence which looks through all eternity, his
" ſilent reſignation, his ready accommodation of
" his thoughts and behaviour to its inſcrutable
" ways, is at once the moſt excellent ſort of ſelf-
" denial, and a ſource of the moſt exalted tranſ-
" ports. Society is the true ſphere of human vir-
" tue. In ſocial, active life, difficulties will per-
" petually be met with; reſtraints of many kinds
" will be neceſſary; and ſtudying to behave right

" in

" in reſpect of theſe is a diſcipline of the human " heart, uſeful to others, and improving to itſelf. " Suffering is no duty but where it is neceſſary to " avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleaſure a crime, " but where it ſtrengthens the influence of bad in- " clinations, or leſſens the generous activity of vir- " tue. The happineſs allotted to man in his pre- " ſent ſtate, is indeed faint and low, compared " with his immortal proſpects, and noble capaci- " ties; but yet whatever portion of it the diſtri- " buting hand of heaven offers to each individual, " is a needful ſupport and refreſhment for the pre- " ſent moment, ſo far as it may not hinder the at- " taining of his final deſtination.

" Return then with me from continual miſery " to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. " Return from the contracted views of ſolitude to " the proper duties of a relative and dependent be- " ing. Religion is not confined to cells and cloſets, " nor reſtrained to ſullen retirement. Theſe are " the gloomy doctrines of SUPERSTITION, by " which ſhe endeavours to break thoſe chains " of benevolence and ſocial affection, that link the " welfare of every particular with that of the whole. " Remember that the greateſt honour you can pay " to the Author of your being is by ſuch a cheer- " ful behaviour, as diſcovers a mind ſatisfied with " his diſpenſations."

Here my preceptreſs pauſed, and I was going to expreſs my acknowledgments for her diſcourſe, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-riſen ſun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

I am, Yours, &c.

UNHAPPY

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

NUMB. 45. TUESDAY, *August* 21, 1750.

Ἥπερ μεγίστη γίγνεται σωτηρία,
Ὅταν γύνη πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ διχοστατῇ,
Νῦν δ' ἐκθρὰ πάντα ——— EURIP.

This is the chief felicity of life,
That concord ſmile on the connubial bed;
But now 'tis hatred all ———

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH, in the diſſertations which you have given us on marriage, very juſt cautions are laid down againſt the common cauſes of infelicity, and the neceſſity of having, in that important choice, the firſt regard to virtue, is carefully inculcated; yet I cannot think the ſubject ſo much exhauſted, but that a little reflection would preſent to the mind many queſtions, in the diſcuſſion of which great numbers are intereſted, and many precepts which deſerve to be more particularly and forcibly impreſſed.

You ſeem, like moſt of the writers that have gone before you, to have allowed, as an unconteſted principle, that *Marriage is generally unhappy*: but I know not whether a man who profeſſes to think for himſelf, and concludes from his own obſervations, does not depart from his character when he follows the crowd thus implicitly, and receives maxims without recalling them to a new examination, eſpecially when they compriſe ſo wide a circuit of life, and include ſuch variety of circumſtances. As I have an equal right with others

to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that ſtate which I have tried, than many who talk of it without experience, I am unwilling to be reſtrained by mere authority from advancing what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy, otherwiſe than as life is unhappy; and that moſt of thoſe who complain of connubial miſeries, have as much ſatisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both ſexes repine at their change, relate the happineſs of their earlier years, blame the folly and raſhneſs of their own choice, and warn thoſe whom they ſee coming into the world againſt the ſame precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that the days which they ſo much wiſh to call back, are the days not only of celibacy, but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightneſs of heart. It is not eaſy to ſurround life with any circumſtances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid, that whether married or unmarried, we ſhall find the veſture of terreſtrial exiſtence more heavy and cumbrous the longer it is worn.

That they cenſure themſelves for the indiſcretion of their choice, is not a ſufficient proof that they have choſen ill, ſince we ſee the ſame diſcontent at every other part of life which we cannot change. Converſe with almoſt any man, grown old in a profeſſion, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into ſome different courſe, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he diſcovers that wealth and honour are more eaſily attained. "The mer-"chant," ſays Horace, "envies the ſoldier, and

"the

" the ſoldier recounts the felicity of the merchant; " the lawyer, when his clients haraſs him, calls " out for the quiet of the countryman; and the " countryman, when buſineſs calls him to town, " proclaims that there is no happineſs but amidſt " opulence and crowds." Every man recounts the inconveniences of his own ſtation, and thinks thoſe of any other leſs, becauſe he has not felt them. Thus the married praiſe the eaſe and freedom of a ſingle ſtate, and the ſingle fly to marriage from the wearineſs of ſolitude. From all our obſervations we may collect with certainty, that miſery is the lot of man, but cannot diſcover in what particular condition it will find moſt alleviations; or whether all external appendages are not, as we uſe them, the cauſes either of good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for eaſe from change of poſture; he changes it, and finds himſelf equally tormented: and of the ſame kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude thoſe uneaſineſſes, to which mortality will always be ſubject. It is not likely that the married ſtate is eminently miſerable, ſince we ſee ſuch numbers, whom the death of their partners has ſet free from it, entering it again.

Wives and huſbands are, indeed, inceſſantly complaining of each other; and there would be reaſon for imagining that almoſt every houſe was infeſted with perverſeneſs or oppreſſion beyond human ſufferance, did we not know upon how ſmall occaſions ſome minds burſt out into lamentations and reproaches, and how naturally every animal revenges his pain upon thoſe who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cauſe. We are always willing to fancy ourſelves within a little of happineſs, and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, perſuade ourſelves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, ſince, if we could find any

any other obſtacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomiſts have often remarked, that though our diſeaſes are ſufficiently numerous and ſevere, yet when we enquire into the ſtructure of the body, the tenderneſs of ſome parts, the minuteneſs of others, and the immenſe multiplicity of animal functions that muſt concur to the healthful and vigorous exerciſe of all our powers, there appears reaſon to wonder rather that we are preſerved ſo long, than that we periſh ſo ſoon, and that our frame ſubſiſts for a ſingle day, or hour, without diſorder, rather than that it ſhould be broken or obſtructed by violence of accidents, or length of time.

The ſame reflection ariſes in my mind, upon obſervation of the manner in which marriage is frequently contracted. When I ſee the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables, and their beds, without any enquiry, but after farms and money, or the giddy and thoughtleſs uniting themſelves for life to thoſe whom they have only ſeen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make articles for their children, without enquiring after their conſent; when ſome marry for heirs to diſappoint their brothers, and others throw themſelves into the arms of thoſe whom they do not love, becauſe they have found themſelves rejected where they were more ſolicitous to pleaſe; when ſome marry becauſe their ſervants cheat them, ſome becauſe they ſquander their own money, ſome becauſe their houſes are peſtered with company, ſome becauſe they will live like other people, and ſome only becauſe they are ſick of themſelves, I am not ſo much inclined to wonder that marriage is ſometimes unhappy, as that it appears ſo little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that ſociety has ſomething in itſelf eminently agreeable

able to human nature, when I find its pleaſures ſo great that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them.

By the ancient cuſtom of the Muſcovites, the men and women never ſaw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be ſuſpected that by this method many unſuitable matches were produced, and many tempers aſſociated that were not qualified to give pleaſure to each other. Yet, perhaps, among a people ſo little delicate, where the paucity of gratifications, and the uniformity of life gave no opportunity for imagination to interpoſe its objections, there was not much danger of capricious diſlike, and while they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another.

Amongſt us, whom knowledge has made nice, and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requiſite to ſecure tranquillity; and yet if we obſerve the manner in which thoſe converſe, who have ſingled out each other for marriage, we ſhall, perhaps, not think that the Ruſſians loſt much by their reſtraint. For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtſhip, is to hinder themſelves from being known, and to diſguiſe their natural temper, and real deſires, in hypocritical imitation, ſtudied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither ſees the other but in a maſk, and the cheat is managed often on both ſides with ſo much art, and diſcovered afterwards with ſo much abruptneſs, that each has reaſon to ſuſpect that ſome transformation has happened on the wedding-night, and that by a ſtrange impoſture one has been courted, and another married.

I deſire you, therefore, Mr. RAMBLER, to queſtion all who ſhall hereafter come to you with matrimonial

matrimonial complaints, concerning their behaviour in the time of courtſhip, and inform them that they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in diſappointment.

I am, &c.

SORROW.

NUMB. 47. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 28, 1750.

Quanquam his ſolatiis acquieſcam, debilitor & frangor eadem illa humanitate quæ me, ut hoc ipſum permitterem, induxit, non ideo tamen velim durior fieri: nec ignoro alios hujuſmodi caſus nihil amplius vocare quam damnum; eoque ſibi magnos homines & ſapientes videri. Qui an magni ſapienteſque ſint, neſcio: homines non ſunt. Hominis eſt enim affici dolore, ſentire: reſiſtere tamen, & ſolatia admittere; non ſolatiis non egere

PLIN

Theſe proceedings have afforded me ſome comfort in my diſtreſs; notwithſtanding which, I am ſtill diſpirited, and unhinged by the ſame motives of humanity that induced me to grant ſuch indulgences. However, I by no means wiſh to become leſs ſuſceptible of tenderneſs. I know theſe kind of misfortunes would be eſtimated by other perſons only as common loſſes, and from ſuch ſenſations they would conceive themſelves great and wiſe men. I ſhall not determine either their greatneſs or their wiſdom; but I am certain they have no humanity. It is the part of a man to be affected with grief; to feel ſorrow, at the ſame time that he is to reſiſt it, and to admit of comfort.

Earl of ORRERY.

OF the paſſions with which the mind of man is agitated, it may be obſerved, that they naturally haſten towards their own extinction, by inciting and quickening the attainment of their objects. Thus, fear urges our flight, and deſire animates our progreſs; and if there are ſome which perhaps may be indulged till they outgrow the good appropriated

to

to their ſatisfaction, as it is frequently obſerved of avarice and ambition, yet their immediate tendency is to ſome means of happineſs really exiſting, and generally within the proſpect. The miſer always imagines that there is a certain ſum that will fill his heart to the brim; and every ambitious man, like king Pyrrhus, has an acquiſition in his thoughts that is to terminate his labours, after which he ſhall paſs the reſt of his life in eaſe or gaiety, in repoſe or devotion.

Sorrow is perhaps the only affection of the breaſt that can be excepted from this general remark, and it therefore deſerves the particular attention of thoſe who have aſſumed the arduous province of preſerving the balance of the mental conſtitution. The other paſſions are diſeaſes indeed, but they neceſſarily direct us to their proper cure. A man at once feels the pain, and knows the medicine, to which he is carried with greater haſte as the evil which requires it is more excruciating, and cures himſelf by unerring inſtinct, as the wounded ſtags of Crete are related by Ælian to have recourſe to vulnerary herbs. But for ſorrow there is no remedy provided by nature; it is often occaſioned by accidents irreparable, and dwells upon objects that have loſt or changed their exiſtence; it requires what it cannot hope, that the laws of the univerſe ſhould be repealed; that the dead ſhould return, or the paſt ſhould be recalled.

Sorrow is not that regret for negligence or error which may animate us to future care or activity, or that repentance of crimes for which, however irrevocable, our Creator has promiſed to accept it as an atonement; the pain which ariſes from theſe cauſes has very ſalutary effects, and is every hour extenuating itſelf by the reparation of thoſe miſcarriages that produce it. Sorrow is properly that ſtate of the mind in which our deſires are fixed upon

upon the paſt, without looking forward to the future, an inceſſant wiſh that ſomething were otherwiſe than it has been, a tormenting and haraſſing want of ſome enjoyment or poſſeſſion which we have loſt, and which no endeavours can poſſibly regain. Into ſuch anguiſh many have ſunk upon ſome ſudden diminution of their fortune, and unexpected blaſt of their reputation, or the loſs of children or of friends. They have ſuffered all ſenſibility of pleaſure to be deſtroyed by a ſingle blow, have given up for ever the hopes of ſubſtituting any other object in the room of that which they lament, reſigned their lives to gloom and deſpondency, and worn themſelves out in unavailing miſery.

Yet ſo much is this paſſion the natural conſequence of tenderneſs and endearment, that, however painful and however uſeleſs, it is juſtly reproachful not to feel it on ſome occaſions; and ſo widely and conſtantly has it always prevailed, that the laws of ſome nations, and the cuſtoms of others, have limited a time for the external appearances of grief cauſed by the diſſolution of cloſe alliances, and the breach of domeſtick union.

It ſeems determined, by the general ſuffrage of mankind, that ſorrow is to a certain point laudable, as the offspring of love, or at leaſt pardonable as the effect of weakneſs; but that it ought not to be ſuffered to increaſe by indulgence, but muſt give way, after a ſtated time, to ſocial duties, and the common avocations of life. It is at firſt unavoidable, and therefore muſt be allowed whether with or without our choice; it may afterwards be admitted as a decent and affectionate teſtimony of kindneſs and eſteem; ſomething will be extorted by nature, and ſomething may be given to the world. But all beyond the burſts of paſſion, or the forms of ſolemnity, is not only uſeleſs, but culpable; for

for we have no right to ſacrifice, to the vain longings of affection, that time which providence allows us for the taſk of our ſtation.

Yet it too often happens that ſorrow, thus lawfully entering, gains ſuch a firm poſſeſſion of the mind, that it is not afterwards to be ejected; the mournful ideas, firſt violently impreſſed, and afterwards willingly received, ſo much engroſs the attention, as to predominate in every thought, to darken gaiety, and perplex ratiocination. An habitual ſadneſs ſeizes upon the ſoul, and the faculties are chained to a ſingle object, which can never be contemplated but with hopeleſs uneaſineſs.

From this ſtate of dejection it is very difficult to riſe to cheerfulneſs and alacrity, and therefore many who have laid down rules of intellectual health, think preſervatives eaſier than remedies, and teach us not to truſt ourſelves with favourite enjoyments, not to indulge the luxury of fondneſs, but to keep our minds always ſuſpended in ſuch indifference, that we may change the objects about us without emotion.

An exact compliance with this rule might, perhaps, contribute to tranquillity, but ſurely it would never produce happineſs. He that regards none ſo much as to be afraid of loſing them, muſt live for ever without the gentle pleaſures of ſympathy and confidence; he muſt feel no melting fondneſs, no warmth of benevolence, nor any of thoſe honeſt joys which nature annexes to the power of pleaſing. And as no man can juſtly claim more tenderneſs than he pays, he muſt forfeit his ſhare in that officious and watchful kindneſs which love only can dictate, and thoſe lenient endearments by which love only can ſoften life. He may juſtly be overlooked and neglected by ſuch as have more warmth in their heart; for who would be the friend of him, whom, with whatever aſſiduity he may be courted,

courted, and with whatever ſervices obliged, his principles will not ſuffer to make equal returns, and who, when you have exhauſted all the inſtances of good will, can only be prevailed on not to be an enemy?

An attempt to preſerve life in a ſtate of neutrality and indifference, is unreaſonable and vain. If by excluding joy we could ſhut out grief, the ſcheme would deſerve very ſerious attention; but ſince, however we may debar ourſelves from happineſs, miſery will find its way at many inlets, and the aſſaults of pain will force our regard, though we may withhold it from the invitations of pleaſure, we may ſurely endeavour to raiſe life above the middle point of apathy at one time, ſince it will neceſſarily ſink below it at another.

But though it cannot be reaſonable not to gain happineſs for fear of loſing it, yet it muſt be confeſſed, that in proportion to the pleaſure of poſſeſſion, will be for ſome time our ſorrow for the loſs; it is therefore the province of the moraliſt to enquire whether ſuch pains may not quickly give way to mitigation. Some have thought that the moſt certain way to clear the heart from its embarraſſment is to drag it by force into ſcenes of merriment. Others imagine, that ſuch a tranſition is too violent, and recommend rather to ſooth it into tranquillity, by making it acquainted with miſeries more dreadful and afflictive, and diverting to the calamities of others the regard which we are inclined to fix too cloſely upon our own miſfortunes.

It may be doubted whether either of thoſe remedies will be ſufficiently powerful. The efficacy of mirth it is not always eaſy to try, and the indulgence of melancholy may be ſuſpected to be one of thoſe medicines, which will deſtroy if it happens not to cure.

The

The ſafe and general antidote againſt ſorrow, is employment. It is commonly obſerved, that among ſoldiers and ſeamen, though there is much kindneſs, there is little grief; they ſee their friend fall without any of that lamentation which is indulged in ſecurity and idleneſs, becauſe they have no leiſure to ſpare from the care of themſelves; and whoever ſhall keep his thoughts equally buſy, will find himſelf equally unaffected with irretrievable loſſes.

Time is obſerved generally to wear out ſorrow, and its effects might doubtleſs be accelerated by quickening the ſucceſſion, and enlarging the variety of objects.

Si tempore longo
Leniri poterit luctus, tu ſperne morari,
Qui ſapiet ſibi tempus erit.—— GROTIUS.

'Tis long ere time can mitigate your grief;
To wiſdom fly, ſhe quickly brings relief. F. LEWIS.

Sorrow is a kind of ruſt of the ſoul, which every new idea contributes in its paſſage to ſcour away. It is the putrefaction of ſtagnant life, and is remedied by exerciſe and motion.

HEALTH.

NUMB. 48. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 1, 1750.

Non eſt vivere, ſed valere, vita. MART.

For life is not to live, but to be well. ELPHINSTON.

AMONG the innumerable follies, by which we lay up in our youth repentance and remorſe for the ſucceeding part of our lives, there is ſcarce any againſt which warnings are of leſs efficacy, than the neglect of health. When the ſprings of motion

are yet elaſtick, when the heart bounds with vigour, and the eye ſparkles with ſpirit, it is with difficulty that we are taught to conceive the imbecility that every hour is bringing upon us, or to imagine that the nerves which are now braced with ſo much ſtrength, and the limbs which play with ſo much activity, will loſe all their power under the gripe of time, relax with numbneſs, and totter with debility.

To the arguments which have been uſed againſt complaints under the miſeries of life, the philoſophers have, I think, forgot to add the incredulity of thoſe to whom we recount our ſufferings. But if the purpoſe of lamentation be to excite pity, it is ſurely ſuperfluous for age and weakneſs to tell their plaintive ſtories; for pity preſuppoſes ſympathy, and a little attention will ſhew them, that thoſe who do not feel pain, ſeldom think that it is felt; and a ſhort recollection will inform almoſt every man, that he is only repaid the inſult which he has given, ſince he may remember how often he has mocked infirmity, laughed at its cautions, and cenſured its impatience.

The valetudinarian race have made the care of health ridiculous, by ſuffering it to prevail over all other conſiderations, as the miſer has brought frugality into contempt, by permitting the love of money not to ſhare, but to engroſs his mind: they both err alike, by confounding the means with the end; they graſp at health only to be well, as at money only to be rich; and forget that every terreſtrial advantage is chiefly valuable, as it furniſhes abilities for the exerciſe of virtue.

Health is indeed ſo neceſſary to all the duties, as well as pleaſures of life, that the crime of ſquandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a ſhort gratification brings weakneſs and diſeaſes upon himſelf, and for the pleaſure of a few years paſſed

paſſed in the tumults of diverſion, and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be juſtly reproached, not only as a ſpendthrift of his own happineſs, but as a robber of the publick; as a wretch that has voluntarily diſqualified himſelf for the buſineſs of his ſtation, and refuſed that part which providence aſſigns him in the general taſk of human nature.

There are perhaps very few conditions more to be pitied than that of an active and elevated mind, labouring under the weight of a diſtempered body; the time of ſuch a man is always ſpent in forming ſchemes, which a change of wind hinders him from executing; his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleaſes his ambition with the fame he ſhall acquire, or his benevolence with the good he ſhall confer. But in the night the ſkies are overcaſt, the temper of the air is changed, he wakes in languor, impatience, and diſtraction, and has no longer any wiſh but for eaſe, nor any attention but to miſery. It may be ſaid that diſeaſe generally begins that equality which death completes; the diſtinctions which ſet one man ſo much above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a ſick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or inſtruction from the wiſe; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reaſoner perplexed, and the hero ſubdued; where the higheſt and brighteſt of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the conſciouſneſs of innocence.

There is among the fragments of the Greek poets a ſhort hymn to Health, in which her power of exalting the happineſs of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to poſſeſ-

ſion, is inculcated with ſo much force and beauty, that no one, who has ever languiſhed under the diſcomforts and infirmities of a lingering diſeaſe, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wiſh, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture. The particular occaſion of this little compoſition is not known, but it is probable that the author had been ſick, and in the firſt raptures of returning vigour addreſſed Health in the following manner:

Health, moſt venerable of the powers of heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be paſſed, nor do thou refuſe to bleſs me with thy reſidence. For whatever there is of beauty or of pleaſure in wealth, in deſcendants, or in ſovereign command, the higheſt ſummit of human enjoyment, or in thoſe objects of deſire which we endeavour to chaſe into the toils of love; whatever delight or whatever ſolace is granted by the celeſtials, to ſoften our fatigues, in thy preſence, thou parent of happineſs, all thoſe joys ſpread out and flouriſh; in thy preſence blooms the ſpring of pleaſure, and without thee no man is happy.

Such is the power of health, that without its co-operation every other comfort is torpid and lifeleſs, as the powers of vegetation without the ſun. And yet this bliſs is commonly thrown away in thoughtleſs negligence, or in fooliſh experiments on our own ſtrength; we let it periſh without remembering its value, or waſte it to ſhow how much we have to ſpare; it is ſometimes given up to the management of levity and chance, and ſometimes ſold for the applauſe of jollity and debauchery.

Health is equally neglected, and with equal impropriety, by the votaries of buſineſs and the followers of pleaſure. Some men ruin the fabrick of their

their bodies by inceſſant revels, and others by intemperate ſtudies; ſome batter it by exceſs, and others ſap it by inactivity. To the noiſy rout of bacchanalian rioters, it will be to little purpoſe that advice is offered, though it requires no great abilities to prove, that he loſes pleaſure who loſes health; their clamours are too loud for the whiſpers of caution, and they run the courſe of life with too much precipitance to ſtop at the call of wiſdom. Nor perhaps will they that are buſied in adding thouſands to thouſands, pay much regard to him that ſhall direct them to haſten more ſlowly to their wiſhes. Yet ſince lovers of money are generally cool, deliberate, and thoughtful, they might ſurely conſider, that the greater good ought not to be ſacrificed to the leſs. Health is certainly more valuable than money, becauſe it is by heath that money is procured; but thouſands and millions are of ſmall avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of ſenſe, or reſuſcitate the powers of digeſtion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take ſhelter in the arms of ſickneſs.

———Projecere animam! quàm vellent æthere in alto
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros tolerare labores!

For healthful indigence in vain they pray,
In queſt of wealth who throw their lives away.

Thoſe who loſe their health in an irregular and impetuous purſuit of literary accompliſhments are yet leſs to be excuſed; for they ought to know that the body is not forced beyond its ſtrength, but with the loſs of more vigour than is proportionate to the effect produced. Whoever takes up life before-hand, by depriving himſelf of reſt and refreſhment, muſt not only pay back the hours, but pay

them back with uſury; and for the gain of a few months but half enjoyed, muſt give up years to the liſtleſſneſs of languor, and the implacability of pain. They whoſe endeavour is mental excellence, will learn, perhaps too late, how much it is endangered by diſeaſes of the body, and find that knowledge may eaſily be loſt in the ſtarts of melancholy, the ſlights of impatience, and the peeviſhneſs of decrepitude.

FAME.

NUMB. 49. TUESDAY, *September* 4, 1750.

Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam, uſque ego poſterâ
Creſcam laude recens. HOR.

Whole *Horace* ſhall not die; his ſongs ſhall ſave
The greateſt portion from the greedy grave. CREECH.

THE firſt motives of human actions are thoſe appetites which Providence has given to man in common with the reſt of the inhabitants of the earth. Immediately after our birth, thirſt and hunger incline us to the breaſt, which we draw by inſtinct, like other young creatures, and when we are ſatisfied, we expreſs our uneaſineſs by importunate and inceſſant cries, till we have obtained a place or poſture proper for repoſe.

The next call that rouſes us from a ſtate of inactivity, is that of our paſſions; we quickly begin to be ſenſible of hope and fear, love and hatred, deſire and averſion; theſe ariſing from the power of compariſon and reflection, extend their range wider, as our reaſon ſtrengthens, and our knowledge enlarges. At firſt we have no thought of pain, but when we actually feel it; we afterwards begin

begin to fear it, yet not before it approaches us very nearly; but by degrees we diſcover it at a greater diſtance, and find it lurking in remote conſequences. Our terror in time improves into caution, and we learn to look round with vigilance and ſolicitude, to ſtop all the avenues at which miſery can enter, and to perform or endure many things in themſelves toilſome and unpleaſing, becauſe we know by reaſon, or by experience, that our labour will be overbalanced by the reward, that it will either procure ſome poſitive good, or avert ſome evil greater than itſelf.

But as the ſoul advances to a fuller exerciſe of its powers, the animal appetites, and the paſſions immediately ariſing from them, are not ſufficient to find it employment; the wants of nature are ſoon ſupplied, the fear of their return is eaſily precluded, and ſomething more is neceſſary to relieve the long intervals of inactivity, and to give thoſe faculties, which cannot lie wholly quieſcent, ſome particular direction. For this reaſon, new deſires and artificial paſſions are by degrees produced; and, from having wiſhes only in conſequence of our wants, we begin to feel wants in conſequence of our wiſhes; we perſuade ourſelves to ſet a value upon things which are of no uſe, but becauſe we have agreed to value them; things which can neither ſatisfy hunger, nor mitigate pain, nor ſecure us from any real calamity, and which, therefore, we find of no eſteem among thoſe nations whoſe artleſs and barbarous manners keep them always anxious for the neceſſaries of life.

This is the original of avarice, vanity, ambition, and generally of all thoſe deſires which ariſe from the compariſon of our condition with that of others. He that thinks himſelf poor, becauſe his neighbour is richer; he that, like Cæſar, would rather be the firſt man of a village, than the ſecond in the

capital of the world, has apparently kindled in himſelf deſires which he never received from nature, and acts upon principles eſtabliſhed only by the authority of cuſtom.

Of thoſe adſcititious paſſions, ſome, as avarice and envy, are univerſally condemned; ſome, as friendſhip and curioſity, generally praiſed; but there are others about which the ſuffrages of the wiſe are divided, and of which it is doubted, whether they tend moſt to promote the happineſs, or increaſe the miſeries of mankind.

Of this ambiguous and diſputable kind is the love of fame, a deſire of filling the minds of others with admiration, and of being celebrated by generations to come with praiſes which we ſhall not hear. This ardour has been conſidered by ſome, as nothing better than ſplendid madneſs, as a flame kindled by pride, and fanned by folly; for what, ſay they, can be more remote from wiſdom, than to direct all our actions by the hope of that which is not to exiſt till we ourſelves are in the grave? To pant after that which can never be poſſeſſed, and of which the value thus wildly put upon it, ariſes from this particular condition, that, during life, it is not to be obtained? To gain the favour, and hear the applauſes of our contemporaries, is indeed equally deſirable with any other prerogative of ſuperiority, becauſe fame may be of uſe to ſmooth the paths of life, to terrify oppoſition, and fortify tranquillity; but to what end ſhall we be the darlings of mankind, when we can no longer receive any benefits from their favour? It is more reaſonable to wiſh for reputation, while it may yet be enjoyed, as Anacreon calls upon his companions to give him for preſent uſe the wine and garlands which they purpoſe to beſtow upon his tomb.

The advocates for the love of fame allege in its vindi-

vindication, that it is a paſſion natural and univerſal; a flame lighted by heaven, and always burning with greateſt vigour in the moſt enlarged and elevated minds. That the deſire of being praiſed by poſterity, implies a reſolution to deſerve their praiſes, and that the folly charged upon it, is only a noble and diſintereſted generoſity, which is not felt, and therefore not underſtood, by thoſe who have been always accuſtomed to refer every thing to themſelves, and whoſe ſelfiſhneſs has contracted their underſtandings. That the ſoul of man, formed for eternal life, naturally ſprings forward beyond the limits of corporeal exiſtence, and rejoices to conſider herſelf as co-operating with future ages, and as co-extended with endleſs duration. That the reproach urged with ſo much petulance, the reproach of labouring for what cannot be enjoyed, is founded on an opinion which may with great probability be doubted; for ſince we ſuppoſe the powers of the ſoul to be enlarged by its ſeparation, why ſhould we conclude that its knowledge of ſublunary tranſactions is contracted or extinguiſhed?

Upon an attentive and impartial review of the argument, it will appear that the love of fame is to be regulated rather than extinguiſhed; and that men ſhould be taught not to be wholly careleſs about their memory, but to endeavour that they may be remembered chiefly for their virtues ſince no other reputation will be able to tranſmit any pleaſure beyond the grave.

It is evident that fame, conſidered merely as the immortality of a name, is not leſs likely to be the reward of bad actions than of good; he therefore has no certain principle for the regulation of his conduct, whoſe ſingle aim is not to be forgotten. And hiſtory will inform us, that this blind and

undiſtinguiſhed appetite of renown has always been uncertain in its effects, and directed by accident or opportunity, indifferently to the benefit or devaſtation of the world. When Themiſtocles complained that the trophies of Miltiades hindered him from ſleep, he was animated by them to perform the ſame ſervices in the ſame cauſe. But Cæſar, when he wept at the ſight of Alexander's picture, having no honeſt opportunities of action, let his ambition break out to the ruin of his country.

If, therefore, the love of fame is ſo far indulged by the mind as to become independent and predominant, it is dangerous and irregular; but it may be uſefully employed as an inferior and ſecondary motive, and will ſerve ſometimes to revive our activity, when we begin to languiſh and loſe ſight of that more certain, more valuable, and more durable reward, which ought always to be our firſt hope and our laſt. But it muſt be ſtrongly impreſſed upon our minds, that virtue is not to be purſued as one of the means to fame, but fame to be accepted as the only recompenſe which mortals can beſtow on virtue; to be accepted with complacence, but not ſought with eagerneſs. Simply to be remembered is no advantage; it is a privilege which ſatire as well as panegyrick can confer, and is not more enjoyed by Titus or Conſtantine, than by Timocreon of Rhodes, of whom we only know from his epitaph, *that he had eaten many a meal, drank many a flaggon, and uttered many a reproach.*

The true ſatisfaction which is to be drawn from the conſciouſneſs that we ſhall ſhare the attention of future times, muſt ariſe from the hope, that, with our name, our virtues will be propagated; and that thoſe whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive inſtruction from our examples, and incitement from our renown.

AGE

AGE AND YOUTH.

NUMB. 50. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 8, 1750.

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non aſſurrexerat, atque
Barbato cuicunque puer, licet ipſe videret
Plura domi fraga, et majores glandis acervos. JUV.

And had not men the hoary head rever'd,
And boys paid rev'rence when a man appear'd,
Both muſt have died, though richer ſkins they wore,
And ſaw more heaps of acorns in their ſtore. CREECH.

I HAVE always thought it the buſineſs of thoſe who turn their ſpeculations upon the living world, to commend the virtues, as well as to expoſe the faults of their contemporaries, and to confute a falſe as well as to ſupport a juſt accuſation; not only becauſe it is peculiarly the buſineſs of a monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, leſt thoſe who can once charge him with partiality, ſhould indulge themſelves afterwards in diſbelieving him at pleaſure; but becauſe he may find real crimes ſufficient to give full employment to caution or repentance, without diſtracting the mind by needleſs ſcruples and vain ſolicitudes.

There are certain fixed and ſtated reproaches that one part of mankind has in all ages thrown upon another, which are regularly tranſmitted through continued ſucceſſions, and which he that has once ſuffered them is certain to uſe with the ſame undiſtinguiſhing vehemence, when he has changed his ſtation, and gained the preſcriptive right of inflicting on others, what he had formerly endured himſelf.

To theſe hereditary imputations, of which no man ſees the juſtice, till it becomes his intereſt to

ſee it, very little regard is to be ſhewn; ſince it does not appear that they are produced by ratiocination or enquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of inſtantaneous contagion, and ſupported rather by willingneſs to credit than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of thoſe who are deſirous to believe themſelves made venerable by length of time, to cenſure the new comers into life, for want of reſpect to grey hairs and ſage experience, for heady confidence in their own underſtandings, for haſty concluſions upon partial views, for diſregard of counſels, which their fathers and grandſires are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that ſubordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as neceſſary to its ſecurity from evils into which it would be otherwiſe precipitated, by the raſhneſs of paſſion, and the blindneſs of ignorance.

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and inſolence of the riſing generation. He recounts the decency and regularly of former times, and celebrates the diſcipline and ſobriety of the age in which his youth was paſſed; a happy age which is now no more to be expected, ſince confuſion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

It is not ſufficiently conſidered how much he aſſumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining: for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full ſhare of the miſeries of life, he is inclined to conſider all clamorous uneaſineſs, as a proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to aſk, What merit has this man to ſhow, by which he has acquired a right to repine at the diſtributions of nature? Or, why does he imagine that exemptions ſhould be granted him from the general condition

condition of man? We find ourſelves excited rather to captiouſneſs than pity, and inſtead of being in haſte to ſooth his complaints by ſympathy and tenderneſs, we enquire, whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation; and whether, ſuppoſing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly, rather than calamity.

The querulouſneſs and indignation which is obſerved ſo often to disfigure the laſt ſcene of life, naturally leads us to enquiries like theſe. For ſurely it will be thought at the firſt view of things, that if age be thus contemned and ridiculed, inſulted and neglected, the crime muſt at leaſt be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of eſtabliſhing their authority over minds ductile and unreſiſting, they who have been the protectors of helpleſſneſs, and the inſtructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth, and the dignity of command, muſt defeat their influence by their own miſconduct, and make uſe of all theſe advantages with very little ſkill, if they cannot ſecure to themſelves an appearance of reſpect, and ward off open mockery, and declared contempt.

The general ſtory of mankind will evince, that lawful and ſettled authority is very ſeldom reſiſted when it is well employed. Groſs corruption, or evident imbecility, is neceſſary to the ſuppreſſion of that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, on thoſe whom they ſee ſurrounded by ſplendour, and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their paſſions into forgetfulneſs of inviſible rewards and puniſhments, yet they are eaſily kept obedient to thoſe who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is diſſipated by ſuch wickedneſs and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It may, therefore, very reaſonably be ſuſpected that the old draw upon themſelves the greateſt part of thoſe inſults, which they ſo much lament, and that age is rarely deſpiſed but when it is contemptible. If men imagine that exceſs of debauchery can be made reverend by time, that knowledge is the conſequence of long life, however idly and thoughtleſsly employed, that priority of birth will ſupply the want of ſteadineſs or honeſty, can it raiſe much wonder that their hopes are diſappointed, and that they ſee their poſterity rather willing to truſt their own eyes in their progreſs into life, than enliſt themſelves under guides who have loſt their way?

There are, indeed, many truths which time neceſſarily and certainly teaches, and which might, by thoſe who have learned them from experience, be communicated to their ſucceſſors at a cheaper rate: but dictates, though liberally enough beſtowed, are generally without effect, the teacher gains few proſelytes by inſtruction which his own behaviour contradicts; and young men miſs the benefit of counſel, becauſe they are not very ready to believe that thoſe who fall below them in practice, can much excel them in theory. Thus the progreſs of knowledge is retarded, the world is kept long in the ſame ſtate, and every new race is to gain the prudence of their predeceſſors by committing and redreſſing the ſame miſcarriages.

To ſecure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might ſo much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is abſolutely neceſſary that they give themſelves up to the duties of declining years; and contentedly reſign to youth its levity, its pleaſures, its frolicks, and its fopperies. It is a hopeleſs endeavour to unite the contrarieties of ſpring and winter; it is unjuſt to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings

playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wiſdom and gravity of men, whom they conſider as placed at a diſtance from them in the ranks of exiſtence, and naturally look on thoſe whom they find trifling with long beards, with contempt and indignation, like that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If dotards will contend with boys in thoſe performances in which boys muſt always excel them; if they will dreſs crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavour at gaiety with faultering voices; and darken aſſemblies of pleaſure with the ghaſtlineſs of diſeaſe, they may well expect thoſe who find their diverſions obſtructed will hoot them away; and that if they deſcend to competition with youth, they muſt bear the inſolence of ſucceſsful rivals.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt.

You've had your ſhare of mirth, of meat and drink:
'Tis time to quit the ſcene—'tis time to think.

ELPHINSTON.

Another vice of age, by which the riſing generation may be alienated from it, is ſeverity and cenſoriouſneſs, that gives no allowance to the failings of early life, that expects artfulneſs from childhood, and conſtancy from youth, that is peremptory in every command, and inexorable to every failure. There are many who live merely to hinder happineſs, and whoſe deſcendants can only tell of long life, that it produces ſuſpicion, malignity, peeviſhneſs, and perſecution: and yet even theſe tyrants can talk of the ingratitude of the age, curſe their heirs for impatience, and wonder that young men cannot take pleaſure in their fathers company.

He that would paſs the latter part of life with honour and decency, muſt, when he is young, conſider

ſider that he ſhall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he muſt lay up knowledge for his ſupport, when his powers of acting ſhall forſake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience only can correct.

CONSOLATION.

NUMB. 52. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 15, 1750.

——*Quoties flenti* Theſeius *heros*
Siſte modum, dixit, neque enim fortuna querenda
Sola tua eſt, ſimiles aliorum reſpice caſus,
Mitius iſta feres. OVID.

How oft in vain the ſon of *Theſeus* ſaid,
The ſtormy ſorrows be with patience laid;
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone;
Weigh others woes, and learn to bear thy own.
CATCOTT.

AMONG the various methods of conſolation, to which the miſeries inſeparable from our preſent ſtate have given occaſion, it has been, as I have already remarked, recommended by ſome writers to put the ſufferer in mind of heavier preſſures, and more excruciating calamities, than thoſe of which he has himſelf reaſon to complain.

This has, in all ages, been directed and practiſed; and, in conformity to this cuſtom, Lipſius, the great modern maſter of the Stoick philoſophy, has, in his celebrated treatiſe on *ſteadineſs of mind*, endeavoured to fortify the breaſt againſt too much ſenſibility of misfortune, by enumerating the evils which have in former ages fallen upon the world, the devaſtation of wide-extended regions, the ſack of cities, and maſſacre of nations. And the common voice of the multitude, uninſtructed by precept, and

and unprejudiced by authority, which, in queſtions that relate to the heart of man, is, in my opinion, more deciſive than the learning of Lipſius, ſeems to juſtify the efficacy of this procedure; for one of the firſt comforts which one neighbour adminiſters to another, is a relation of the like infelicity, combined with circumſtances of greater bitterneſs.

But this medicine of the mind is like many remedies applied to the body, of which, though we ſee the effects, we are unacquainted with the manner of operation, and of which, therefore, ſome, who are unwilling to ſuppoſe any thing out of the reach of their own ſagacity, have been inclined to doubt whether they have really thoſe virtues for which they are celebrated, and whether their reputation is not the mere gift of fancy, prejudice, and credulity.

Conſolation, or comfort, are words which, in their proper acceptation, ſignify ſome alleviation of that pain to which it is not in our power to afford the proper and adequate remedy; they imply rather an augmentation of the power of bearing, than a diminution of the burthen. A priſoner is relieved by him that ſets him at liberty, but receives comfort from ſuch as ſuggeſt conſiderations by which he is made patient under the inconvenience of confinement. To that grief which ariſes from a great loſs, he only brings the true remedy, who makes his friend's condition the ſame as before; but he may be properly termed a comforter, who by perſuaſion extenuates the pain of poverty, and ſhews, in the ſtyle of *Heſiod*, that *half is more than the whole.*

It is, perhaps, not immediately obvious, how it can lull the memory of misfortune, or appeaſe the throbbings of anguiſh, to hear that others are more miſerable; others, perhaps, unknown or wholly indifferent, whoſe proſperity raiſes no envy, and whoſe

whoſe fall can gratify no reſentment. Some topicks of comfort ariſing, like that which gave hope and ſpirit to the captive of Seſoſtris, from the perpetual viciſſitudes of life, and mutability of human affairs, may as properly raiſe the dejected as depreſs the proud, and have an immediate tendency to exhilarate and revive. But how can it avail the man who languiſhes in the gloom of ſorrow, without proſpect of emerging into the ſunſhine of cheerfulneſs, to hear that others are ſunk yet deeper in the dungeon of miſery, ſhackled with heavier chains, and ſurrounded with darker deſperation?

The ſolace ariſing from this conſideration ſeems indeed the weakeſt of all others, and is perhaps never properly applied, but in caſes where there is no place for reflections of more ſpeedy and pleaſing efficacy. But even from ſuch calamities life is by no means free; a thouſand ills incurable, a thouſand loſſes irreparable, a thouſand difficulties inſurmountable, are known, or will be known, by all the ſons of men. Native deformity cannot be rectified, a dead friend cannot return, and the hours of youth trifled away in folly, or loſt in ſickneſs, cannot be reſtored.

Under the oppreſſion of ſuch melancholy, it has been found uſeful to take a ſurvey of the world, to contemplate the various ſcenes of diſtreſs in which mankind are ſtruggling round us, and acquaint ourſelves with the *terribiles viſu formæ*, the various ſhapes of miſery, which make havock of terreſtrial happineſs, range all corners almoſt without reſtraint, trample down our hopes at the hour of harveſt, and, when we have built our ſchemes to the top, ruin their foundations.

The firſt effect of this meditation is, that it furniſhes a new employment for the mind, and engages the paſſions on remoter objects; as kings have

have ſometimes freed themſelves from a ſubject too haughty to be governed, and too powerful to be cruſhed, by poſting him in a diſtant province, till his popularity has ſubſided, or his pride been repreſſed. The attention is diſſipated by variety, and acts more weakly upon any ſingle part, as that torrent may be drawn off to different channels, which, pouring down in one collected body, cannot be reſiſted. This ſpecies of comfort is, therefore, unavailing in ſevere paroxyſms of corporal pain, when the mind is every inſtant called back to miſery, and in the firſt ſhock of any ſudden evil; but will certainly be of uſe againſt encroaching melancholy, and a ſettled habit of gloomy thoughts.

It is further advantageous, as it ſupplies us with opportunities of making compariſons in our own favour. We know that very little of the pain, or pleaſure, which does not begin and end in our ſenſes, is otherwiſe than relative; we are rich or poor, great or little, in proportion to the number that excel us, or fall beneath us, in any of theſe reſpects; and, therefore, a man, whoſe uneaſineſs ariſes from reflexion on any misfortune that throws him below thoſe with whom he was once equal, is comforted by finding that he is not yet loweſt.

There is another kind of compariſon, leſs tending towards the vice of envy, very well illuſtrated by an old poet, whoſe ſyſtem will not afford many reaſonable motives to content. 'It is,' ſays he, 'pleaſing to look from ſhore upon the tumults of 'a ſtorm, and to ſee a ſhip ſtruggling with the 'billows; it is pleaſing, not becauſe the pain of 'another can give us delight, but becauſe we have 'a ſtronger impreſſion of the happineſs of ſafety.' Thus, when we look abroad, and behold the multitudes that are groaning under evils heavier than thoſe which we have experienced, we ſhrink back

to

to our own ſtate, and inſtead of repining that ſo much muſt be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this obſervation of the miſeries of others, fortitude is ſtrengthened, and the mind brought to a more extenſive knowledge of her own powers. As the heroes of action catch the flame from one another, ſo they to whom providence has allotted the harder taſk of ſuffering with calmneſs and dignity, may animate themſelves by the remembrance of thoſe evils which have been laid on others, perhaps naturally as weak as themſelves, and bear up with vigour and reſolution againſt their own oppreſſions, when they ſee it poſſible that more ſevere afflictions may be borne.

There is ſtill another reaſon why, to many minds, the relation of other men's infelicity may give a laſting and continual relief. Some, not well inſtructed in the meaſures by which providence diſtributes happineſs, are perhaps miſled by divines, who, as Bellarmine makes temporal proſperity one of the characters of the true church, have repreſented wealth and eaſe as the certain concomitants of virtue, and the unfailing reſult of the divine approbation. Such ſufferers are dejected in their misfortunes, not ſo much for what they feel, as for what they dread; not becauſe they cannot ſupport the ſorrows, or endure the wants, of their preſent condition, but becauſe they conſider them as only the beginnings of more ſharp and more laſting pains. To theſe mourners it is an act of the higheſt charity to repreſent the calamities which not only virtue has ſuffered, but virtue has incurred; to inform them that one evidence of a future ſtate is the uncertainty of any preſent reward for goodneſs; and to remind them, from the higheſt authority, of the diſtreſſes and penury of men *of whom the world was not worthy.*

EXTRA-

EXTRAVAGANCE.

NUMB. 53. TUESDAY, *Sept.* 18, 1750.

Φειδεο των χρηματων. *Epigram. Vet.*

Husband thy possessions.

THERE is scarcely among the evils of human life, any so generally dreaded as poverty. Every other species of misery, those, who are not much accustomed to disturb the present moment with reflexion, can easily forget, because it is not always forced upon their regard; but it is impossible to pass a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without seeing how much indigence is exposed to contumely, neglect, and insult: and in its lowest state, to hunger and nakedness; to injuries against which every passion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot sustain.

Against other evils the heart is often hardened by true or by false notions of dignity and reputation: thus we see dangers of every kind faced with willingness, because bravery, in a good or bad cause, is never without its encomiasts and admirers. But in the prospect of poverty, there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body suffer together; its miseries bring no alleviations; it is a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach; a state in which cheerfulness is insensibility, and dejection fullenness, of which the hardships are without honour, and the labours without reward.

Of these calamities there seems not to be wanting a general conviction; we hear on every side the noise of trade, and see the streets thronged with numberless multitudes, whose faces are clouded with

with anxiety, and whoſe ſteps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain; and the whole world is put in motion, by the deſire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued, as it ſecures us from poverty; for it is more uſeful for defence than acquiſition, and is not ſo much able to procure good as to exclude evil.

Yet there are always ſome whoſe paſſions or follies lead them to a conduct oppoſite to the general maxims and practice of mankind; ſome who ſeem to ruſh upon poverty, with the ſame eagerneſs with which others avoid it; who ſee their revenues hourly leſſened, and the eſtates which they inherit from their anceſtors mouldering away, without reſolution to change their courſe of life; who perſevere againſt all remonſtrances, and go forward with full career, though they ſee before them the precipice of deſtruction.

It is not my purpoſe, in this paper, to expoſtulate with ſuch as ruin their fortunes by expenſive ſchemes of buildings and gardens, which they carry on with the ſame vanity that prompted them to begin, chooſing, as it happens in a thouſand other caſes, the remote evil before the lighter, and deferring the ſhame of repentance till they incur the miſeries of diſtreſs. Thoſe for whom I intend my preſent admonitions, are the thoughtleſs, the negligent, and the diſſolute; who having, by the viciouſneſs of their own inclinations, or the ſeducements of alluring companions, been engaged in habits of expence, and accuſtomed to move in a certain round of pleaſures diſproportioned to their condition, are without power to extricate themſelves from the inchantments of cuſtom, avoid thought, becauſe they know it will be painful, and continue, from day to day, and from month to month, to anticipate their revenues, and ſink every

every hour deeper into the gulphs of uſury and extortion.

This folly has leſs claim to pity, becauſe it cannot be imputed to the vehemence of ſudden paſſion; nor can the miſchief which it produces be extenuated as the effect of any ſingle act, which rage, or deſire, might execute before there could be time for an appeal to reaſon. Theſe men are advancing towards miſery by ſoft approaches, and deſtroying themſelves, not by the violence of a blow, which, when once given, can never be recalled, but by a ſlow poiſon, hourly repeated, and obſtinately continued.

This conduct is ſo abſurd when it is examined by the unprejudiced eye of rational judgment, that nothing but experience could evince its poſſibility; yet, abſurd as it is, the ſudden fall of ſome families, and the ſudden riſe of others, prove it to be common; and every year ſees many wretches reduced to contempt and want, by their coſtly ſacrifices to pleaſure and vanity.

It is the fate of almoſt every paſſion, when it has paſſed the bounds which nature preſcribes, to counteract its own purpoſe. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumſpection, too much eagerneſs of profit hurts the credit of the trader, too much ardor takes away from the lover that eaſineſs of addreſs with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuouſneſs, ſeldom procures ultimately either applauſe or pleaſure.

If praiſe be juſtly eſtimated by the character of thoſe from whom it is received, little ſatisfaction will be given to the ſpendthrift by the encomiums which he purchaſes. For who are they that animate him in his purſuits, but young men, thoughtleſs and abandoned like himſelf, unacquainted with all on which the wiſdom of nations has impreſſed the

the ſtamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profuſion praiſed, but by wretches who conſider him as ſubſervient to their purpoſes. Sirens that entice him to ſhipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whoſe knowledge, or whoſe virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with ſcorn, or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the pandars of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he ſees parcelled out among the different miniſters of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by taylors and jockeys, vintners and attornies, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are ſecretly triumphing over his weakneſs, when they preſent new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his deſires by counterfeited applauſe.

Such is the praiſe that is purchaſed by prodigality. Even when it is yet not diſcovered to be falſe, it is the praiſe only of thoſe whom it is reproachful to pleaſe, and whoſe ſincerity is corrupted by their intereſt; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wiſe, they ſhall loſe their power. Yet with ſuch flatteries, if they could laſt, might the cravings of vanity, which is ſeldom very delicate, be ſatisfied; but the time is always haſtening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, ſhall vaniſh, and when thoſe who now ſurround them with obſequiouſneſs and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, ſhall turn upon him with inſolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themſelves.

And as little pretenſions has the man, who ſquanders his eſtate, by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleaſure than are obtained by others. To make any happineſs ſincere it is neceſ-

ſary that we believe it to be laſting, ſince whatever we ſuppoſe ourſelves in danger of loſing, muſt be enjoyed with ſolicitude and uneaſineſs, and the more value we ſet upon it, the more muſt the preſent poſſeſſion be imbittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conſcious that a very ſhort time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more exceſſes, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuſeneſs?

It appears evident that frugality is neceſſary even to complete the pleaſure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of thoſe who ſquander what they know their fortune not ſufficient to allow, that in their moſt jovial expence, there always breaks out ſome proof of diſcontent and impatience; they either ſcatter with a kind of wild deſperation, and affected laviſhneſs, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot eſcape it, or pay their money with a peeviſh anxiety, and endeavour at once to ſpend idly, and to ſave meanly: having neither firmneſs to deny their paſſions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poiſon the bowl of pleaſure by reflection on the coſt.

Among theſe men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very ſeldom the tranquillity of cheerfulneſs; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and conſider it as the firſt buſineſs of the night to ſtupify recollection, and lay that reaſon aſleep which diſturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken ſatisfaction is of ſhort continuance, and muſt be expiated by a long ſeries of

miſery and regret. In a ſhort time the creditor grows impatient, the laſt acre is ſold, the paſſions and appetites ſtill continue their tyranny, with inceſſant calls for their uſual gratifications, and the remainder of life paſſes away in vain repentance, or impotent deſire.

DEATH.

NUMB. 54. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 22, 1750.

Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ;
Tu ſecanda marmora
Locas ſub ipſum funus, et ſepulchri
Immemor ſtruis domos. HOR.

Day preſſes on the heels of day,
And moons increaſe to their decay;
But you, with thoughtleſs pride elate,
Unconſcious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to riſe,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies. FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I HAVE lately been called, from a mingled life of buſineſs and amuſement, to attend the laſt hours of an old friend; an office which has filled me, if not with melancholy, at leaſt with ſerious reflections, and turned my thoughts towards the contemplation of thoſe ſubjects, which, though of the utmoſt importance, and of indubitable certainty, are generally ſecluded from our regard, by the jollity of

of health, the hurry of employment, and even by the calmer diverſions of ſtudy and ſpeculation; or if they become accidental topicks of converſation and argument, yet rarely ſink deep into the heart, but give occaſion only to ſome ſubtilties of reaſoning, or elegancies of declamation, which are heard, applauded and forgotten.

It is, indeed, not hard to conceive how a man accuſtomed to extend his views through a long concatenation of cauſes and effects, to trace things from their origin to their period, and compare means with ends, may diſcover the weakneſs of human ſchemes; detect the fallacies by which mortals are deluded; ſhew the inſufficiency of wealth, honours, and power, to real happineſs; and pleaſe himſelf, and his auditors, with learned lectures on the vanity of life.

But though the ſpeculatiſt may ſee and ſhew the folly of terreſtrial hopes, fears and deſires, every hour will give proofs that he never felt it. Trace him through the day or year, and you will find him acting upon principles which he has in common with the illiterate and unenlightened, angry and pleaſed like the loweſt of the vulgar, purſuing, with the ſame ardour, the ſame deſigns, graſping, with all the eagerneſs of tranſport, thoſe riches which he knows he cannot keep, and ſwelling with the applauſe which he has gained by proving that applauſe is of no value.

The only conviction that ruſhes upon the ſoul, and takes away from our appetites and paſſions the power of reſiſtance, is to be found, where I have received it, at the bed of a dying friend. To enter this ſchool of wiſdom is not the peculiar privilege of geometricians; the moſt ſublime and important precepts require no uncommon opportunities, nor laborious preparations, they are enforced without the aid of eloquence, and underſtood without ſkill in

analytick ſcience. Every tongue can utter them, and every underſtanding can conceive them. He that wiſhes in earneſt to obtain juſt ſentiments concerning his condition, and would be intimately acquainted with the world, may find inſtructions on every ſide. He that deſires to enter behind the ſcene, which every art has been employed to decorate, and every paſſion labours to illuminate, and wiſhes to ſee life ſtripped of thoſe ornaments which make it glitter on the ſtage, and expoſed in its natural meanneſs, impotence, and nakedneſs, may find all the deluſion laid open in the chamber of diſeaſe: he will there find vanity diveſted of her robes, power deprived of her ſceptre, and hypocriſy without her maſk.

The friend whom I have loſt was a man eminent for genius, and, like others of the ſame claſs, ſufficiently pleaſed with acceptance and applauſe. Being careſſed by thoſe who have preferments and riches in their diſpoſal, he conſidered himſelf as in the direct road of advancement, and had caught the flame of ambition by approaches to its object. But in the midſt of his hopes, his projects, and his gaieties, he was ſeized by a lingering diſeaſe, which, from its firſt ſtage, he knew to be incurable. Here was an end of all his viſions of greatneſs and happineſs; from the firſt hour that his health declined, all his former pleaſures grew taſteleſs. His friends expected to pleaſe him by thoſe accounts of the growth of his reputation, which were formerly certain of being well received; but they ſoon found how little he was now affected by compliments, and how vainly they attempted, by flattery, to exhilarate the languor of weakneſs, and relieve the ſolicitude of approaching death. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue ſurpaſs all external goods, might here have ſeen them weighed againſt each other, where all that gives

gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that ſparkles in the eye of hope, and pants in the boſom of ſuſpicion, at once became duſt in the balance, without weight and without regard. Riches, authority, and praiſe, loſe all their influence when they are conſidered as riches which to-morrow ſhall be beſtowed upon another, authority which ſhall this night expire for ever, and praiſe which, however merited, or however ſincere, ſhall, after a few moments, be heard no more.

In thoſe hours of ſerioufneſs and wiſdom, nothing appeared to raiſe his ſpirits, or gladden his heart, but the recollection of acts of goodneſs, nor to excite his attention but ſome opportunity for the exerciſe of the duties of religion. Every thing that terminated on this ſide of the grave was received with coldneſs and indifference, and regarded rather in conſequence of the habit of valuing it, than from any opinion, that it deſerved value; it had little more prevalence over his mind than a bubble that was now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His whole powers were engroſſed by the conſideration of another ſtate, and all converſation was tedious, that had not ſome tendency to diſengage him from human affairs, and open his proſpects into futurity.

It is now paſt, we have cloſed his eyes, and heard him breathe the groan of expiration. At the ſight of this laſt conflict, I felt a ſenſation never known to me before; a confuſion of paſſions, an awful ſtilneſs of ſorrow, a gloomy terror without a name. The thoughts that entered my ſoul were too ſtrong to be diverted, and too piercing to be endured; but ſuch violence cannot be laſting, the ſtorm ſubſided in a ſhort time, I wept, retired, and grew calm.

I have from that time frequently revolved in my mind, the effects which the obſervation of death produces, in thoſe who are not wholly without the power and uſe of reflection; for by far the greater part it is wholly unregarded, their friends and their enemies ſink into the grave without raiſing any uncommon emotion, or reminding them that they are themſelves on the edge of the precipice, and that they muſt ſoon plunge into the gulph of eternity.

It ſeems to me remarkable that death increaſes our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. Thoſe virtues which once we envied, as Horace obſerves, becauſe they eclipſed our own, can now no longer obſtruct our reputation, and we have therefore no intereſt to ſuppreſs their praiſe. That wickedneſs, which we feared for its malignity, is now become impotent, and the man whoſe name filled us with alarm, and rage, and indignation, can at laſt be conſidered only with pity or contempt.

When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuſes for every weakneſs, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thouſand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impreſſion, a thouſand favours unrepaid, a thouſand duties unperformed, and wiſh, vainly wiſh for his return, not ſo much that we may receive, as that we may beſtow happineſs, and recompenſe that kindneſs which before we never underſtood.

There is not, perhaps, to a mind well inſtructed, a more painful occurrence, than the death of one whom we have injured without reparation. Our crime ſeems now irretrievable, it is indelibly recorded, and the ſtamp of fate is fixed upon it. We conſider, with the moſt afflictive anguiſh, the pain which

which we have given, and now cannot alleviate, and the loſſes which we have cauſed, and now cannot repair.

Of the ſame kind are the emotions which the death of an emulator or competitor produces. Whoever had qualities to alarm our jealouſy, had excellence to deſerve our fondneſs, and to whatever ardour of oppoſition intereſt may inflame us, no man ever outlived an enemy, whom he did not then wiſh to have made a friend. Thoſe who are verſed in literary hiſtory know that the elder Scaliger was the redoubted antagoniſt of Cardan and Eraſmus; yet at the death of each of his great rivals he relented, and complained that they were ſnatched away from him before their reconciliation was completed.

Tu-ne etiam moreris? Ah! quid me linguis, Eraſme,
Ante meus quam ſit conciliatus amor?

Art thou too fall'n? ere anger could ſubſide
And love return, has great *Eraſmus* died?

Such are the ſentiments with which we finally review the effects of paſſion, but which we ſometimes delay till we can no longer rectify our errors. Let us therefore make haſte to do what we ſhall certainly at laſt wiſh to have done; let us return the careſſes of our friends, and endeavour by mutual endearments to heighten that tenderneſs which is the balm of life. Let us be quick to repent of injuries while repentance may not be a barren anguiſh, and let us open our eyes to every rival excellence, and pay early and willingly thoſe honours which juſtice will compel us to pay at laſt.

ATHANATUS.

GIVING OFFENCE.

NUMB. 56. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 29, 1750.

——Valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum. HOR.

Farewell the ſtage; for humbly I diſclaim
Such fond purſuits of pleaſure, or of fame,
If I muſt ſink in ſhame, or ſwell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or denied. FRANCIS.

NOTHING is more unpleaſing than to find that offence has been received when none was intended, and that pain has been given to thoſe who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of ſociety is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneaſy when he finds himſelf acting in oppoſition to the purpoſes of life; becauſe though his conſcience may eaſily acquit him of *malice prepenſe*, of ſettled hatred or contrivances of miſchief, yet he ſeldom can be certain, that he has not failed by negligence, or indolence; that he has not been hindered from conſulting the common intereſt by too much regard to his own eaſe, or too much indifference to the happineſs of others.

Nor is it neceſſary, that, to feel this uneaſineſs, the mind ſhould be extended to any great diffuſion of generoſity, or melted by uncommon warmth of benevolence; for that prudence which the world teaches, and a quick ſenſibility of private intereſt, will direct us to ſhun needleſs enmities; ſince there is no man whoſe kindneſs we may not ſome time want, or by whoſe malice we may not ſome time ſuffer.

I have therefore frequently looked with wonder, and now and then with pity, at the thoughtleſſneſs with which ſome alienate from themſelves the affections

fections of all whom chance, buſineſs, or inclination, brings in their way. When we ſee a man purſuing ſome darling intereſt, without much regard to the opinion of the world, we juſtly conſider him as corrupt and dangerous, but are not long in diſcovering his motives; we ſee him actuated by paſſions which are hard to be reſiſted, and deluded by appearances which have dazzled ſtronger eyes. But the greater part of thoſe who ſet mankind at defiance by hourly irritation, and who live but to infuſe malignity, and multiply enemies, have no hopes to foſter, no deſigns to promote, nor any expectations of attaining power by inſolence, or of climbing to greatneſs by trampling on others. They give up all the ſweets of kindneſs, for the ſake of peeviſhneſs, petulance, or gloom; and alienate the world by neglect of the common forms of civility, and breach of the eſtabliſhed laws of converſation.

Every one muſt, in the walks of life, have met with men of whom all ſpeak with cenſure, though they are not chargeable with any crime, and whom none can be perſuaded to love, though a reaſon can ſcarcely be aſſigned why they ſhould be hated; and who, if their good qualities and actions ſometimes force a commendation, have their panegyrick always concluded with confeſſions of diſguſt; "he is a "good man, but I cannot like him." Surely ſuch perſons have ſold the eſteem of the world at too low a price, ſince they have loſt one of the rewards of virtue, without gaining the profits of wickedneſs.

This ill economy of fame is ſometimes the effect of ſtupidity. Men whoſe perceptions are languid and ſluggiſh, who lament nothing but loſs of money, and feel nothing but a blow, are often at a difficulty to gueſs why they are encompaſſed with enemies, though they neglect all thoſe arts by which men are endeared to one another. They comfort

themſelves that they have lived irreproachably; that none can charge them with having endangered his life, or diminiſhed his poſſeſſions; and therefore conclude that they ſuffer by ſome invincible fatality, or impute the malice of their neighbours to ignorance or envy. They wrap themſelves up in their innocence, and enjoy the congratulations of their own hearts, without knowing or ſuſpecting that they are every day deſervedly incurring reſentments, by withholding from thoſe with whom they converſe, that regard, or appearance of regard, to which every one is entitled by the cuſtoms of the world.

There are many injuries which almoſt every man feels, though he does not complain, and which, upon thoſe whom virtue, elegance, or vanity, have made delicate and tender, fix deep and laſting impreſſions; as there are many arts of graciouſneſs and conciliation, which are to be practiſed without expence, and by which thoſe may be made our friends, who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanneſs, it is ſurely reaſonable to learn, for who would want that love which is ſo eaſily to be gained? and ſuch injuries are to be avoided; for who would be hated without profit?

Some, indeed, there are, for whom the excuſe of ignorance or negligence cannot be alleged, becauſe it is apparent that they are not only careleſs of pleaſing, but ſtudious to offend; that they contrive to make all approaches to them difficult and vexatious, and imagine that they aggrandize themſelves by waſting the time of others in uſeleſs attendance, by mortifying them with ſlights, and teazing them with affronts.

Men of this kind are generally to be found among thoſe that have not mingled much in general converſation, but ſpent their lives amidſt the obſequiouſneſs of dependants, and the flattery of paraſites; and

and by long conſulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the ſame deference.

Tyranny thus avowed, is indeed an exuberance of pride, by which all mankind is ſo much enraged, that it is never quietly endured, except in thoſe who can reward the patience which they exact; and inſolence is generally ſurrounded only by ſuch whoſe baſeneſs inclines them to think nothing inſupportable that produces gain, and who can laugh at ſcurrility and rudeneſs with a luxurious table and an open purſe.

But though all wanton provocations and contemptuous inſolence are to be diligently avoided, there is no leſs danger in timid compliance and tame reſignation. It is common, for ſoft and fearful tempers, to give themſelves up implicitly to the direction of the bold, the turbulent, and the overbearing; of thoſe whom they do not believe wiſer or better than themſelves; to recede from the beſt deſigns where oppoſition muſt be encountered, and to fall off from virtue for fear of cenſure.

Some firmneſs and reſolution is neceſſary to the diſcharge of duty; but it is a very unhappy ſtate of life in which the neceſſity of ſuch ſtruggles frequently occurs; for no man is defeated without ſome reſentment, which will be continued with obſtinacy while he believes himſelf in the right, and exerted with bitterneſs, if even to his own conviction he is detected in the wrong.

Even though no regard be had to the external conſequences of contrariety and diſpute, it muſt be painful to a worthy mind to put others in pain, and there will be danger leſt the kindeſt nature may be vitiated by too long a cuſtom of debate and conteſt.

FRUGALITY.

NUMB. 57. TUESDAY, *October* 2, 1750.

Non intelligunt homines quam magnum vectigal ſit parſimonia.
TULL.

The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM always pleaſed when I ſee literature made uſeful, and ſcholars deſcending from that elevation, which, as it raiſes them above common life, muſt likewiſe hinder them from beholding the ways of men otherwiſe than in a cloud of buſtle and confuſion. Having lived a life of buſineſs, and remarked how ſeldom any occurrences emerge for which great qualities are required, I have learned the neceſſity of regarding little things, and though I do not pretend to give laws to the legiſlators of mankind, or to limit the range of thoſe powerful minds that carry light and heat through all the regions of knowledge, yet I have long thought, that the greateſt part of thoſe who loſe themſelves in ſtudies, by which I have not found that they grow much wiſer, might, with more advantage both to the publick and themſelves, apply their underſtandings to domeſtick arts, and ſtore their minds with axioms of humble prudence, and private economy.

Your late paper on frugality was very elegant and pleaſing, but, in my opinion, not ſufficiently adapted to common readers, who pay little regard to the muſick of periods, the artifice of con

nection

nection, or the arrangement of the flowers of rhetorick; but require a few plain and cogent inſtructions, which may ſink into the mind by their own weight.

Frugality is ſo neceſſary to the happineſs of the world, ſo beneficial in its various forms to every rank of men, from the higheſt of human potentates, to the loweſt labourer or artificer; and the miſeries which the neglect of it produces are ſo numerous and ſo grievous, that it ought to be recommended with every variation of addreſs, and adapted to every claſs of underſtanding.

Whether thoſe who treat morals as a ſcience will allow frugality to be numbered among the virtues, I have not thought it neceſſary to enquire. For I, who draw my opinions from a careful obſervation of the world, am ſatisfied with knowing, what is abundantly ſufficient for practice, that if it be not a virtue, it is, at leaſt, a quality which can ſeldom exiſt without ſome virtues, and without which few virtues can exiſt. Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the ſiſter of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption; it will almoſt always produce a paſſive compliance with the wickedneſs of others; and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practiſe thoſe crimes which they ceaſe to cenſure.

If there are any who do not dread poverty as dangerous to virtue, yet mankind ſeem unanimous enough in abhorring it as deſtructive to happineſs; and all to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themſelves obliged to learn the ſage maxims of our parſimonious anceſtors, and attain the ſalutary arts of contracting expence; for without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor

To

To moſt other acts of virtue or exertions of wiſdom, a concurrence of many circumſtances is neceſſary, ſome previous knowledge muſt be attained, ſome uncommon gifts of nature poſſeſſed, or ſome opportunity produced by an extraordinary combination of things; but the mere power of ſaving what is already in our hands, muſt be eaſy of acquiſition to every mind; and as the example of Bacon may ſhew, that the higheſt intellect cannot ſafely neglect it, a thouſand inſtances will every day prove, that the meaneſt may practiſe it with ſucceſs.

Riches cannot be within the reach of great numbers, becauſe to be rich is to poſſeſs more than is commonly placed in a ſingle hand; and, if many could obtain the ſum which now makes a man wealthy, the name of wealth muſt then be transferred to ſtill greater accumulations. But I am not certain that it is equally impoſſible to exempt the lower claſſes of mankind from poverty; becauſe, though whatever be the wealth of the community, ſome will always have leaſt, and he that has leſs than any other is comparatively poor; yet I do not ſee any coactive neceſſity that many ſhould be without the indiſpenſable conveniencies of life; but am ſometimes inclined to imagine, that, caſual calamities excepted, there might, by univerſal prudence, be procured an univerſal exemption from want; and that he who ſhould happen to have leaſt, might notwithſtanding have enough.

But without entering too far into ſpeculations which I do not remember that any political calculator has attempted, and in which the moſt perſpicacious reaſoner may be eaſily bewildered, it is evident that they to whom providence has allotted no other care but of their own fortune and their own virtue, which make far the greater part of mankind, have ſufficient incitements to perſonal frugality;

lity; ſince, whatever might be its general effect upon provinces or nations, by which it is never likely to be tried, we know with certainty that there is ſcarcely any individual entering the world, who, by prudent parſimony, may not reaſonably promiſe himſelf a cheerful competence in the decline of life.

The proſpect of penury in age is ſo gloomy and terrifying, that every man who looks before him muſt reſolve to avoid it; and it muſt be avoided generally by the ſcience of ſparing. For, though in every age there are ſome, who by bold adventures, or by favourable accidents, riſe ſuddenly to riches, yet it is dangerous to indulge hopes of ſuch rare events: And the bulk of mankind muſt owe their affluence to ſmall and gradual profits, below which their expence muſt be reſolutely reduced.

You muſt not therefore, think me ſinking below the dignity of a practical philoſopher, when I recommend to the conſideration of your readers, from the ſtateſman to the apprentice, a poſition replete with mercantile wiſdom, *A penny, ſaved is two-pence got*; which may, I think, be accommodated to all conditions, by obſerving not only that they who purſue any lucrative employment will ſave time when they forbear expence, and that the time may be employed to the increaſe of profit; but that they who are above ſuch minute conſiderations, will find, by every victory over appetite or paſſion, new ſtrength added to the mind, will gain the power of refuſing thoſe ſolicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly aſſaulted, and in time ſet themſelves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

It may, perhaps, be enquired by thoſe who are willing rather to cavil than to learn, what is the juſt meaſure of frugality? and when expence, not abſolutely

abſolutely neceſſary, degenerates into profuſion? To ſuch queſtions no general anſwer can be returned; ſince the liberty of ſpending, or neceſſity of parſimony, may be varied without end by different circumſtances. It may, however, be laid down as a rule never to be broken, that *a man's voluntary expence ſhould not exceed his revenue.* A maxim ſo obvious and incontrovertible, that the civil law ranks the prodigal with the madman, and debars them equally from the conduct of their own affairs. Another precept ariſing from the former, and indeed included in it, is yet neceſſary to be diſtinctly impreſſed upon the warm, the fanciful, and the brave; *Let no man anticipate uncertain profits.* Let no man preſume to ſpend upon hopes, to truſt his own abilities for means of deliverance from penury, to give a looſe to his preſent deſires, and leave the reckoning to fortune or to virtue.

To theſe cautions, which, I ſuppoſe, are, at leaſt among the graver part of mankind, undiſputed, I will add another, *Let no man ſquander againſt his inclination.* With this precept it may be, perhaps, imagined eaſy to comply; yet if thoſe whom profuſion has buried in priſons, or driven into baniſhment, were examined, it would be found that very few were ruined by their own choice, or purchaſed pleaſure with the loſs of their eſtates; but that they ſuffered themſelves to be born away by the violence of thoſe with whom they converſed, and yielded reluctantly to a thouſand prodigalities, either from a trivial emulation of wealth and ſpirit, or a mean fear of contempt and ridicule; an emulation for the prize of folly, or the dread of the laugh of fools.

I am, SIR,
Your humble Servant,
SOPHRON.

DESIRE

DESIRE OF WEALTH.

NUMB. 58. SATURDAY, *October* 6, 1750.

———*Improbæ*
Creſcunt divitiæ, tamen
Curtæ neſcio quid ſemper abeſt rei. HOR.

But, while in heaps his wicked wealth aſcends,
He is not of his wiſh poſſeſs'd;
There's ſomething wanting ſtill to make him bleſs'd.
FRANCIS.

AS the love of money has been, in all ages, one of the paſſions that have given great diſturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topick more copiouſly treated by the ancient moraliſts than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with theſe authors need not be told how riches incite pity, contempt, or reproach, whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large poſſeſſions is illuſtrated; and how all the powers of reaſon and eloquence have been exhauſted in endeavours to eradicate a deſire, which ſeems to have intrenched itſelf too ſtrongly in the mind to be driven out, and which, perhaps, had not loſt its power, even over thoſe who declaimed againſt it, but would have broken out in the poet or the ſage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been, indeed, ſo unſucceſsful, that I know not whether it can be ſhown, that by all the wit and reaſon which this favorite cauſe has called forth, a ſingle convert was ever made; that even one man has refuſed to be rich, when

when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happineſs of a narrow fortune; or diſburthened himſelf of wealth, when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leiſure and ſecurity of a mean and unenvied ſtate.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raiſing themſelves to honours and to wealth, and rejected the kindeſt offers of fortune: but, however their moderation may be boaſted by themſelves, or admired by ſuch as only view them at a diſtance, it will be, perhaps, ſeldom found that they value riches leſs, but that they dread labour or danger more than others; they are unable to rouſe themſelves to action, to ſtrain in the race of competition, or to ſtand the ſhock of conteſt; but though they, therefore, decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheleſs wiſh themſelves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not ſeize.

Others have retired from high ſtations, and voluntarily condemned themſelves to privacy and obſcurity. But, even theſe will not afford many occaſions of triumph to the philoſopher; for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themſelves unable to hold, and prevented diſgrace by reſignation; or they have been induced to try new meaſures by general inconſtancy, which always dreams of happineſs in novelty, or by a gloomy diſpoſition, which is diſguſted in the ſame degree with every ſtate, and wiſhes every ſcene of life to change as ſoon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low ſtations equally unable to ſatisfy the wiſhes of a diſtempered mind, and were unable to ſhelter themſelves in the cloſeſt retreat from diſappointment, ſolicitude, and miſery.

Yet

Yet though theſe admonitions have been thus neglected by thoſe, who either enjoyed riches, or were able to procure them, it is not raſhly to be determined that they are altogether without uſe; for, ſince far the greateſt part of mankind muſt be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in ſituations, from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences before them, thoſe writers cannot be thought ill employed that have adminiſtered remedies to diſcontent almoſt univerſal, by ſhowing, that what we cannot reach may very well be forborn, that the inequality of diſtribution, at which we murmur, is for the moſt part leſs than it ſeems, and that the greatneſs, which we admire at a diſtance, has much fewer advantages, and much leſs ſplendor, when we are ſuffered to approach it.

It is the buſineſs of moraliſts to detect the frauds of fortune, and to ſhow that ſhe impoſes upon the careleſs eye by a quick ſucceſſion of ſhadows, which will ſhrink to nothing in the gripe; that ſhe diſguiſes life in extrinſick ornaments, which ſerve only for ſhow, and are laid aſide in the hours of ſolitude, and of pleaſure; and that when greatneſs aſpires either to felicity or to wiſdom, it ſhakes off thoſe diſtinctions which dazzle the gazer, and awe the ſupplicant.

It may be remarked, that they whoſe condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious inſtruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes, and digeſt them by their own underſtandings, ſeem to conſider thoſe who are placed in ranks of remote ſuperiority, as almoſt another and higher ſpecies of beings. As themſelves have known little other miſery than the conſequences of want, they are with difficulty perſuaded that where there is wealth there can be ſorrow, or that thoſe who glitter in dignity, and glide

glide along in affluence, can be acquainted with pains and cares like thoſe which lie heavy upon the reſt of mankind.

This prejudice is, indeed, confined to the loweſt meanneſs, and the darkeſt ignorance; but it is ſo confined only becauſe others have been ſhown its folly, and its falſehood, becauſe it has been oppoſed in its progreſs by hiſtory and philoſophy, and hindered from ſpreading its infection by powerful preſervatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguiſh avarice or ambition, or ſuppreſs that reluctance with which a man paſſes his days in a ſtate of inferiority, muſt, at leaſt, have made the lower conditions leſs grating and weariſome, and has conſequently contributed to the general ſecurity of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention, which muſt have been produced by an unbounded eagerneſs of wealth, ariſing from an unſhaken conviction that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himſelf incited, by ſome violent impulſe of paſſion, to purſue riches as the chief end of being, muſt ſurely be ſo much alarmed by the ſucceſſive admonitions of thoſe, whoſe experience and ſagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to ſtop and conſider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine before he ruſhes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it, and this examination will ſeldom fail to repreſs his ardour, and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itſelf, it is not uſeful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchaſe, which, if we ſuppoſe it put to its beſt uſe by thoſe that poſſeſs it, ſeems not much to deſerve the deſire or envy of a wiſe

wiſe man. It is certain, that with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleaſure, nor block up the paſſages of anguiſh. Diſeaſe and infirmity ſtill continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exaſperated by luxury, or promoted by ſoftneſs. With reſpect to the mind, it has rarely been obſerved, that wealth contributes much to quicken the diſcernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence aſleep, confirm error, and harden ſtupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatneſs, for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itſelf is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppreſſes feeble minds, though it may elevate the ſtrong. The world has been governed in the name of kings, whoſe exiſtence has ſcarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the deſire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and ſee how it operates upon thoſe whoſe induſtry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppreſſed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleaſure, idle without eaſe, impatient and querulous in themſelves, and deſpiſed or hated by the reſt of mankind, we ſhall ſoon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are ſatisfied, there remains little to be ſought with ſolicitude, or deſired with eagerneſs.

THE SCREECH-OWLS OF MANKIND.

NUMB. 59. TUESDAY, *October* 9, 1750.

Eſt aliquid fatale malum per verba levare,
Hoc querulam Halcyonenque Progne facit:
Hoc erat in ſolo quare Pæantias antro
Vox fatigaret Lemnia ſaxa ſua.
Strangulat incluſus dolor atque exæſtuat intus,
Cogitur et vires multiplicare ſuas. OVID.

Complaining oft, gives reſpite to our grief;
From hence the wretched *Progne* ſought relief,
Hence the *Pæantian* chief his fate deplores,
And vents his ſorrow to the *Lemnian* ſhores:
In vain by ſecrecy we wou'd aſſuage
Our cares; conceal'd they gather tenfold rage.
F. LEWIS.

IT is common to diſtinguiſh men by the names of animals which they are ſuppoſed to reſemble. Thus a hero is frequently termed a lion, and a ſtateſman a fox, an extortioner gains the appellation of vulture, and a fop the title of monkey. There is alſo among the various anomalies of character, which a ſurvey of the world exhibits, a ſpecies of beings in human form, which may be properly marked out as the ſcreech-owls of mankind.

Theſe ſcreech-owls ſeem to be ſettled in an opinion that the great buſineſs of life is to complain, and that they were born for no other purpoſe, than to diſturb the happineſs of others, to leſſen the little comforts, and ſhorten the ſhort pleaſures of our condition, by painful remembrances of the paſt, or melancholy prognoſticks of the future; their only care is to cruſh the riſing hope, to damp the kindling tranſport, and allay the golden hours of

of gaiety with the hateful droſs of grief and ſuſpicion.

To thoſe, whoſe weakneſs of ſpirits, or timidity of temper, ſubjects them to impreſſions from others, and who are apt to ſuffer by faſcination, and catch the contagion of miſery, it is extremely unhappy to live within the compaſs of a ſcreech-owl's voice; for it will often fill their ears in the hour of dejection, terrify them with apprehenſions, which their own thoughts would never have produced, and ſadden, by intruded ſorrows, the day which might have been paſſed in amuſements or in buſineſs; it will burthen the heart with unneceſſary diſcontents, and weaken for a time that love of life, which is neceſſary to the vigorous proſecution of any undertaking.

Though I have, like the reſt of mankind, many failings and weakneſſes, I have not yet, by either friends or enemies, been charged with ſuperſtition; I never count the company which I enter, and I look at the new moon indifferently over either ſhoulder. I have, like moſt other philoſophers, often heard the cuckoo without money in my pocket, and have been ſometimes reproached as fool-hardy for not turning down my eyes when a raven flew over my head. I never go home abruptly becauſe a ſnake croſſes my way, nor have any particular dread of a climacterical year; yet I confeſs that, with all my ſcorn of old women, and their tales, I conſider it as an unhappy day when I happen to be greeted, in the morning, by Suſpirius the ſcreech-owl.

I have now known Suſpirius fifty-eight years and four months, and have never yet paſſed an hour with him in which he has not made ſome attack upon my quiet. When we were firſt acquainted, his great topick was the miſery of youth without riches,

riches, and whenever we walked out together he ſolaced me with a long enumeration of pleaſures, which, as they were beyond the reach of my fortune, were without the verge of my deſires, and which I ſhould never have conſidered as the objects of a wiſh, had not his unreaſonable repreſentations placed them in my ſight.

Another of his topicks is the neglect of merit, with which he never fails to amuſe every man whom he ſees not eminently fortunate. If he meets with a young officer, he always informs him of gentlemen whoſe perſonal courage is unqueſtioned, and whoſe military ſkill qualifies them to command armies, that have, notwithſtanding all their merit, grown old with ſubaltern commiſſions. For a genius in the church, he is always provided with a curacy for life. The lawyer he informs of many men of great parts and deep ſtudy, who have never had an opportunity to ſpeak in the courts: And meeting Serenus the phyſician, "Ah! "doctor," ſays he, "what a-foot ſtill, when ſo "many blockheads are rattling in their chariots? I "told you ſeven years ago that you would never "meet with encouragement, and I hope you will "now take more notice, when I tell you, that "your *Greek*, and your diligence, and your ho-"neſty, will never enable you to live like yonder "apothecary, who preſcribes to his own ſhop, and "laughs at the phyſician."

Suſpirius has, in his time, intercepted fifteen authors in their way to the ſtage; perſuaded nine and thirty merchants to retire from a proſperous trade for fear of bankruptcy, broke off an hundred and thirteen matches by prognoſtications of unhappineſs, and enabled the ſmall-pox to kill nineteen ladies, by perpetual alarms of the loſs of beauty.

When-

Whenever my evil ſtars bring us together, he never fails to repreſent to me the folly of my purſuits, and informs me that we are much older than when we began our acquaintance, that the infirmities of decrepitude are coming faſt upon me, that whatever I now get I ſhall enjoy but a little time, that fame is to a man tottering on the edge of the grave of very little importance, and that the time is at hand when I ought to look for no other pleaſures than a good dinner and an eaſy chair.

Thus he goes on in his unharmonious ſtrain, diſplaying preſent miſeries, and foreboding more, νυκτικοραξ ἀδει θανατηφορος, every ſyllable is loaded with misfortune, and death is always brought nearer to the view. Yet, what always raiſes my reſentment and indignation, I do not perceive that his mournful meditations have much effect upon himſelf. He talks, and has long talked of calamities, without diſcovering, otherwiſe than by the tone of his voice, that he feels any of the evils which he bewails or threatens, but has the ſame habit of uttering lamentations, as others of telling ſtories, and falls into expreſſions of condolence for paſt, or apprehenſion of future miſchiefs, as all men ſtudious of their eaſe have recourſe to thoſe ſubjects upon which they can moſt fluently or copiouſly diſcourſe.

It is reported of the Sybarites, that they deſtroyed all their cocks, that they might dream out their morning dreams without diſturbance. Though I would not ſo far promote effeminacy as to propoſe the Sybarites for an example, yet ſince there is no man ſo corrupt or fooliſh, but ſomething uſeful may be learned from him, I could wiſh that, in imitation of a people not often to be copied, ſome regulations might be made to exclude ſcreech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind, and

confine them to ſome proper receptacle, where they may mingle ſighs at leiſure, and thicken the gloom of one another.

Thou prophet of evil, ſays Homer's Agamemnon, *thou never foreteller'ſt me good, but the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes.* Whoever is of the ſame temper might there find the means of indulging his thoughts, and improving his vein of denunciation, and the flock of ſcreech-owls might hoot together without injury to the reſt of the world.

Yet, though I have ſo little kindneſs for this dark generation, I am very far from intending to debar the ſoft and tender mind from the privilege of complaining, when the ſigh riſes from the deſire not of giving pain, but of gaining eaſe. To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendſhip; and though it muſt be allowed that he ſuffers moſt like a hero that hides grief in ſilence,

Spem vultu ſimulat, premit altum corde dolorem,
His outward ſmiles conceal'd his inward ſmart. DRYDEN.

yet, it cannot be denied that he who complains acts like a man, like a ſocial being, who looks for help from his fellow creatures. Pity is to many of the unhappy a ſource of comfort in hopeleſs diſtreſſes, as it contributes to recommend them to themſelves, by proving that they have not loſt the regard of others; and heaven ſeems to indicate the duty even of barren compaſſion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

DISCON-

DISCONTENT.

NUMB. 63. TUESDAY, *October* 22, 1750.

——Habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos; modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: modò, ſit mihi menſa tripes, et
Concha ſalis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis craſſa, queat. HOR.

Now with two hundred ſlaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty ſtrain
At morn, of kings and governors he prates;
At night,—" A frugal table, O, ye fates!
" A little ſhell the ſacred ſalt to hold,
" And clothes, tho' coarſe, to keep me from the cold."
FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, perhaps, by every writer, who has left behind him obſervations upon life, that no man is pleaſed with his preſent ſtate, which proves equally unſatisfactory, ſays Horace, whether fallen upon by chance, or choſen with deliberation; we are always diſguſted with ſome circumſtance or other of our ſituation, and imagine the condition of others more abundant in bleſſings, or leſs expoſed to calamities.

This univerſal diſcontent has been generally mentioned with great ſeverity of cenſure, as unreaſonable in itſelf, ſince of two, equally envious of each other, both cannot have the larger ſhare of happineſs, and as tending to darken life with unneceſſary gloom, by withdrawing our minds from the contemplation and enjoyment of that happineſs which our ſtate affords us, and fixing our attention upon foreign objects, which we only behold to depreſs ourſelves, and increaſe our miſery by injurious compariſons.

When this opinion of the felicity of others predominates in the heart, ſo as to excite reſolutions of obtaining, at whatever price, the condition to which ſuch tranſcendent privileges are ſuppoſed to be annexed; when it burſts into action, and produces fraud, violence, and injuſtice, it is to be purſued with all the rigour of legal puniſhments. But while operating only upon the thoughts, it diſturbs none but him who has happened to admit it, and, however it may interrupt content, makes no attack on piety or virtue, I cannot think it ſo far criminal or ridiculous, but that it may deſerve ſome pity, and admit ſome excuſe.

That all are equally happy, or miſerable, I ſuppoſe none is ſufficiently enthuſiaſtical to maintain; becauſe though we cannot judge of the condition of others, yet every man has found frequent viciſſitudes in his own ſtate, and muſt therefore be convinced that life is ſuſceptible of more or leſs felicity. What then ſhall forbid us to endeavour the alteration of that which is capable of being improved, and to graſp at augmentations of good, when we know it poſſible to be increaſed, and believe that any particular change of ſituation will increaſe it?

If he that finds himſelf uneaſy may reaſonably make efforts to rid himſelf from vexation, all mankind have a ſufficient plea for ſome degree of reſtleſſneſs, and the fault ſeems to be little more than too much temerity of concluſion, in favour of ſomething not yet experienced, and too much readineſs to believe, that the miſery which our own paſſions and appetites produce, is brought upon us by accidental cauſes, and external efficients.

It is, indeed, frequently diſcovered by us, that we complained too haſtily of peculiar hardſhips, and imagined ourſelves diſtinguiſhed by embarraſſments, in which other claſſes of men are equally entangled.

entangled. We often change a lighter for a greater evil, and wiſh ourſelves reſtored again to the ſtate from which we thought it deſirable to be delivered. But this knowledge, though it is eaſily gained by the trial, is not always attainable any other way; and that error cannot juſtly be reproached, which reaſon could not obviate, nor prudence avoid.

To take a view at once diſtinct and comprehenſive of human life, with all its intricacies of combination, and varieties of connexion, is beyond the power of mortal intelligences. Of the ſtate with which practice has not acquainted us, we ſnatch a glimpſe, we diſcern a point, and regulate the reſt by paſſion, and by fancy. In this enquiry every favourite prejudice, every innate deſire, is buſy to deceive us. We are unhappy, at leaſt leſs happy than our nature ſeems to admit; we neceſſarily deſire the melioration of our lot; what we deſire, we very reaſonably ſeek, and what we ſeek we are naturally eager to believe that we have found. Our confidence is often diſappointed, but our reaſon is not convinced, and there is no man who does not hope for ſomething which he has not, though perhaps his wiſhes lie unactive, becauſe he foreſees the difficulty of attainment. As among the numerous ſtudents of Hermetick philoſophy, not one appears to have deſiſted from the taſk of tranſmutation, from conviction of its impoſſibility, but from wearineſs of toil, or impatience of delay, a broken body, or exhauſted fortune.

Irreſolution and mutability are often the faults of men, whoſe views are wide, and whoſe imagination is vigorous and excurſive, becauſe they cannot confine their thoughts within their own boundaries of action, but are continually ranging over all the ſcenes of human exiſtence, and conſequently are often apt to conceive that they fall upon new regions of pleaſure, and ſtart new poſſibilities of

happineſs. Thus they are buſied with a perpetual ſucceſſion of ſchemes, and paſs their lives in alternate elation and ſorrow, for want of that calm and immoveable acquieſcence in their condition, by which men of ſlower underſtandings are fixed for ever to a certain point, or led on in the plain beaten track, which their fathers and grand-ſires have trod before them.

Of two conditions of life equally inviting to the proſpect, that will always have the diſadvantage which we have already tried; becauſe the evils which we have felt we cannot extenuate; and though we have, perhaps from nature, the power as well of aggravating the calamity which we fear, as of heightening the bleſſing we expect, yet in thoſe meditations which we indulge by choice, and which are not forced upon the mind by neceſſity, we have always the art of fixing our regard upon the more pleaſing images, and ſuffer hope to diſpoſe the lights by which we look upon futurity.

The good and ill of different modes of life are ſometimes ſo equally oppoſed, that perhaps no man ever yet made his choice between them upon a full conviction, and adequate knowledge; and therefore fluctuation of will is not more wonderful, when they are propoſed to the election, than oſcillations of a beam charged with equal weights. The mind no ſooner imagines itſelf determined by ſome prevalent advantage, than ſome convenience of equal weight is diſcovered on the other ſide, and the reſolutions which are ſuggeſted by the niceſt examination, are often repented as ſoon as they are taken.

Eumenes, a young man of great abilities, inherited a lage eſtate from a father, long eminent in conſpicuous employments. His father, haraſſed with competitions, and perplexed with multiplicity of buſineſs, recommended the quiet of a private

vate ſtation with ſo much force, that Eumenes for ſome years reſiſted every motion of ambitious wiſhes; but being once provoked by the ſight of oppreſſion, which he could not redreſs, he began to think it the duty of an honeſt man to enable himſelf to protect others, and gradually felt a deſire of greatneſs, excited by a thouſand projects of advantage to his country. His fortune placed him in the ſenate, his knowledge and eloquence advanced him at court, and he poſſeſſed that authority and influence which he had reſolved to exert for the happineſs of mankind.

He now became acquainted with greatneſs, and was in a ſhort time convinced, that in proportion as the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptations to do ill are multiplied and enforced. He felt himſelf every moment in danger of being either ſeduced or driven from his honeſt purpoſes. Sometimes a friend was to be gratified, and ſometimes a rival to be cruſhed, by means which his conſcience could not approve. Sometimes he was forced to comply with the prejudices of the publick, and ſometimes with the ſchemes of the miniſtry. He was by degrees wearied with perpetual ſtruggles to unite policy and virtue, and went back to retirement as the ſhelter of innocence, perſuaded that he could only hope to benefit mankind by a blameleſs example of private virtue. Here he ſpent ſome years in tranquillity and beneficence; but finding that corruption increaſed, and falſe opinions in government prevailed, he thought himſelf again ſummoned to poſts of publick truſt, from which new evidence of his own weakneſs again determined him to retire.

Thus men may be made inconſtant by virtue and by vice, by too much or too little thought; yet inconſtancy, however dignified by its motives, is always to be avoided, becauſe life allows us but

a ſmall time for enquiry and experiment, and he that ſteadily endeavours at excellence, in whatever employment, will more benefit mankind than he that heſitates in chuſing his part till he is called to the performance. The traveller that reſolutely follows a rough and winding path, will ſooner reach the end of his journey, than he that is always changing his direction, and waſtes the hours of day-light in looking for ſmoother ground, and ſhorter paſſages.

FRIENDSHIP.

NUMB. 64. SATURDAY, *October* 27, 1750.

Idem velle, et idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia eſt. SALLUST.

To live in friendſhip is to have the ſame deſires and the ſame averſions.

WHEN Socrates was building himſelf a houſe at Athens, being aſked by one that obſerved the littleneſs of the deſign, why a man ſo eminent would not have an abode more ſuitable to his dignity? he replied, that he ſhould think himſelf ſufficently accommodated, if he could ſee that narrow habitation filled with real friends. Such was the opinion of this great maſter of human life, concerning the infrequency of ſuch an union of minds as might deſerve the name of friendſhip, that among the multitudes whom vanity or curioſity, civility or veneration, crouded about him, he did not expect that very ſpacious apartments would be neceſſary to contain all that ſhould regard him with ſincere kindneſs, or adhere to him with ſteady fidelity.

So many qualities are indeed requiſite to the poſſibility of friendſhip, and ſo many accidents muſt concur to its riſe and its continuance, that the greateſt

greateſt part of mankind content themſelves without it, and ſupply its place as they can, with intereſt and dependance.

Multitudes are unqualified for a conſtant and warm reciprocation of benevolence, as they are incapacitated for any other elevated excellence, by perpetual attention to their intereſt, and unreſiſting ſubjection to their paſſions. Long habits may ſuperinduce inability to deny any deſire, or repreſs, by ſuperior motives, the importunities of any immediate gratification, and an inveterate ſelfiſhneſs will imagine all advantages diminiſhed in proportion as they are communicated.

But not only this hateful and confirmed corruption, but many varieties of diſpoſition, not inconſiſtent with common degrees of virtue, may exclude friendſhip from the heart. Some ardent enough in their benevolence, and defective neither in officiouſneſs nor liberality, are mutable and uncertain, ſoon attracted by new objects, diſguſted without offence, and alienated without enmity. Others are ſoft and flexible, eaſily influenced by reports or whiſpers, ready to catch alarms from every dubious circumſtance, and to liſten to every ſuſpicion which envy and flattery ſhall ſuggeſt, to follow the opinion of every confident adviſer, and move by the impulſe of the laſt breath. Some are impatient of contradiction, more willing to go wrong by their own judgment, than to be indebted for a better or a ſafer way to the ſagacity of another, inclined to conſider counſel as inſult, and enquiry as want of confidence, and to confer their regard on no other terms than unreſerved ſubmiſſion, and implicit compliance. Some are dark and involved, equally careful to conceal good and bad purpoſes; and pleaſed with producing effects by inviſible means, and ſhewing their deſign only in its execution. Others are univerſally communicative, alike open

to every eye, and equally profuſe of their own ſecrets and thoſe of others, without the neceſſary vigilance of caution, or the honeſt arts of prudent integrity, ready to accuſe without malice, and to betray without treachery. Any of theſe may be uſeful to the community, and paſs through the world with the reputation of good purpoſes and uncorrupted morals, but they are unfit for cloſe and tender intimacies. He cannot properly be choſen for a friend, whoſe kindneſs is exhaled by its own warmth, or frozen by the firſt blaſt of ſlander; he cannot be a uſeful counſellor, who will hear no opinion but his own; he will not much invite confidence whoſe principal maxim is to ſuſpect; nor can the candour and frankneſs of that man be much eſteemed, who ſpreads his arms to humankind, and makes every man, without diſtinction, a denizen of his boſom.

That friendſhip may be at once fond and laſting, there muſt not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the ſame kind; not only the ſame end muſt be propoſed, but the ſame means muſt be approved by both. We are often, by ſuperficial accompliſhments and accidental endearments, induced to love thoſe whom we cannot eſteem; we are ſometimes, by great abilities, and inconteſtible evidences of virtue, compelled to eſteem thoſe whom we cannot love. But friendſhip, compounded of eſteem and love, derives from one its tenderneſs, and its permanence from the other; and therefore requires not only that its candidates ſhould gain the judgment, but that they ſhould attract the affections; that they ſhould not only be firm in the day of diſtreſs, but gay in the hour of jollity; not only uſeful in exigencies, but pleaſing in familiar life; their preſence ſhould give cheerfulneſs as well as courage, and diſpel alike the gloom of fear and of melancholy.

To

To this mutual complacency is generally requiſite an uniformity of opinions, at leaſt of thoſe active and conſpicuous principles which diſcriminate parties in government, and ſects in religion, and which every day operate more or leſs on the common buſineſs of life. For though great tenderneſs has, perhaps, been ſometimes known to continue between men eminent in contrary factions; yet ſuch friends are to be ſhewn rather as prodigies than examples, and it is no more proper to regulate our conduct by ſuch inſtances, than to leap a precipice, becauſe ſome have fallen from it and eſcaped with life.

It cannot but be extremely difficult to preſerve private kindneſs in the midſt of publick oppoſition, in which will neceſſarily be involved a thouſand incidents, extending their influence to converſation and privacy. Men engaged, by moral or religious motives, in contrary parties, will generally look with different eyes upon every man, and decide almoſt every queſtion upon different principles. When ſuch occaſions of diſpute happen, to comply is to betray our cauſe, and to maintain friendſhip by ceaſing to deſerve it; to be ſilent, is to loſe the happineſs and dignity of independence, to live in perpetual conſtraint, and to deſert, if not to betray: and who ſhall determine which of two friends ſhall yield, where neither believes himſelf miſtaken, and both confeſs the importance of the queſtion? What then remains but contradiction and debate? and from thoſe what can be expected, but acrimony and vehemence, the inſolence of triumph, the vexation of defeat, and, in time, a wearineſs of conteſt, and an extinction of benevolence? Exchange of endearments and intercourſe of civility may continue, indeed, as boughs may for a while be verdant, when the root is wounded; but the poiſon of diſcord is infuſed, and though the

countenance may preſerve its ſmile, the heart is hardening and contracting.

That man will not be long agreeable, whom we ſee only in times of ſerioufneſs and ſeverity; and therefore to maintain the ſoftneſs and ſerenity of benevolence, it is neceſſary that friends partake each others pleaſures as well as cares, and be led to the ſame diverſions by ſimilitude of taſte. This is, however, not to be conſidered as equally indiſpenſable with conformity of principles, becauſe any man may honeſtly, according to the precepts of Horace, reſign the gratifications of taſte to the humour of another, and friendſhip may well deſerve the ſacrifice of pleaſure, though not of conſcience.

It was once confeſſed to me, by a painter, that no profeſſor of his art ever loved another. This declaration is ſo far juſtified by the knowledge of life, as to damp the hopes of warm and conſtant friendſhip, between men whom their ſtudies have made competitors, and whom every favourer and every cenſurer are hourly inciting againſt each other. The utmoſt expectation that experience can warrant, is, that they ſhould forbear open hoſtilities and ſecret machinations, and when the whole fraternity is attacked, be able to unite againſt a common foe. Some, however, though few, may perhaps be found, in whom emulation has not been able to overpower generoſity, who are diſtinguiſhed from lower beings by nobler motives than the love of fame, and can preſerve the ſacred flame of friendſhip from the guſts of pride, and the rubbiſh of intereſt.

Friendſhip is ſeldom laſting but between equals, or where the ſuperiority on one ſide is reduced by ſome equivalent advantage on the other. Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be diſcharged, are not commonly found to increaſe

creaſe affection; they excite gratitude indeed, and heighten veneration, but commonly take away that eaſy freedom, and familiarity of intercourſe, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendſhip. Thus imperfect are all earthly bleſſings; the great effect of friendſhip is benificence, yet by the firſt act of uncommon kindneſs it is endangered, like plants that bear their fruit and die. Yet this conſideration ought not to reſtrain bounty, or repreſs compaſſion; for duty is to be preferred before convenience, and he that loſes part of the pleaſures of friendſhip by his generoſity, gains in its place the gratulation of his conſcience.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

NUMB. 65. TUESDAY, *October* 30, 1750.

——— *Garrit aniles*
Ex re fabellas. ——— HOR.

The cheerful ſage, when ſolemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counſel in a tale.

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt

eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſick of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him

him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect, he turned aſide to every caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In theſe amuſements the hours paſſed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the time of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed from before him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. He was now rouſed by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt when eaſe is conſulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him: the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd

Work'd into ſudden rage by wintry ſhow'rs,
Down the ſteep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain ſhepherd hears the diſtant noiſe.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, "Tell me," ſaid the hermit, "by what chance thou haſt been brought "hither; I have been now twenty years an inha- "bitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw a "man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," ſaid the hermit, "let the errors and "follies, the dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink "deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, that "human life is the journey of a day. We riſe in "the morning of youth, full of vigour and full "of expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and "hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel "on a while in the ſtraight road of piety towards "the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we remit "our fervor, and endeavour to find ſome mitiga- "tion of our duty, and ſome more eaſy means "of obtaining the ſame end. We then relax our "vigour, and reſolve no longer to be terrified

"with

" with crimes at a diſtance, but rely upon our own
" conſtancy, and venture to approach what we re-
" ſolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers
" of eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity.
" Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides;
" we are then willing to enquire whether another
" advance cannot be made, and whether we may
" not, at leaſt, turn our eyes upon the gardens of
" pleaſure. We approach them with ſcruple and
" heſitation; we enter them, but enter timorous
" and trembling, and always hope to paſs through
" them without loſing the road of virtue, which
" we, for a while, keep in our ſight, and to which
" we propoſe to return. But temptation ſucceeds
" temptation, and one compliance prepares us for
" another; we in time loſe the happineſs of inno-
" cence, and ſolace our diſquiet with ſenſual gra-
" tifications. By degrees we let fall the remem-
" brance of our original intention, and quit the
" only adequate object of rational deſire. We en-
" tangle ourſelves in buſineſs, immerge ourſelves
" in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of in-
" conſtancy, till the darkneſs of old age begins to
" invade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety obſtruct our
" way. We then look back upon our lives with
" horror, with ſorrow, with repentance; and wiſh,
" but too often vainly wiſh, that we had not for-
" ſaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my
" ſon, who ſhall learn from thy example not to
" deſpair, but ſhall remember, that though the day
" is paſt, and their ſtrength is waſted, there yet
" remains one effort to be made; that reformation
" is never hopeleſs, nor ſincere endeavours ever
" unaſſiſted; that the wanderer may at length re-
" turn after all his errors, and that he who im-
" plores ſtrength and courage from above, ſhall
" find danger and difficulty give way before him.
" Go now, my ſon, to thy repoſe, commit thyſelf

to

" to the care of Omnipotence, and when the " morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy " journey and thy life."

VANITY.

NUMB. 66. SATURDAY, *November* 3, 1750.

Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diverſa, remotâ
Erroris nebula. JUV.

——————————How few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, purſue?
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears? DRYDEN.

THE folly of human wiſhes and purſuits has always been a ſtanding ſubject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented from age to age; till perhaps the fruitleſs repetition of complaints and cenſures may be juſtly numbered among the ſubjects of cenſure and complaint.

Some of theſe inſtructors of mankind have not contented themſelves with checking the overflows of paſſion, and lopping the exuberance of deſire, but have attempted to deſtroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to confine the mind within bounds, but to ſmooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reaſon and eloquence to perſuade us, that nothing is worth the wiſh of a wiſe man, have repreſented all earthly good and evil as indifferent, and counted among vulgar errors the dread of pain and the love of life.

It is almoſt always the unhappineſs of a victorious diſputant, to deſtroy his own authority by claiming too many conſequences, or diffuſing his propoſition to an indefenſible extent. When we have

have heated our zeal in a cauſe, and elated our confidence with ſucceſs, we are naturally inclined to purſue the ſame train of reaſoning, to eſtabliſh ſome collateral truth, to remove ſome adjacent difficulty, and to take in the whole comprehenſion of our ſyſtem. As a prince, in the ardour of acquiſition, is willing to ſecure his firſt conqueſt by the addition of another, add fortreſs to fortreſs, and city to city, till deſpair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loſes in a moment the glory of a reign.

The philoſophers having found an eaſy victory over thoſe deſires which we produce in ourſelves, and which terminate in ſome imaginary ſtate of happineſs unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at laſt our ſenſes and our inſtincts. They continued to war upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they therefore loſt the trophies of their former combats, and were conſidered no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with juſtice denied, that theſe men have been very uſeful monitors, and have left many proofs of ſtrong reaſon, deep penetration, and accurate attention to the affairs of life, which it is now our buſineſs to ſeparate from the foam of a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciouſly to our own uſe. They have ſhewn that moſt of the conditions of life, which raiſe the envy of the timorous, and rouſe the ambition of the daring, are empty ſhows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, loſe their power of delighting; and that the moſt proſperous and exalted have very few advantages over a meaner and more obſcure fortune, when their dangers and ſolicitudes are balanced againſt their equipage, their banquets and their palaces.

It

It is natural for every man uninſtructed to murmur at his condition, becauſe in the general infelicity of life, he feels his own miſeries, without knowing that they are common to all the reſt of the ſpecies; and therefore, though he will not be leſs ſenſible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at leaſt be freed from the temptation of ſeeking by perpetual changes that eaſe which is no where to be found; and though his diſeaſe ſtill continues, he eſcapes the hazard of exaſperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation confer, muſt be always, by their own nature, confined to a very ſmall number; and the life of the greater part of mankind muſt be loſt in empty wiſhes and painful compariſons, were not the balm of philoſophy ſhed upon us, and our diſcontent at the appearances of an unequal diſtribution ſoothed and appeaſed.

It ſeemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great maſters of moral learning, to deſcend to familiar life, and caution mankind againſt that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longeſt beard, and moſt ſolemn auſterity. For though the paſſions of little minds, acting in low ſtations, do not fill the world with bloodſhed and devaſtations, or mark, by great events, the periods of time, yet they torture the breaſt on which they ſeize, infeſt thoſe that are placed within the reach of their influence, deſtroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine inſenſibly the happineſs of the world.

The deſire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed. We fall, by chance, into ſome claſs of mankind, and, without conſulting nature

ture or wiſdom, reſolve to gain their regard by thoſe qualities which they happen to eſteem. I once knew a man remarkably dim-ſighted, who, by converſing much with country gentlemen, found himſelf irreſiſtibly determined to ſylvan honours. His great ambition was to ſhoot flying, and he therefore ſpent whole days in the woods purſuing game; which, before he was near enough to ſee them, his approach frighted away.

When it happens that the deſire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with ſome indulgence, becauſe, however fruitleſs or abſurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But moſt of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of poſſeſſion, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occaſion to ſtratagems of malignity, and incite oppoſition, hatred and defamation. The conteſt of two rural beauties for preference and diſtinction, is often ſufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breaſts with all thoſe paſſions, which are generally thought the curſe only of ſenates, of armies, and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obſcure aſſembly have their partiſans and abettors, often not leſs exaſperated againſt each other, than thoſe who are promoting the intereſts of rival monarchs.

It is common to conſider thoſe whom we find infected with an unreaſonable regard for trifling accompliſhments, as chargeable with all the conſequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappineſs: but, perhaps, thoſe whom we thus ſcorn or deteſt, have more claim to tenderneſs than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our ſeverity to break looſe upon any fault or error, we ought ſurely to conſider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We ſee multitudes buſy in the purſuit of riches, at the expence of wiſdom and of virtue; but we ſee the reſt of mankind

mankind approving their conduct, and inciting their eagerneſs, by paying that regard and deference to wealth, which wiſdom and virtue only can deſerve. We ſee women univerſally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they ſtudy their complexions, endeavour to preſerve or to ſupply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twiſt their hair into curls, and ſhade their faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their nobler part, and tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodneſs or knowledge was able to attract that officiouſneſs, or inſpire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to perſuade the ladies, that the time ſpent at the toilent is loſt in vanity, when they have every moment ſome new conviction, that their intereſt is more effectually promoted by a ribband well diſpoſed, than by the brighteſt act of heroick virtue?

In every inſtance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be ſhared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praiſe, or inſtigate needleſs emulation by invidious incitements, are to be conſidered as perverters of reaſon, and corrupters of the world: and ſince every man is obliged to promote happineſs and virtue, he ſhould be careful not to miſlead unwary minds, by appearing to ſet too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

HOPE.

HOPE.

NUMB. 67. TUESDAY, *November* 6, 1750.

Αἱ δ' ἐλπίδες βόσκουσι φυγάδας, ὡς λόγος,
Καλῶς βλέπουσιν ὄμμασι, μέλλουσι δέ. EURIP.

Exiles, the proverb ſays, ſubſiſt on hope,
Deluſive hope ſtill points to diſtant good,
To good that mocks approach.

THERE is no temper ſo generally indulged as hope; other paſſions operate by ſtarts on particular occaſions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the firſt power of comparing our actual with our poſſible ſtate, and attends us through every ſtage and period, always urging us forward to new acquiſitions, and holding out ſome diſtant bleſſing to our view, promiſing us either relief from pain, or increaſe of happineſs.

Hope is neceſſary in every condition. The miſeries of poverty, of ſickneſs, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be inſupportable; nor does it appear that the happieſt lot of terreſtrial exiſtence can ſet us above the want of this general bleſſing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not ſtill be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of ſome new poſſeſſion, of ſome enjoyment yet behind, by which the wiſh ſhall be at laſt ſatisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmoſt extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promiſes what it ſeldom gives; but its promiſes are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it ſeldom fruſtrates us without aſſuring us of recompenſing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was

I was muſing on this ſtrange inclination which every man feels to deceive himſelf, and conſidering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay proſpect of futurity, when, falling aſleep, on a ſudden I found myſelf placed in a garden, of which my ſight could deſcry no limits. Every ſcene about me was gay and gladſome, light with ſunſhine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of ſpring, and all the choir of nature was ſinging in the groves. When I had recovered from the firſt raptures, with which the confuſion of pleaſure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a ſmall diſtance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with bloſſoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the ſight of ripe fruits, which ſeemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked haſtily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew ſtill ſinging before me, and though I preſſed onward with great celerity, I was ſtill in ſight of pleaſures of which I could not yet gain the poſſeſſion, and which ſeemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with ſo many alternations of joy and grief, I yet perſiſted to go forward, in hopes that theſe fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I ſaw an innumerable multitude of every age and ſex, who ſeemed all to partake of ſome general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye ſparkled with

with eagerneſs: yet each appeared to have ſome particular and ſecret pleaſure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themſelves. Moſt of them ſeemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too buſy to gratify the curioſity of a ſtranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troubleſome enquiries. At laſt I obſerved one man worn with time, and unable to ſtruggle in the crowd; and, therefore, ſuppoſing him more at leiſure, I began to accoſt him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he muſt not be diſturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come, when Mercury ſhould loſe his wings, and ſlavery ſhould no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whoſe ſoftneſs of mien, and eaſy movement, gave me reaſon to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of ſerving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years ſoliciting would be ſoon vacant. From him I had recourſe to the next, who was departing in haſte to take poſſeſſion of the eſtate of an uncle, who by the courſe of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treaſure in a new-invented bell; and another was on the point of diſcovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected whereſoever I applied myſelf for information, I began to imagine it beſt to deſiſt from enquiry, and try what my own obſervation would diſcover: but ſeeing a young man, gay and thoughtleſs, I reſolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Desire, and that all thoſe whom I ſaw thus tumultuouſly buſtling

round me, were incited by the promiſes of HOPE, and haſtening to ſeize the gifts which ſhe held in her hand.

I turned my ſight upward, and ſaw a goddeſs in the bloom of youth, ſitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the bleſſings of life were ſpread abroad to view; ſhe had a perpetual gaiety of aſpect, and every one imagined that her ſmile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himſelf, and triumphed in his own ſuperiority to others, who had conceived the ſame confidence from the ſame miſtake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extenſive view of the whole place, and could with leſs perplexity conſider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this ſtation I obſerved, that the entrance into the garden of HOPE was by two gates, one of which was kept by REASON, and the other by FANCY. REASON was ſurly and ſcrupulous, and ſeldom turned the key without many interrogatories, and long heſitation; but FANCY was a kind and gentle portreſs, ſhe held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the diſtrict under her ſuperintendency; ſo that the paſſage was crowded by all thoſe who either feared the examination of REASON, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of REASON there was a way to the throne of HOPE, by a craggy, ſlippery, and winding path, called the *Streight of Difficulty*, which thoſe who entered with the permiſſion of the guard endeavoured to climb. But though they ſurveyed the way very cheerfully before they began to riſe, and marked out the ſeveral ſtages of their progreſs, they commonly found unexpected obſtacles, and were obliged frequently to ſtop on the ſudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thouſand intricacies embarraſſed them, a thouſand

ſand ſlips threw them back, and a thouſand pitfals impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and ſo frequent the miſcarriages, that many returned from the firſt attempt, and many fainted in the midſt of the way, and only a very ſmall number were led up to the ſummit of HOPE, by the hand of FORTITUDE. Of theſe few the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which HOPE had promiſed them, regretted the labour which it coſt, and felt in their ſucceſs the regret of diſappointment; the reſt retired with their prize, and were led by WISDOM to the bowers of CONTENT.

Turning then towards the gate of FANCY, I could find no way to the ſeat of HOPE; but though ſhe ſat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that ſide, inacceſſibly ſteep, but ſo channelled and ſhaded, that none perceived the impoſſibility of aſcending it, but each imagined himſelf to have diſcovered a way to which the reſt were ſtrangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this induſtrious tribe, of whom ſome were making themſelves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never roſe above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of HOPE, but continued ſtill to gaze at a diſtance, and laughed at the ſlow progreſs of thoſe whom they ſaw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of FANCY, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the reſt, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of IDLENESS, a calm and undiſturbed retirement, from whence they could always have HOPE in proſpect, and to which they pleaſed themſelves with believing that ſhe intended

ſpeedily to deſcend. Theſe were indeed ſcorned by all the reſt; but they ſeemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were reſolved to expect at eaſe the favour of the goddeſs.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to anſwer all my queſtions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round I ſaw two dreadful monſters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be AGE, and the other WANT. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an univerſal ſhriek of affright and diſtreſs burſt out and awaked me.

DOMESTICK CIRCUMSPECTION.

NUMB. 68. SATURDAY, *November* 10, 1750.

Vivendum rectè, cum propter plurima, tunc his
Præcipuè cauſis, ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas; nam lingua mali pars peſſima ſervi. JUV.

Let us live well: were it alone for this
The baneful tongues of ſervants to deſpiſe:
Slander, that worſt of poiſons, ever finds
An eaſy entrance to ignoble minds. HERVEY.

THE younger Pliny has very juſtly obſerved, that of actions that deſerve our attention, the moſt ſplendid are not always the greateſt. Fame, and wonder, and applauſe, are not excited but by external and adventitious circumſtances, often diſtinct and ſeparate from virtue and heroiſm. Eminence of ſtation, greatneſs of effect, and all the favours of fortune, muſt concur to place excellence in publick view; but fortitude, diligence, and patience, diveſted of their ſhow, glide unobſerved through the crowd of life, and ſuffer and act, though

though with the ſame vigour and conſtancy, yet without pity and without praiſe.

This remark may be extended to all parts of life. Nothing is to be eſtimated by its effect upon common eyes and common ears. A thouſand miſeries make ſilent and inviſible inroads on mankind, and the heart feels innumerable throbs, which never break into complaint. Perhaps, likewiſe, our pleaſures are for the moſt part equally ſecret, and moſt are borne up by ſome private ſatisfaction, ſome internal conſciouſneſs, ſome latent hope, ſome peculiar proſpect, which they never communicate, but reſerve for ſolitary hours, and clandeſtine meditation.

The main of life is, indeed, compoſed of ſmall incidents, and petty occurrences; of wiſhes for objects not remote, and grief for diſappointments of no fatal conſequence; of inſect vexations, which ſting us and fly away, impertinencies which buzz a while about us, and are heard no more; of meteorous pleaſures which dance before us and are diſſipated; of compliments which glide off the ſoul like other muſick, and are forgotten by him that gave and him that received them.

Such is the general heap out of which every man is to cull his own condition: for, as the chemiſts tell us, that all bodies are reſolvable into the ſame elements, and that the boundleſs variety of things ariſes from the different proportions of very few ingredients; ſo a few pains and a few pleaſures are all the materials of human life, and of theſe the proportions are partly allotted by providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reaſon and of choice.

As theſe are well or ill diſpoſed, man is for the moſt part happy or miſerable. For very few are involved in great events, or have their thread of life entwiſted with the chain of cauſes on

which armies or nations are ſuſpended; and even thoſe who ſeem wholly buſied in publick affairs, and elevated above low cares, or trivial pleaſures, paſs the chief part of their time in familiar and domeſtick ſcenes; from theſe they came into publick life, to theſe they are every hour recalled by paſſions not to be ſuppreſſed; in theſe they have the reward of their toils, and to theſe at laſt, they retire.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulneſs to thoſe hours, which ſplendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate; thoſe ſoft intervals of unbended amuſement, in which a man ſhrinks to his natural dimenſions, and throws aſide the ornaments or diſguiſes, which he feels in privacy to be uſeleſs incumbrances, and to loſe all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate reſult of all ambition, the end to which every enterpriſe and labour tends, and of which every deſire prompts the proſecution.

It is, indeed, at home that every man muſt be known by thoſe who would make a juſt eſtimate either of his virtue or felicity; for ſmiles and embroidery are alike occaſional, and the mind is often dreſſed for ſhow in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

Every man muſt have found ſome whoſe lives, in every houſe but their own, was a continual ſeries of hypocriſy, and who concealed under fair appearances bad qualities, which, whenever they thought themſelves out of the reach of cenſure, broke out from their reſtraint, like winds impriſoned in their caverns, and whom every one had reaſon to love, but they whoſe love a wiſe man is chiefly ſolicitous to procure. And there are others who, without any ſhow of general goodneſs, and without the attractions by which popularity is conciliated, are received

ceived among their own families as beſtowers of happineſs, and reverenced as inſtructors, guardians, and benefactors.

The moſt authentick witneſſes of any man's character are thoſe who know him in his own family, and ſee him without any reſtraint, or rule of conduct, but ſuch as he voluntarily preſcribes to himſelf. If a man carries virtue with him into his private apartments, and takes no advantage of unlimited power or probable ſecrecy; if we trace him through the round of his time, and find that his character, with thoſe allowances which mortal frailty muſt always want, is uniform and regular, we have all the evidence of his ſincerity, that one man can have with regard to another: and, indeed, as hypocriſy cannot be its own reward, we may, without heſitation, determine that his heart is pure.

The higheſt panegyrick, therefore, that private virtue can receive, is the praiſe of ſervants. For, however vanity or inſolence may look down with contempt on the ſuffrage of men, undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very ſeldom happens that they commend or blame without juſtice. Vice and virtue are eaſily diſtinguiſhed. Oppreſſion, according to Harrington's aphoriſm, will be felt by thoſe that cannot ſee it; and, perhaps, it falls out very often that, in moral queſtions, the philoſophers in the gown, and in the livery, differ not ſo much in their ſentiments, as in their language, and have equal power of diſcerning right, though they cannot point it out to others with equal addreſs.

There are very few faults to be committed in ſolitude, or without ſome agents, partners, confederates, or witneſſes; and, therefore, the ſervant muſt commonly know the ſecrets of a maſter, who has any ſecrets to entruſt; and failings, merely

perſonal, are ſo frequently expoſed by that ſecurity which pride and folly generally produce, and ſo inquiſitively watched by that deſire of reducing the inequalities of condition, which the lower orders of the world will always feel, that the teſtimony of a menial domeſtick can ſeldom be conſidered as defective for want of knowledge. And though its impartiality may be ſometimes ſuſpected, it is at leaſt as credible as that of equals, where rivalry inſtigates cenſure, or friendſhip dictates palliations.

The danger of betraying our weakneſs to our ſervants, and the impoſſibility of concealing it from them, may be juſtly conſidered as one motive to a regular and irreproachable life. For no condition is more hateful or deſpicable, than his who has put himſelf in the power of his ſervant; in the power of him whom, perhaps, he has firſt corrupted by making him ſubſervient to his vices, and whoſe fidelity he therefore cannot enforce by any precepts of honeſty or reaſon. It is ſeldom known that authority, thus acquired, is poſſeſſed without inſolence, or that the maſter is not forced to confeſs, by his tameneſs or forbearance, that he has enſlaved himſelf by ſome fooliſh confidence. And his crime is equally puniſhed, whatever part he takes of the choice to which he is reduced; and he is from that fatal hour, in which he ſacrificed his dignity to his paſſions, in perpetual dread of inſolence or defamation; of a controuler at home, or an accuſer abroad. He is condemned to purchaſe, by continual bribes, that ſecrecy which bribes never ſecured, and which, after a long courſe of ſubmiſſion, promiſes, and anxieties, he will find violated in a fit of rage, or in a frolick of drunkenneſs.

To dread no eye, and to ſuſpect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption

tion granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and ſolicitudes; and to make it yet more ſhameful and deteſtable, it is doomed often to ſtand in awe of thoſe, to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.

OLD AGE.

NUMB. 69. TUESDAY, *November* 13, 1750.

Flet quoque, ut in ſpeculo rugas adſpexit aniles,
Tyndaris; *et ſecum, cur ſit bis rapta, requirit.*
Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidioſa vetuſtas
Omnia deſtruitis: vitiataque dentibus ævi
Paulatim lentâ conſumitis omnia morte. OVID.

The dreadful wrinkles when poor *Helen* ſpy'd,
Ah! why this ſecond rape?—with tears ſhe cried.
Time, thou devourer, and thou envious age,
Who all deſtroy with keen corroding rage,
Beneath your jaws, whate'er have pleas'd or pleaſe,
Muſt ſink, conſum'd by ſwift or ſlow degrees.

ELPHINSTON.

AN old Greek epigrammatiſt, intending to ſhew the miſeries that attend the laſt ſtage of man, imprecates upon thoſe who are ſo fooliſh as to wiſh for long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious or foreign pain was requiſite, that decrepitude itſelf was an epitome of whatever is dreadful, and nothing could be added to the curſe of age, but that it ſhould be extended beyond its natural limits.

The moſt indifferent and negligent ſpectator can indeed ſcarcely retire without heavineſs of heart, from a view of the laſt ſcenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds thoſe who in the former

parts of the drama were diſtinguiſhed by oppoſition of conduct, contrariety of deſigns, and diſſimilitude of perſonal qualities, all involved in one common diſtreſs, and all ſtruggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miſeries, which waylay our paſſage through the world, wiſdom may eſcape, and fortitude may conquer: by caution and circumſpection we may ſteal along with very little to obſtruct or incommode us; by ſpirit and vigour we may force a way, and reward the vexation of conteſt by the pleaſures of victory. But a time muſt come when our policy and bravery ſhall be equally uſeleſs; when we ſhall all ſink into helpleſſneſs and ſadneſs, without any power of receiving ſolace from the pleaſures that have formerly delighted us, or any proſpect of emerging into a ſecond poſſeſſion of the bleſſings that we have loſt.

The induſtry of man has, indeed, not been wanting in endeavours to procure comforts for theſe hours of dejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The moſt uſual ſupport of old age is wealth. He whoſe poſſeſſions are large, and whoſe cheſts are full, imagines himſelf always fortified againſt invaſions on his authority. If he has loſt all other means of government, if his ſtrength and his reaſon fail him, he can at laſt alter his will; and therefore all that have hopes muſt likewiſe have fears, and he may ſtill continue to give laws to ſuch as have not ceaſed to regard their own intereſt.

This is, indeed, too frequently the citadel of the dotard, the laſt fortreſs to which age retires, and in which he makes the ſtand againſt the upſtart race that ſeizes his domains, diſputes his commands, and cancels his preſcriptions. But here, though there may be ſafety, there is no pleaſure; and

and what remains is but a proof that more was once poſſeſſed.

Nothing ſeems to have been more univerſally dreaded by the ancients than orbity, or want of children; and indeed, to a man who has ſurvived all the companions of his youth, all who have participated his pleaſures and his cares, have been engaged in the ſame events, and filled their minds with the ſame conceptions, this full peopled world is a diſmal ſolitude. He ſtands forlorn and ſilent, neglected or inſulted, in the midſt of multitudes, animated with hopes which he cannot ſhare, and employed in buſineſs which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unleſs he has ſecured ſome domeſtick gratifications, ſome tender employments, and endeared himſelf to ſome whoſe intereſt and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colours of life, as we look forward to the future, or backward to the paſt; and ſo different the opinions and ſentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the converſation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or pity on either ſide. To a young man entering the world, with fulneſs of hope, and ardour of purſuit, nothing is ſo unpleaſing as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the ſcrupulous diffidence which experience and diſappointments certainly infuſe; and the old man wonders in his turn that the world never can grow wiſer, that neither precepts, nor teſtimonies, can cure boys of their credulity and ſufficiency: and that not one can be convinced that ſnares are laid for him, till he finds himſelf entangled.

Thus one generation is always the ſcorn and wonder of the other, and the notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture which never can unite. The ſpirits of

youth, ſublimed by health, and volatiliſed by paſſion, ſoon leave behind them the phlegmatick ſediment of wearineſs and deliberation, and burſt out in temerity and enterpriſe. The tenderneſs therefore which nature infuſes, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is neceſſary to reconcile ſuch oppoſition; and an old man muſt be a father to bear with patience thoſe follies and abſurdities which he will perpetually imagine himſelf to find in the ſchemes and expectations, the pleaſures and the ſorrows, of thoſe who have not yet been hardened by time, and chilled by fruſtration.

Yet it may be doubted, whether the pleaſure of ſeeing children ripening into ſtrength, be not overbalanced by the pain of ſeeing ſome fall in the bloſſom, and others blaſted in their growth; ſome ſhaken down by ſtorms, ſome tainted with cankers, and ſome ſhrivelled in the ſhade; and whether he that extends his care beyond himſelf, does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleaſures, and weary himſelf to no purpoſe, by ſuperintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings ſufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by fine ladies, who have had no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dreſs, diverſions, and flattery, and who having made no acquaintance with knowledge, or with buſineſs, have conſtantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happineſs to compliments and treats. With theſe ladies, age begins early, and very often laſts long; it begins when their beauty fades, when their mirth loſes its ſprightlineſs, and their motion its eaſe. From that time all which gave them joy vaniſhes from about them; they hear the praiſes beſtowed on others, which uſed to ſwell their boſſoms with exultation. They viſit the

the ſeats of felicity, and endeavour to continue the habit of being delighted. But pleaſure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them that their power and their value are paſt; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortleſs uniformity of time, without any motion of the heart, or exerciſe of the reaſon?

Yet, however age may diſcourage us by its appearance from conſidering it in proſpect, we ſhall all by degrees certainly be old; and therefore we ought to enquire, what proviſion can be made againſt that time of diſtreſs? what happineſs can be ſtored up againſt the winter of life; and how we may paſs our latter years with ſerenity and cheerfulneſs.

If it has been found by the experience of mankind, that not even the beſt ſeaſons of life are able to ſupply ſufficient gratifications, without anticipating uncertain felicities, it cannot ſurely be ſuppoſed, that old age, worn with labours, haraſſed with anxieties, and tortured with diſeaſes, ſhould have any gladneſs of its own, or feel any ſatisfaction from the contemplation of the preſent. All the comfort that can now be expected muſt be recalled from the paſt, or borrowed from the future; the paſt is very ſoon exhauſted, all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleaſure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and ſorrows inceſſantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulph of bottomleſs miſery, in which every reflection muſt plunge him deeper, and

where

where he finds only new gradations of anguiſh, and precipices of horrour.

HUMAN VIRTUE.

NUMB. 70. SATURDAY, *November* 17, 1750.

——— ——— *Argentea proles,*
Auro deterior, fulvo pretioſior ære. OVID.

Succeeding times a ſilver age behold,
Excelling braſs, but more excell'd by gold. DRYDEN.

HESIOD, in his celebrated diſtribution of mankind, divides them into three orders of intellect. "The firſt place," ſays he, "belongs to "him that can by his own powers diſcern what "is right and fit, and penetrate to the remoter "motives of action. The ſecond is claimed by "him that is willing to hear inſtruction, and can "perceive right and wrong when they are ſhewn "him by another; but he that has neither acuteneſs nor docility, who can neither find the way "by himſelf, nor will be led by others, is a wretch "without uſe or value."

If we ſurvey the moral world, it will be found, that the ſame diviſion may be made of men, with regard to their virtue. There are ſome whoſe principles are ſo firmly fixed, whoſe conviction is ſo conſtantly preſent to their minds, and who have raiſed in themſelves ſuch ardent wiſhes for the approbation of God, and the happineſs with which he has promiſed to reward obedience and perſeverance, that they riſe above all other cares and conſiderations, and uniformly examine every action and deſire, by comparing it with the divine commands.

mands. There are others in a kind of equipoiſe between good and ill; who are moved on the one part by riches or pleaſure, by the gratifications of paſſion and the delights of ſenſe; and, on the other, by laws of which they own the obligation, and rewards of which they believe the reality, and whom a very ſmall addition of weight turns either way. The third claſs conſiſts of beings immerſed in pleaſure, or abandoned to paſſion, without any deſire of higher good, or any effort to extend their thoughts beyond immediate and groſs ſatisfactions.

The ſecond claſs is ſo much the moſt numerous, that it may be conſidered as compriſing the whole body of mankind. Thoſe of the laſt are not very many, and thoſe of the firſt are very few; and neither the one nor the other fall much under the conſideration of the moraliſt, whoſe precepts are intended chiefly for thoſe who are endeavouring to go forward up the ſteeps of virtue, not for thoſe who have already reached the ſummit, or thoſe who are reſolved to ſtay for ever in their preſent ſituation.

To a man not verſed in the living world, but accuſtomed to judge only by ſpeculative reaſon, it is ſcarcely credible that any one ſhould be in this ſtate of indifference, or ſtand undetermined and unengaged, ready to follow the firſt call to either ſide. It ſeems certain, that either a man muſt believe that virtue will make him happy, and reſolve therefore to be virtuous, or think that he may be happy without virtue, and therefore caſt off all care but for his preſent intereſt. It ſeems impoſſible that conviction ſhould be on one ſide, and practice on the other; and that he who has ſeen the right way, ſhould voluntarily ſhut his eyes, that he may quit it with more tranquillity. Yet all theſe abſurdities are every hour to be found; the

the wiſeſt and beſt men deviate from known and acknowledged duties, by inadvertency or ſurpriſe; and moſt are good no longer than while temptation is away, than while their paſſions are without excitements, and their opinions are free from the counteraction of any other motive.

Among the ſentiments which almoſt every man changes as he advances into years, is the expectation of uniformity of character. He that without acquaintance with the power of deſire, the cogency of diſtreſs, the complications of affairs, or the force of partial influence, has filled his mind with the excellence of virtue, and having never tried his reſolution in any encounters with hope or fear, believes it able to ſtand firm, whatever ſhall oppoſe it, will be always clamorous againſt the ſmalleſt failure, ready to exact the utmoſt punctualities of right, and to conſider every man that fails in any part of his duty, as without conſcience and without merit; unworthy of truſt or love, of pity or regard; as an enemy whom all ſhould join to drive out of ſociety, as a peſt which all ſhould avoid, or as a weed which all ſhould trample.

It is not but by experience, that we are taught the poſſibility of retaining ſome virtues, and rejecting others, or of being good or bad to a particular degree. For it is very eaſy to the ſolitary reaſoner to prove that the ſame arguments by which the mind is fortified againſt one crime are of equal force againſt all, and the conſequence very naturally follows, that he whom they fail to move on any occaſion, has either never conſidered them, or has by ſome fallacy taught himſelf to evade their validity; and that, therefore, when a man is known to be guilty of one crime, no farther evidence is needful of his depravity and corruption.

Yet

Yet ſuch is the ſtate of all mortal virtue, that it is always uncertain and variable, ſometimes extending to the whole compaſs of duty, and ſometimes ſhrinking into a narrow ſpace, and fortifying only a few avenues of the heart, while all the reſt is left open to the incurſions of appetite, or given up to the dominion of wickedneſs. Nothing therefore is more unjuſt than to judge of man by too ſhort an acquaintance, and too ſlight inſpection; for it often happens, that in the looſe, and thoughtleſs, and diſſipated, there is a ſecret radical worth, which may ſhoot out by proper cultivation; that the ſpark of heaven, though dimmed and obſtructed, is yet not extinguiſhed, but may by the breath of counſel and exhortation be kindled into flame.

To imagine that every one who is not completely good is irrecoverably abandoned, is to ſuppoſe that all are capable of the ſame degrees of excellence; it is indeed to exact, from all, that perfection which none ever can attain. And ſince the pureſt virtue is conſiſtent with ſome vice, and the virtue of the greateſt number with almoſt an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too haſtily conclude, that all goodneſs is loſt, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for moſt minds are the ſlaves of external circumſtances, and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of cuſtom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard againſt them.

It may be particularly obſerved of women, that they are for the moſt part good or bad, as they fall among thoſe who practiſe vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reaſon gives them much ſecurity againſt the influence of example. Whether it be that they have leſs courage to ſtand againſt

againſt oppoſition, or that their deſire of admiration makes them ſacrifice their principles to the poor pleaſure of worthleſs praiſe, it is certain, whatever be the cauſe, that female goodneſs ſeldom keeps its ground againſt laughter, flattery or faſhion.

For this reaſon, every one ſhould conſider himſelf as entruſted, not only with his own conduct, but with that of others; and as accountable, not only for the duties which he neglects, or the crimes that he commits, but for that negligence and irregularity which he may encourage or inculcate. Every man, in whatever ſtation, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, admirers, and imitators, and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care; he ought to avoid not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes, and not only to practiſe virtue, but to applaud countenance, and ſupport it. For it is poſſible, that for want of attention we may teach others faults from which ourſelves are free, or by a cowardly deſertion of a cauſe which we ourſelves approve, may pervert thoſe who fix their eyes upon us, and having no rule of their own to guide their courſe, are eaſily miſled by the aberrations of that example which they chooſe for their directions.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

NUMB. 71. TUESDAY, *November* 20, 1750.

Vivere quod propero pauper, nec inutilis annis
Da veniam, properat vivere nemo ſatis. MART.

True, ſir, to live I haſte, your pardon give,
For tell me, who makes haſte enough to live? F. LEWIS.

MANY words and ſentences are ſo frequently heard in the mouths of men, that a ſuperficial obſerver is inclined to believe, that they muſt contain ſome primary principle, ſome great rule of action, which it is proper always to have preſent to the attention, and by which the uſe of every hour is to be adjuſted. Yet, if we conſider the conduct of thoſe ſententious philoſophers, it will often be found, that they repeat theſe aphoriſms, merely becauſe they have ſomewhere heard them, becauſe they have nothing elſe to ſay, or becauſe they think veneration gained by ſuch appearances of wiſdom, but that no ideas are annexed to the words, and that, according to the old blunder of the followers of *Ariſtotle*, their ſouls are mere pipes or organs, which tranſmit ſounds, but do not underſtand them.

Of this kind is the well known and well atteſted poſition, that *life is ſhort*, which may be heard among mankind by an attentive auditor, many times a day, but which never yet within my reach of obſervation left any impreſſion upon the mind; and perhaps, if my readers will turn their thoughts back upon their old friends, they will find it difficult to call a ſingle man to remembrance, who appeared to know that life was ſhort till he was about to loſe it.

It

It is obſervable that *Horace*, in his account of the characters of men, as they are diverſified by the various influence of time, remarks, that the old man is *dilator*, *ſpe longus*, given to procraſtination, and inclined to extend his hopes to a great diſtance. So far are we generally from thinking what we often ſay of the ſhortneſs of life, that at the time when it is neceſſarily ſhorteſt, we form projects which we delay to execute, indulge ſuch expectations as nothing but a long train of events can gratify, and ſuffer thoſe paſſions to gain upon us, which are only excuſable in the prime of life.

Theſe reflections were lately excited in my mind, by an evening's converſation with my friend *Proſpero*, who, at the age of fifty-five, has bought an eſtate, and is now contriving to diſpoſe and cultivate it with uncommon elegance. His great pleaſure is to walk among ſtately trees, and lie muſing in the heat of noon under their ſhade; he is therefore maturely conſidering how he ſhall diſpoſe his walks and his groves, and has at laſt determined to ſend for the beſt plans from *Italy*, and forbear planting till the next ſeaſon.

Thus is life trifled away in preparations to do what never can be done, if it be left unattempted till all the requiſites which imagination can ſuggeſt are gathered together. Where our deſign terminates only in our own ſatisfaction, the miſtake is of no great importance; for the pleaſure of expecting enjoyment, is often greater than that of obtaining it, and the completion of almoſt every wiſh is found a diſappointment; but when many others are intereſted in an undertaking, when any deſign is formed, in which the improvement or ſecurity of mankind is involved, nothing is more unworthy either of wiſdom or benevolence, than to delay it from time to time, or to forget how much every day that paſſes over us takes away from our power,

power, and how ſoon an idle purpoſe to do an action, ſinks into a mournful wiſh that it had once been done.

We are frequently importuned, by the bacchanalian writers, to lay hold on the preſent hour, to catch the pleaſures within our reach, and remember that futurity is not at our command.

> Soon fades the roſe; once paſt the fragrant hour,
> The loiterer finds a bramble for a flower.

But ſurely theſe exhortations may, with equal propriety, be applied to better purpoſes; it may be at leaſt inculcated, that pleaſures are more ſafely poſtponed than virtues, and that greater loſs is ſuffered by miſſing an opportunity of doing good, than an hour of giddy frolick and noiſy merriment.

When *Baxter* had loſt a thouſand pounds, which he had laid up for the erection of a ſchool, he uſed frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while GOD gives the power of beſtowing, and conſidered himſelf as culpable in ſome degree for having left a good action in the hands of chance, and ſuffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickneſs and diligence.

It is lamented by *Hearne*, the learned antiquary of *Oxford*, that this general forgetfulneſs of the fragility of life, has remarkably infected the ſtudents of monuments and records; as their employment conſiſts firſt in collecting, and afterwards in arranging or abſtracting what libraries afford them, they ought to amaſs no more than they can digeſt; but when they have undertaken a work, they go on ſearching and tranſcribing, call for new ſupplies, when they are already overburthened, and at laſt leave their work unfiniſhed. *It is*, ſays he, *the buſineſs*

ſineſs of a good antiquary, as of a good man, to have mortality always before him.

Thus, not only in the ſlumber of ſloth, but in the diſſipation of ill-directed induſtry, is the ſhortneſs of life generally forgotten. As ſome men loſe their hours in lazineſs, becauſe they ſuppoſe that there is time enough for the reparation of neglect; others buſy themſelves in providing that no length of life may want employment; and it often happens, that ſluggiſhneſs and activity are equally ſurpriſed by the laſt ſummons, and periſh not more differently from each other, than the fowl that received the ſhot in her flight, from her that is killed upon the buſh.

Among the many improvements made by the laſt centuries in human knowledge, may be numbered the exact calculations of the value of life; but whatever may be their uſe in traffick, they ſeem very little to have advanced morality. They have hitherto been rather applied to the acquiſition of money, than of wiſdom; the computer refers none of his calculations to his own tenure, but perſiſts, in contempt of probability, to foretel old age to himſelf, and believes that he is marked out to reach the utmoſt verge of human exiſtence, and ſee thouſands and ten thouſands fall into the grave.

So deeply is this fallacy rooted in the heart, and ſo ſtrongly guarded by hope and fear againſt the approach of reaſon, that neither ſcience nor experience can ſhake it, and we act as if life were without end, though we ſee and confeſs its uncertainty and ſhortneſs.

Divines have, with great ſtrength and ardour, ſhewn the abſurdity of delaying reformation and repentance; a degree of folly indeed, which ſets eternity to hazard. It is the ſame weakneſs, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to tranſfer

fer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time; we ſubject ourſelves to needleſs dangers from accidents which early diligence would have obviated, or perplex our minds by vain precautions, and make proviſion for the execution of deſigns, of which the opportunity once miſſed never will return.

As he that lives longeſt lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waſte. The duties of life are commenſurate to its duration, and every day brings its taſk, which if neglected is doubled on the morrow. But he that has already trifled away thoſe months and years, in which he ſhould have laboured, muſt remember that he has now only a part of that of which the whole is little; and that ſince the few moments remaining are to be conſidered as the laſt truſt of heaven, not one is to be loſt.

GOOD HUMOUR.

NUMB. 72. SATURDAY, *November* 24, 1750.

Omnis Ariſtippum *decuit ſtatus, et color, et res,*
Sectantem majora fere; preſentibus æquum. HOR.

Yet *Ariſtippus* ev'ry dreſs became;
In ev'ry various change of life the ſame;
And though he aim'd at things of higher kind,
Yet to the preſent held an equal mind. FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOSE who exalt themſelves into the chair of inſtruction, without enquiring whether any will ſubmit to their authority, have not ſufficiently conſidered

conſidered how much of human life paſſes in little incidents, curſory converſation, ſlight buſineſs, and caſual amuſements; and therefore they have endeavoured only to inculcate the more awful virtues, without condeſcending to regard thoſe petty qualities, which grow important only by their frequency, and which, though they produce no ſingle acts of heroiſm, nor aſtoniſh us by great events, yet are every moment exerting their influence upon us, and make the draught of life ſweet or bitter by imperceptible inſtillations. They operate unſeen and unregarded, as change of air makes us ſick or healthy, though we breathe it without attention, and only know the particles that impregnate it by their ſalutary or malignant effects.

You have ſhewn yourſelf not ignorant of the value of thoſe ſubaltern endowments, yet have hitherto neglected to recommend good-humour to the world, though a little reflection will ſhew you that it is the *balm of being*, the quality to which all that adorns or elevates mankind muſt owe its power of pleaſing. Without good-humour, learning and bravery can only confer that ſuperiority which ſwells the heart of the lion in the deſert, where he roars without reply, and ravages without reſiſtance. Without good-humour virtue may awe by its dignity, and amaze by its brightneſs; but muſt always be viewed at a diſtance, and will ſcarcely gain a friend or attract an imitator.

Good-humour may be defined a habit of being pleaſed; a conſtant and perennial ſoftneſs of manner, eaſineſs of approach, and ſuavity of diſpoſition; like that which every man perceives in himſelf, when the firſt tranſports of new felicity have ſubſided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a ſlow ſucceſſion of ſoft impulſes. Good-humour is

is a ſtate between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind, at leiſure to regard the gratification of another.

It is imagined by many, that whenever they aſpire to pleaſe, they are required to be merry, and to ſhew the gladneſs of their ſouls by flights of pleaſantry, and burſts of laughter. But though theſe men may be for a time heard with applauſe and admiration, they ſeldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to eaſineſs and good-humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the ſun, but ſoon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak ſpirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety ſeldom fails to give ſome pain; the hearers either ſtrain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and deſpair. Good-humour boaſts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleaſes principally by not offending.

It is well known that the moſt certain way to give any man pleaſure, is to perſuade him that you receive pleaſure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any ſuch appearance of ſuperiority as may overbear and depreſs him. We ſee many that by this art only, ſpend their days in the midſt of careſſes, invitations, and civilities; and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the univerſal favourites of both ſexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found ſuch as excite neither jealouſy nor fear, and are not conſidered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themſelves with common accompliſhments, and endeavour rather to ſolicit kindneſs than to raiſe eſteem; therefore in

aſſemblies and places of reſort it ſeldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of ſome particular perſon every face brightens with gladneſs, and every hand is extended in ſalutation, yet if you purſue him beyond the firſt exchange of civilities, you will find him of very ſmall importance, and only welcome to the company, as one by whom all conceive themſelves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuſe himſelf when he can find no other auditor or companion, as one with whom all are at eaſe, who will hear a jeſt without criticiſm, and a narrative without contradiction, who laughs with every wit, and yields to every diſputer.

There are many whoſe vanity always inclines them to aſſociate with thoſe from whom they have no reaſon to fear mortification; and there are times in which the wiſe and the knowing are willing to receive praiſe without the labour of deſerving it, in which the moſt elevated mind is willing to deſcend, and the moſt active to be at reſt. All therefore are at ſome hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon eaſy terms, and who will relieve them from ſolitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are moſt inclined to love when we have nothing to fear, and he that encourages us to pleaſe ourſelves, will not be long without preference in our affection to thoſe whoſe learning holds us at the diſtance of pupils, or whoſe wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard.

It is remarked by prince *Henry*, when he ſees *Falſtaff* lying on the ground, that *he could have better ſpared a better man.* He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented, but while his conviction compelled him to do juſtice to ſuperior qualities, his tenderneſs

ſtill

ſtill broke out at the remembrance of *Falſtaff*, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had paſſed his time in all the luxury of idleneſs, who had gladded him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and deſpiſe.

You may perhaps think this account of thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed for their good-humour, not very conſiſtent with the praiſes which I have beſtowed upon it. But ſurely nothing can more evidently ſhew the value of this quality, than that it recommends thoſe who are deſtitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendſhip to the worthleſs, and affection to the dull.

Good-humour is indeed generally degraded by the characters in which it is found; for being conſidered as a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by thoſe that having excellencies of higher reputation and brighter ſplendor, perhaps imagine that they have ſome right to gratify themſelves at the expence of others, and are to demand compliance, rather than to practiſe it. It is by ſome unfortunate miſtake that almoſt all thoſe who have any claim to eſteem or love, preſs their pretenſions with too little conſideration of others. This miſtake my own intereſt, as well as my zeal for general happineſs, makes me deſirous to rectify; for I have a friend, who, becauſe he knows his own fidelity and uſefulneſs, is never willing to ſink into a companion: I have a wife whoſe beauty firſt ſubdued me, and whoſe wit confirmed her conqueſt, but whoſe beauty now ſerves no other purpoſe than to entitle her to tyranny, and whoſe wit is only uſed to juſtify perverſeneſs.

Surely nothing can be more unreaſonable than to loſe the will to pleaſe, when we are conſcious

of the power, or ſhow more cruelty than to chuſe any kind of influence before that of kindneſs. He that regards the welfare of others, ſhould make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that conſiders the wants which every man feels, or will feel of external aſſiſtance, muſt rather wiſh to be ſurrounded by thoſe that love him, than by thoſe that admire his excellencies, or ſolicit his favours; for admiration ceaſes with novelty, and intereſt gains its end and retires. A man whoſe great qualities want the ornament of ſuperficial attractions is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treaſure is exhauſted.

I am, &c.

PHILOMIDES.

PEEVISHNESS.

NUMB. 74. SATURDAY, *Dec.* 1, 1750.

Rixatur de lanâ ſæpe caprina. HOR.

For nought tormented, ſhe for nought torments.
ELPHINSTON.

MEN ſeldom give pleaſure, where they are not pleaſed themſelves; it is neceſſary, therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulneſs, that in whatever ſtate we may be placed by Providence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may ſecure the love of thoſe with whom we tranſact. For though it is generally imagined, that he who grants favours, may ſpare any attention to his behaviour, and that uſefulneſs will always procure friends; yet it has been found that there

there is an art of granting requeſts, an art very difficult of attainment; that officiouſneſs and liberality may be ſo adulterated, as to loſe the greater part of their effect; that compliance may provoke, relief may haraſs, and liberality diſtreſs.

No diſeaſe of the mind can more fatally diſable it from benevolence, the chief duty of ſocial beings, than ill-humour or peeviſhneſs; for though it breaks not out in paroxyſms of outrage, nor burſts into clamour, turbulence, and bloodſhed, it wears out happineſs by ſlow corroſion, and ſmall injuries inceſſantly repeated. It may be conſidered as the canker of life, that deſtroys its vigour, and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot conſume.

Peeviſhneſs, when it has been ſo far indulged, as to outrun the motions of the will, and diſcover itſelf without premeditation, is a ſpecies of depravity in the higheſt degree diſguſting and offenſive, becauſe no rectitude of intention nor ſoftneſs of addreſs, can enſure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peeviſh man, and exerting ourſelves in the moſt diligent civility, an unlucky ſyllable diſpleaſes, an unheeded circumſtance ruffles and exaſperates; and in the moment when we congratulate ourſelves upon having gained a friend, our endeavours are fruſtrated at once, and all our aſſiduity forgotten in the caſual tumult of ſome trifling irritation.

This troubleſome impatience is ſometimes nothing more than the ſymptom of ſome deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confeſs his reſentment, or ſorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the firſt paſſages that are opened, and to let his paſ-

ſions boil over upon thoſe whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious courſe of ſickneſs frequently produces ſuch an alarming apprehenſion of the leaſt increaſe of uneaſineſs, as keeps the ſoul perpetually on the watch, ſuch a reſtleſs and inceſſant ſolicitude, as no care or tenderneſs can appeaſe, and can only be pacified by the cure of the diſtemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakneſs, is the captiouſneſs of old age. When the ſtrength is cruſhed, the ſenſes dulled, and the common pleaſures of life become inſipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneaſineſs to cauſes not wholly out of our power, and pleaſe ourſelves with fancying that we ſuffer by neglect, unkindneſs, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon thoſe on whom we reſolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greateſt need of tenderneſs and aſſiſtance.

But though peeviſhneſs may ſometimes claim our compaſſion, as the conſequence or concomitant of miſery, it is very often found where nothing can juſtify or excuſe its admiſſion. It is frequently one of the attendants on the proſperous, and is employed by inſolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in haraſſing ſubjection. It is the offſpring of idleneſs or pride; of idleneſs anxious for trifles; or pride unwilling to endure the leaſt obſtruction of her wiſhes. Thoſe who have long lived in ſolitude indeed naturally contract this unſocial quality, becauſe, having long had only themſelves to pleaſe, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their ſingularities, therefore, are only blameable, when they have imprudently

prudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them, but those who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to lull him on the down of absolute authority, to sooth him with obsequiousness, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate for the coarseness of truth; a little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; having been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour, he soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

Tetrica had a large fortune bequeathed to her by an aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed her in a state of superiority to all about her. Having no superfluity of understanding, she was soon intoxicated by the flatteries of her maid, who informed her that ladies, such as she, had nothing to do but take pleasure their own way; that she wanted nothing from others, and had therefore no reason to value their opinion; that money was every thing; and that they who thought themselves ill-treated, should look for better usage among their equals.

Warm with these generous sentiments, *Tetrica* came forth into the world, in which she endeavoured to force respect by haughtiness of mien and vehemence of language; but having neither birth, beauty, nor wit, in any uncommon de-

gree, ſhe ſuffered ſuch mortifications from thoſe who thought themſelves at liberty to return her inſults, as reduced her turbulence to cooler malignity, and taught her to practiſe her arts of vexation only where ſhe might hope to tyrannize without reſiſtance. She continued from her twentieth to her fifty-fifth year to torment all her inferiors with ſo much diligence, that ſhe has formed a principle of diſapprobation, and finds in every place ſomething to grate her mind, and diſturb her quiet.

If ſhe takes the air, ſhe is offended with the heat or cold, the glare of the ſun, or the gloom of the clouds; if ſhe makes a viſit, the room in which ſhe is to be received, is too light, or too dark, or furniſhed with ſomething which ſhe cannot ſee without averſion. Her tea is never of the right ſort; the figures on the *China* give her diſguſt. Where there are children, ſhe hates the gabble of brats; where there are none, ſhe cannot bear a place without ſome cheerfulneſs and rattle. If many ſervants are kept in a houſe, ſhe never fails to tell how lord *Laviſh* was ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, ſhe relates the ſtory of a miſer that made his company wait on themſelves. She quarrelled with one family, becauſe ſhe had an unpleaſant view from their windows; with another, becauſe the ſquirrel leaped within two yards of her; and with a third, becauſe ſhe could not bear the noiſe of the parrot.

Of milliners and mantua-makers ſhe is the proverbial torment. She compels them to alter their work, then to unmake it, and contrive it after another faſhion; then changes her mind, and likes it better as it was at firſt; then will have a ſmall improvement. Thus ſhe proceeds till no profit can recompenſe the vexation; they at laſt leave the clothes at her houſe, and refuſe to

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ſerve her. Her maid, the only being that can endure her tyranny, profeſſes to take her own courſe, and hear her miſtreſs talk. Such is the conſequence of peeviſhneſs; it can be borne only when it is deſpiſed.

It ſometimes happens that too cloſe an attention to minute exactneſs, or a too rigorous habit of examining every thing by the ſtandard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the underſtanding, and teaches the mind to diſcern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident likewiſe to men of vigorous imagination to pleaſe themſelves too much with futurities, and to fret becauſe thoſe expectations are diſappointed, which ſhould never have been formed. Knowledge and genius are often enemies to quiet, by ſuggeſting ideas of excellence, which men and the performances of men cannot attain. But let no man raſhly determine, that his unwillingneſs to be pleaſed is a proof of underſtanding, unleſs his ſuperiority appears from leſs doubtful evidence; for though peeviſhneſs may ſometimes juſtly boaſt its deſcent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of baſe extraction, the child of vanity, and nurſling of ignorance.

THE ARTS OF DECEIVING CONSCIENCE.

NUMB. 76. SATURDAY, *Dec.* 8, 1750.

——— Silvis ubi paſſim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit, unus utrique
Error, ſed variis illudit partibus. HOR.

While mazy error draws mankind aſtray
From truth's ſure path, each takes his devious way;
One to the right, one to the left recedes,
Alike deluded, as each fancy leads. ELPHINSTON.

IT is eaſy for every man, whatever be his character with others, to find reaſons for eſteeming himſelf, and therefore cenſure, contempt, or conviction of crimes, ſeldom deprive him of his own favour. Thoſe, indeed, who can ſee only external facts, may look upon him with abhorrence, but when he calls himſelf to his own tribunal he finds every fault, if not abſolutely effaced, yet ſo much palliated by the goodneſs of his intention, and the cogency of the motive, that very little guilt or turpitude remains; and when he takes a ſurvey of the whole complication of his character, he diſcovers ſo many latent excellencies, ſo many virtues that want but an opportunity to exert themſelves in act, and ſo many kind wiſhes for univerſal happineſs, that he looks on himſelf as ſuffering unjuſtly under the infamy of ſingle failings, while the general temper of his mind is unknown or unregarded.

It is natural to mean well, when only abſtracted ideas of virtue are propoſed to the mind, and no particular paſſion turns us aſide from rectitude; and ſo willing is every man to flatter himſelf, that the difference between approving laws, and obeying

ing them, is frequently forgotten; he that acknowledges the obligations of morality, and pleaſes his vanity with enforcing them to others, concludes himſelf zealous in the cauſe of virtue, though he has no longer any regard to her precepts, than they conform to his own deſires; and counts himſelf among her warmeſt lovers, becauſe he praiſes her beauty, though every rival ſteals away his heart.

There are, however, great numbers who have little recourſe to the refinements of ſpeculation, but who yet live at peace with themſelves, by means which require leſs underſtanding, or leſs attention. When their hearts are burthened with the conſciouſneſs of a crime, inſtead of ſeeking for ſome remedy within themſelves, they look round upon the reſt of mankind, to find others tainted with the ſame guilt: they pleaſe themſelves with obſerving, that they have numbers on their ſide; and that though they are hunted out from the ſociety of good men, they are not likely to be condemned to ſolitude.

It may be obſerved, perhaps without exception, that none are ſo induſtrious to detect wickedneſs, or ſo ready to impute it, as they whoſe crimes are apparent and confeſſed. They envy an unblemiſhed reputation, and what they envy they are buſy to deſtroy: they are unwilling to ſuppoſe themſelves meaner and more corrupt than others, and therefore willingly pull down from their elevations thoſe with whom they cannot riſe to an equality. No man yet was ever wicked without ſecret diſcontent, and according to the different degrees of remaining virtue, or unextinguiſhed reaſon, he either endeavours to reform himſelf, or corrupt others; either to regain the ſtation which he has quitted, or prevail on others to imitate his defection.

It has always been conſidered as an alleviation of miſery not to ſuffer alone, even when union and ſociety can contribute nothing to reſiſtance or eſcape; ſome comfort of the ſame kind ſeems to incite wickedneſs to ſeek aſſociates, though indeed another reaſon may be given, for as guilt is propagated, the power of reproach is diminiſhed, and among numbers equally deteſtable every individual may be ſheltered from ſhame, though not from conſcience.

Another lenitive by which the throbs of the breaſt are aſſuaged, is, the contemplation, not of the ſame, but of different crimes. He that cannot juſtify himſelf by his reſemblance to others, is ready to try ſome other expedient, and to enquire what will riſe to his advantage from oppoſition and diſſimilitude. He eaſily finds ſome faults in every human being, which he weighs againſt his own, and eaſily makes them preponderate while he keeps the balance in his own hand, and throws in or takes out at his pleaſure circumſtances that make them heavier or lighter. He then triumphs in his comparative purity, and ſets himſelf at eaſe, not becauſe he can refute the charges advanced againſt him, but becauſe he can cenſure his accuſers with equal juſtice, and no longer fears the arrows of reproach, when he has ſtored his magazine of malice with weapons equally ſharp and equally envenomed.

This practice, though never juſt, is yet ſpecious and artful, when the cenſure is directed againſt deviations to the contrary extreme. The man who is branded with cowardice, may, with ſome appearance of propriety, turn all his force of argument againſt a ſtupid contempt of life, and raſh precipitation into unneceſſary danger. Every receſſion from temerity is an approach towards cowardice, and though it be confeſſed that bravery, like other virtues,

virtues, ſtands between faults on either hand, yet the place of the middle point may always be diſputed; he may therefore often impoſe upon careleſs underſtandings, by turning the attention wholly from himſelf, and keeping it fixed invariably on the oppoſite fault; and by ſhewing how many evils are avoided by his behaviour, he may conceal for a time thoſe which are incurred.

But vice has not always opportunities or addreſs for ſuch artful ſubterfuges: men often extenuate their own guilt, only by vague and general charges upon others, or endeavour to gain reſt to themſelves, by pointing ſome other prey to the purſuit of cenſure.

Every whiſper of infamy is induſtriouſly circulated, every hint of ſuſpicion eagerly improved, and every failure of conduct joyfully publiſhed, by thoſe whoſe intereſt it is, that the eye and voice of the publick ſhould be employed on any rather than on themſelves.

All theſe artifices, and a thouſand others equally vain and equally deſpicable, are incited by that conviction of the deformity of wickedneſs, from which none can ſet himſelf free, and by an abſurd deſire to ſeparate the cauſe from the effects, and to enjoy the profit of crimes without ſuffering the ſhame. Men are willing to try all methods of reconciling guilt and quiet, and when their underſtandings are ſtubborn and uncomplying, raiſe their paſſions againſt them, and hope to overpower their own knowledge.

It is generally not ſo much the deſire of men, ſunk into depravity, to deceive the world as themſelves, for when no particular circumſtances make them dependant on others, infamy diſturbs them little, but as it revives their remorſe, and is echoed to them from their own hearts. The ſentence moſt dreaded is that of reaſon and conſcience, which they

they would engage on their ſide at any price but the labours of duty, and the ſorrows of repentance. For this purpoſe every ſeducement and fallacy is ſought, the hopes ſtill reſt upon ſome new experiment till life is at an end; and the laſt hour ſteals on unperceived, while the faculties are engaged in reſiſting reaſon, and repreſſing the ſenſe of the divine diſapprobation.

ABUSE OF TALENTS.

NUMB. 77. TUESDAY, *December* 11, 1750.

Os dignum æterno nitidum quod fulgeat auro,
Si mallet laudare Deum, cui ſordida Monſtra
Prætulit, et liquidam temeravit Crimine vocem. PRUDENT.

A golden ſtatue ſuch a wit might claim,
Had God and virtue rais'd the noble flame;
But ah! how lewd a ſubject has he ſung,
What vile obſcenity profanes his tongue. F. LEWIS.

AMONG thoſe, whoſe hopes of diſtinction, or riches, ariſe from an opinion of their intellectual attainments, it has been, from age to age, an eſtabliſhed cuſtom to complain of the ingratitude of mankind to their inſtructors, and the diſcouragement which men of genius and ſtudy ſuffer from avarice and ignorance, from the prevalence of falſe taſte, and the encroachment of barbarity.

Men are moſt powerfully affected by thoſe evils which themſelves feel, or which appear before their own eyes; and as there has never been a time of ſuch general felicity, but that many have failed to obtain the rewards to which they had, in their own judgment, a juſt claim, ſome offended writer has always declaimed, in the rage of diſappointment, againſt his age or nation; nor is there one who has not

not fallen upon times more unfavourable to learning than any former century, or who does not wiſh, that he had been reſerved in the inſenſibility of non-exiſtence to ſome happier hour, when literary merit ſhall no longer be deſpiſed, and the gifts and careſſes of mankind ſhall recompenſe the toils of ſtudy, and add luſtre to the charms of wit.

Many of theſe clamours are undoubtedly to be conſidered only as the burſts of pride never to be ſatisfied, as the prattle of affectation mimicking diſtreſſes unfelt, or as the common-places of vanity ſolicitous for ſplendour of ſentences, and acuteneſs of remark. Yet it cannot be denied that frequent diſcontent muſt proceed from frequent hardſhips, and though it is evident, that not more than one age or people can deſerve the cenſure of being more averſe from learning than any other, yet at all times knowledge muſt have encountered impediments, and wit been mortified with contempt, or haraſſed with perſecution.

It is not neceſſary, however, to join immediately in the outcry, or to condemn mankind as pleaſed with ignorance, or always envious of ſuperior abilities. The miſeries of the learned have been related by themſelves, and ſince they have not been found exempt from that partiality with which men look upon their own actions and ſufferings, we may conclude that they have not forgotten to deck their cauſe with the brighteſt ornaments, and ſtrongeſt colours. The logician collected all his ſubtilties when they were to be employed in his own defence; and the maſter of rhetorick exerted againſt his adverſary all the arts by which hatred is embittered, and indignation inflamed.

To believe no man in his own cauſe, is the ſtanding and perpetual rule of diſtributive juſtice. Since therefore, in the controverſy between the learned and their enemies, we have only the pleas of

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one party, of the party more able to delude our underſtandings, and engage our paſſions, we muſt determine our opinion by facts unconteſted, and evidences on each ſide allowed to be genuine.

By this procedure, I know not whether the ſtudents will find their cauſe promoted, or the compaſſion which they expect much increaſed. Let their conduct be impartially ſurveyed; let them be allowed no longer to direct attention at their pleaſure, by expatiating on their own deſerts; let neither the dignity of knowledge overawe the judgment, nor the graces of elegance ſeduce it. It will then, perhaps, be found, that they were not able to produce claims to kinder treatment, but provoked the calamities which they ſuffered, and ſeldom wanted friends but when they wanted virtue.

That few men, celebrated for theoretick wiſdom, live with conformity to their precepts, muſt be readily confeſſed; and we cannot wonder that the indignation of mankind riſes with great vehemence againſt thoſe, who neglect the duties which they appear to know with ſo ſtrong conviction the neceſſity of performing. Yet ſince no man has power of acting equal to that of thinking, I know not whether the ſpeculatiſt may not ſometimes incur cenſures too ſevere, and by thoſe, who form ideas of his life from their knowledge of his books, be conſidered as worſe than others, only becauſe he was expected to be better.

He, by whoſe writings the heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, and the paſſions repreſſed, may be conſidered as not unprofitable to the great republick of humanity, even though his behaviour ſhould not always exemplify his rules. His inſtructions may diffuſe their influence to regions, in which it will not be inquired, whether the author be *albus an ater*, good or bad; to times, when all his faults and

and all his follies ſhall be loſt in forgetfulneſs, among things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in thouſands and ten thouſands that flame which burnt but dimly in himſelf, through the fumes of paſſion, or the damps of cowardice. The vicious moraliſt may be conſidered as a taper, by which we are lighted through the labyrinth of complicated paſſions, he extends his radiance further than his heat, and guides all that are within view, but burns only thoſe who make too near approaches.

Yet ſince good or harm muſt be received for the moſt part from thoſe to whom we are familiarly known, he whoſe vices overpower his virtues, in the compaſs to which his vices can extend, has no reaſon to complain that he meets not with affection or veneration, when thoſe with whom he paſſes his life are more corrupted by his practice than enlightened by his ideas. Admiration begins where acquaintance ceaſes; and his favourers are diſtant, but his enemies at hand.

Yet many have dared to boaſt of neglected merit, and to challenge their age for cruelty and folly, of whom it cannot be alleged that they have endeavoured to increaſe the wiſdom or virtue of their readers. They have been at once profligate in their lives, and licentious in their compoſitions; have not only forſaken the paths of virtue, but attempted to lure others after them. They have ſmoothed the road of perdition, covered with flowers the thorns of guilt, and taught temptation ſweeter notes, ſofter blandiſhments, and ſtronger allurements.

It has been apparently the ſettled purpoſe of ſome writers, whoſe powers and acquiſitions place them high in the rank of literature, to ſet faſhion on the ſide of wickedneſs; to recommend debauchery and lewdneſs, by aſſociating them with qualities moſt likely to dazzle the diſcernment, and attract the affections;

affections; and to ſhow innocence and goodneſs with ſuch attendant weakneſſes as neceſſarily expoſe them to contempt and deriſion.

Such naturally found intimates among the corrupt, the thoughtleſs, and the intemperate; paſſed their lives amidſt the levities of ſportive idleneſs, or the warm profeſſions of drunken friendſhip; and fed their hopes with the promiſes of wretches, whom their precepts had taught to ſcoff at truth. But when fools had laughed away their ſprightlineſs, and the languors of exceſs could no longer be relieved, they ſaw their protectors hourly drop away, and wondered and ſtormed to find themſelves abandoned. Whether their companions perſiſted in wickedneſs, or returned to virtue, they were left equally without aſſiſtance; for debauchery is ſelfiſh and negligent, and from virtue the virtuous only can expect regard.

It is ſaid by *Florus* of *Catiline*, who died in the midſt of ſlaughtered enemies, that *his death had been illuſtrious had it been ſuffered for his country*. Of the wits who have languiſhed away life under the preſſures of poverty, or in the reſtleſſneſs of ſuſpenſe, careſſed and rejected, flattered and deſpiſed, as they were of more or leſs uſe to thoſe who ſtiled themſelves their patrons, it might be obſerved, that their miſeries would enforce compaſſion, had they been brought upon them by honeſty and religion.

The wickedneſs of a looſe or profane author is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken raviſher, not only becauſe it extends its effects wider, as a peſtilence that taints the air is more deſtructive than poiſon infuſed in a draught, but becauſe it is committed with cool deliberation. By the inſtantaneous violence of deſire, a good man may ſometimes be ſurpriſed before reflection can come to his reſcue; when the appetites have ſtrengthened their influence by habit, they are not eaſily

eaſily reſiſted or ſuppreſſed; but for the frigid villany of ſtudious lewdneſs, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What puniſhment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to ſolitudes for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ranſacks his memory, only that he may leave the world leſs virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the riſing generation; and ſpread ſnares for the ſoul with more dexterity?

What were their motives, or what their excuſes, is below the dignity of reaſon to examine. If having extinguiſhed in themſelves the diſtinction of right and wrong, they were inſenſible of the miſchief which they promoted, they deſerved to be hunted down by the general compact, as no longer partaking of ſocial nature; if influenced by the corruption of patrons, or readers, they ſacrificed their own convictions to vanity or intereſt, they were to be abhorred with more acrimony than he that murders for pay; ſince they committed greater crimes without greater temptations.

Of him, to whom much is given, much ſhall be required. Thoſe, whom God has favoured with ſuperior faculties, and made eminent for quickneſs of intuition, and accuracy of diſtinctions, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eye, for defects and deviations which, in ſouls leſs enlightened, may be guiltleſs. But, ſurely, none can think without horror on that man's condition, who has been more wicked in proportion as he had more means of excelling in virtue, and uſed the light imparted from heaven only to embelliſh folly, and ſhed luſtre upon crimes.

ATTENTION

ATTENTION to MORTALITY.

NUMB. 78. SATURDAY, *December* 15, 1750.

——*Mors ſola fatetur*
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula. JUV.

Death only this myſterious truth unfolds,
The mighty ſoul how ſmall a body holds! DRYDEN.

CORPORAL ſenſation is known to depend ſo much upon novelty, that cuſtom takes away from many things their power of giving pleaſure or pain. Thus a new dreſs becomes eaſy by wearing it, and the palate is reconciled by degrees to diſhes which at firſt diſguſted it. That by long habit of carrying a burden, we loſe, in great part, our ſenſibility of its weight, any man may be convinced by putting on for an hour the armour of ouranceſtors; for he will ſcarcely believe that men would have had much inclination to marches and battles, encumbered and oppreſſed, as he will find himſelf, with the ancient panoply. Yet the heroes that overrun regions, and ſtormed towns in iron accoutrements, he knows not to have been bigger, and has no reaſon to imagine them ſtronger than the preſent race of men; he therefore muſt conclude, that their peculiar powers were conferred only by peculiar habits, and that their familiarity with the dreſs of war enabled them to move in it with eaſe, vigour, and agility.

Yet it ſeems to be the condition of our preſent ſtate, that pain ſhould be more fixed and permanent than pleaſure. Uneaſineſs gives way by ſlow degrees, and is long before it quits its poſſeſſion of the ſenſory; but all our gratifications are volatile, vagrant,

vagrant, and eaſily diſſipated. The fragrance of the jeſſamine bower is loſt after the enjoyment of a few moments, and the *Indian* wanders among his native ſpices without any ſenſe of their exhalations. It is, indeed, not neceſſary to ſhew by many inſtances what all mankind confeſs, by an inceſſant call for variety, and reſtleſs purſuit of enjoyments, which they value only becauſe unpoſſeſſed.

Something ſimilar, or analogous, may be obſerved in effects produced immediately upon the mind; nothing can ſtrongly ſtrike or affect us, but what is rare or ſudden. The moſt important events, when they become familiar, are no longer conſidered with wonder or ſolicitude, and that which at firſt filled up our whole attention, and left no place for any other thought, is ſoon thruſt aſide into ſome remote repoſitory of the mind, and lies among other lumber of the memory, overlooked and neglected. Thus far the mind reſembles the body, but here the ſimilitude is at an end.

The manner in which external force acts upon the body is very little ſubject to the regulation of the will; no man can at pleaſure obtund or invigorate his ſenſes, prolong the agency of any impulſe, or continue the preſence of any image traced upon the eye, or any ſound infuſed into the ear. But our ideas are more ſubjected to choice; we can call them before us, and command their ſtay, we can facilitate and promote their recurrence, we can either repreſs their intruſion, or haſten their retreat. It is therefore the buſineſs of wiſdom and virtue, to ſelect among numberleſs objects ſtriving for our notice, ſuch as may enable us to exalt our reaſon, extend our views, and ſecure our happineſs. But this choice is to be made with very little regard to rareneſs or frequency; for nothing is valuable merely becauſe it is either

rare

rare or common, but becauſe it is adapted to ſome uſeful purpoſe, and enables us to ſupply ſome deficiency of our nature.

Milton has judiciouſly repreſented the father of mankind, as ſeized with horror and aſtoniſhment at the ſight of death; exhibited to him on the mount of viſion. For ſurely, nothing can ſo much diſturb the paſſions, or perplex the intellects of man, as the diſruption of his union with viſible nature; a ſeparation from all that has hitherto delighted or engaged him; a change not only of the place, but the manner of his being; an entrance into a ſtate not ſimply which he knows not, but which perhaps he has not faculties to know; an immediate and perceptible communication with the Supreme Being, and, what is above all diſtreſſful and alarming, the final ſentence, and unalterable allotment.

Yet we, to whom the ſhortneſs of life has given frequent occaſions of contemplating mortality, can, without emotion, ſee generations of men paſs away, and are at leiſure to eſtabliſh modes of ſorrow, and adjuſt the ceremonial of death. We can look upon funeral pomp as a common ſpectacle in which we have no concern, and turn away from it to trifles and amuſements, without dejection of look, or inquietude of heart.

It is, indeed, apparent from the conſtitution of the world, that there muſt be a time for other thoughts; and a perpetual meditation upon the laſt hour, however it may become the ſolitude of a monaſtery, is inconſiſtent with many duties of common life. But ſurely the remembrance of death ought to predominate in our minds, as an habitual and ſettled principle, always operating, though not always perceived; and our attention ſhould ſeldom wander ſo far from our own condition, as not to be recalled and fixed by ſight of an event, which

which muſt ſoon, we know not how ſoon, happen likewiſe to ourſelves, and of which, though we cannot appoint the time, we may ſecure the conſequence.

Every inſtance of death may juſtly awaken our tears and quicken our vigilance, but its frequency ſo much weakens its effect, that we are ſeldom alarmed unleſs ſome cloſe connexion is broken, ſome ſcheme fruſtrated, or ſome hope defeated. Many, therefore, ſeem to paſs on from youth to decrepitude without any reflection on the end of life, becauſe they are wholly involved within themſelves, and look on others only as inhabitants of the common earth, without any expectation of receiving good, or intention of beſtowing it.

Events, of which we confeſs the importance, excite little ſenſibility, unleſs they affect us more nearly than as ſharers in the common intereſt of mankind; that deſire which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, is often mortified when we remark how little concern is cauſed by the eternal departure even of thoſe who have paſſed their lives with publick honours, and been diſtinguiſhed by extraordinary performances. It is not poſſible to be regarded with tenderneſs except by a few. That merit which gives greatneſs and renown, diffuſes its influence to a wide compaſs, but acts weakly on every ſingle breaſt; it is placed at a diſtance from common ſpectators, and ſhines like one of the remote ſtars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philoſopher, whom their tempers or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, die, without any other effect than that of adding a new topick to the converſation of the day. They impreſs none with any freſh conviction of the fragility of our nature, becauſe none had any particular

particular intereſt in their lives, or was united to them by a reciprocation of benefits and endearments.

Thus it often happens, that thoſe who in their lives were applauded and admired, are laid at laſt in the ground without the common honour of a ſtone; becauſe by thoſe excellencies with which many were delighted, none had been obliged, and, though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them.

Cuſtom ſo far regulates the ſentiments, at leaſt of common minds, that I believe men may be generally obſerved to grow leſs tender as they advance in age. He, who, when life was new, melted at the loſs of every companion, can look in time, without concern, upon the grave into which his laſt friend was thrown, and into which himſelf is ready to fall; not that he is more willing to die than formerly, but that he is more familiar to the death of others, and therefore is not alarmed ſo far as to conſider how much nearer he approaches to his end. But this is to ſubmit tamely to the tyranny of accident, and to ſuffer our reaſon to lie uſeleſs. Every funeral may juſtly be conſidered as a ſummons to prepare for that ſtate, into which it ſhews us that we muſt ſometime enter; and the ſummons is more loud and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at leſs diſtance. To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to ſleep on our poſt at a ſiege, but to omit it in old age, is to ſleep at an attack.

It has always appeared to me one of the moſt ſtriking paſſages in the viſions of *Quevedo*, which ſtigmatiſes thoſe as fools who complain that they failed of happineſs by ſudden death. "How," ſays he, "can death be ſudden to a being who "always knew that he muſt die, and that the time "of his death was uncertain?"

Since

Since buſineſs and gaiety are always drawing our attention away from a future ſtate, ſome admonition is frequently neceſſary to recall it to our minds, and what can more properly renew the impreſſion than the examples of mortality which every day ſupplies? The great incentive to virtue is the reflection that we muſt die; it will, therefore, be uſeful to accuſtom ourſelves, whenever we ſee a funeral, to conſider how ſoon we may be added to the number of thoſe whoſe probation is paſt, and whoſe happineſs or miſery ſhall endure for ever.

SUSPICION.

NUMB. 79. TUESDAY, *December* 18, 1750.

Tam ſæpe noſtrum decipi Fabullum, quid
Miraris, Aule? Semper bonus homo tiro eſt. MART.

You wonder I've ſo little wit,
Friend *John*, ſo often to be bit.—
None better guard againſt a cheat
Than he who is a knave complete. F. LEWIS.

SUSPICION, however neceſſary it may be to our ſafe paſſage through ways beſet on all ſides by fraud and malice, has been always conſidered, when it exceeds the common meaſures, as a token of depravity and corruption; and a *Greek* writer of ſentences has laid down as a ſtanding maxim, that *he who believes not another on his oath, knows himſelf to be perjured.*

We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in compariſon with ſomething that we know: whoever, therefore, is over-run with ſuſpicion, and detects artifice and ſtratagem in every propoſal, muſt either have

learned by experience or obſervation the wickedneſs of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often ſuffered or ſeen treachery, or he muſt derive his judgment from the conſciouſneſs of his own diſpoſition, and impute to others the ſame inclinations, which he feels predominant in himſelf.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon life, and obſerving the arts by which negligence is ſurpriſed, timidity overborne, and credulity amuſed, requires either great latitude of converſe and long acquaintance with buſineſs, or uncommon activity of vigilance, and acuteneſs of penetration. When therefore a young man, not diſtinguiſhed by vigour of intellect, comes into the world full of ſcruples and diffidence; makes a bargain with many proviſional limitations; heſitates in his anſwer to a common queſtion, leſt more ſhould be intended than he can immediately diſcover; has a long reach in detecting the projects of his acquaintance; conſiders every careſs as an act of hypocriſy, and feels neither gratitude nor affection from the tenderneſs of his friends, becauſe he believes no one to have any real tenderneſs: but for himſelf, whatever expectations this early ſagacity may raiſe of his future eminence or riches, I can ſeldom forbear to conſider him as a wretch incapable of generoſity or benevolence, as a villain early completed beyond the need of common opportunities and gradual temptations.

Upon men of this claſs inſtruction and admonition are generally thrown away, becauſe they conſider artifice and deceit as proofs of underſtanding; they are miſled at the ſame time by the two great ſeducers of the world, vanity and intereſt, and not only look upon thoſe who act with openneſs and confidence, as condemned by their principles to obſcurity

obſcurity and want, but as contemptible for narrowneſs of comprehenſion, ſhortneſs of views, and ſlowneſs of contrivance.

The world has been long amuſed with the mention of policy in publick tranſactions, and of art in private affairs; they have been conſidered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level: yet I have not found many performances either of art or policy, that required ſuch ſtupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by falſehood and impudence, without the aſſiſtance of any other powers. To profeſs what he does not mean, to promiſe what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with proſpects of promotion, and miſery with hopes of relief, to ſooth pride with appearances of ſubmiſſion, and appeaſe enmity by blandiſhments and bribes, can ſurely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to its own purpoſes, a face that cannot bluſh, and a heart that cannot feel.

Theſe practices are ſo mean and baſe, that he who finds in himſelf no tendency to uſe them, cannot eaſily believe that they are conſidered by others with leſs deteſtation; he therefore ſuffers himſelf to ſlumber in falſe ſecurity, and becomes a prey to thoſe who applaud their own ſubtilty, becauſe they know how to ſteal upon his ſleep, and exult in the ſucceſs which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themſelves, who was hindered from obviating their ſtratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

Suſpicion is, indeed, a temper ſo uneaſy and reſtleſs, that it is very juſtly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is ſaid, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of ſleep long continued; a pain,

to which the ſtate of that man bears a very exact analogy, who dares never give reſt to his vigilance and circumſpection, but conſiders himſelf as ſurrounded by ſecret foes, and fears to intruſt his children, or his friend, with the ſecret that throbs in his breaſt, and the anxieties that break into his face. To avoid, at this expence, thoſe evils to which eaſineſs and friendſhip might have expoſed him, is ſurely to buy ſafety at too dear a rate, and, in the language of the *Roman* ſatiriſt, to ſave life by loſing all for which a wiſe man would live.

When in the diet of the *German* empire, as *Camerarius* relates, the princes were once diſplaying their felicity, and each boaſting the advantages of his own dominions, one who poſſeſſed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of its cities, or the fertility of its ſoil, roſe to ſpeak, and the reſt liſtened between pity and contempt, till he declared, in honour of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and if he was weary, ſleep in ſafety upon the lap of the firſt man whom he ſhould meet; a commendation which would have been ill exchanged for the boaſt of palaces, paſtures, or ſtreams.

Suſpicion is not leſs an enemy to virtue than to happineſs: he that is already corrupt is naturally ſuſpicious, and he that becomes ſuſpicious will quickly be corrupt. It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourſelves have ſuffered; men who are once perſuaded that deceit will be employed againſt them, ſometimes think the ſame arts juſtified by the neceſſity of defence. Even they whoſe virtue is too well eſtabliſhed to give way to example, or be ſhaken by ſophiſtry, muſt yet feel their love of mankind diminiſhed with their eſteem, and grow leſs zealous for the happineſs of thoſe by whom they imagine their own happineſs endangered.

Thus

Thus we find old age, upon which ſuſpicion has been ſtrongly impreſſed by long intercourſe with the world, inflexible and ſevere, not eaſily ſoftened by ſubmiſſion, melted by complaint, or ſubdued by ſupplication. Frequent experience of counterfeited miſeries, and diſſembled virtue, in time overcomes that diſpoſition to tenderneſs and ſympathy, which is ſo powerful in our younger years; and they that happen to petition the old for compaſſion or aſſiſtance, are doomed to languiſh without regard, and ſuffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeſerving or ungrateful.

Hiſtorians are certainly chargeable with the depravation of mankind, when they relate without cenſure thoſe ſtratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his deſtruction. A ſhip comes before a port, weather-beaten and ſhattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, ſupplying themſelves with neceſſaries, or burying their dead. The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to conſent, the ſtrangers enter the town with the weapons concealed, fall ſuddenly upon their hoſts, deſtroy thoſe that make reſiſtance, and become maſters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their ſucceſs is recorded to encourage imitation.

But ſurely war has its laws, and ought to be conducted with ſome regard to the univerſal intereſt of man. Thoſe may juſtly be purſued as enemies to the community of nature, who ſuffer hoſtility to vacate the unalterable laws of right, and purſue their private advantage by means, which, if once eſtabliſhed, muſt deſtroy kindneſs, cut off from every man all hopes of aſſiſtance from another, and fill the world with perpetual ſuſpicion and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus gained ought to be reſtored, and thoſe who have conquered by

ſuch treachery may be juſtly denied the protection of their native country.

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which conſtitutes not only the eaſe but the exiſtence of ſociety. He that ſuffers by impoſture has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune. But as it is neceſſary not to invite robbery by ſupineneſs, ſo it is our duty not to ſuppreſs tenderneſs by ſuſpicion; it is better to ſuffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be ſometimes cheated than not to truſt.

WINTER.

NUMB. 80. SATURDAY, *December* 22, 1750.

Vides ut altâ ſtet Nive candidum
Soracte, *nec jam ſuſtineant Onus*
Silvæ laborantes ——— HOR.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring woods below. DRYDEN.

AS providence has made the human ſoul an active being, always impatient for novelty, and ſtruggling for ſomething yet unenjoyed with unwearied progreſſion, the world ſeems to have been eminently adapted to this diſpoſition of the mind; it is formed to raiſe expectations by conſtant viciſſitudes, and to obviate ſatiety by perpetual change.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we find ſomething to revive our curioſity, and engage our attentions. In the duſk of the morning we watch the riſing of the ſun, and ſee the day diverſify the clouds, and open

open new proſpects in its gradual advance. After a few hours, we ſee the ſhades lengthen, and the light decline, till the ſky is reſigned to a multitude of ſhining orbs different from each other in magnitude and ſplendour. The earth varies its appearance as we move upon it; the woods offer their ſhades, and the fields their harveſts; the hill flatters with an extenſive view, and the valley invites with ſhelter, fragrance, and flowers.

The poets have numbered among the felicities of the golden age, an exemption from the change of ſeaſons, and a perpetuity of ſpring; but I am not certain that in this ſtate of imaginary happineſs they have made ſufficient proviſion for that inſatiable demand of new gratifications, which ſeems particularly to characterize the nature of man. Our ſenſe of delight is in a great meaſure comparative, and ariſes at once from the ſenſations which we feel, and thoſe which we remember: Thus eaſe after torment is pleaſure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated, when the body, chilled with the weather, is gradually recovering its natural tepidity; but the joy ceaſes when we have forgot the cold; we muſt fall below eaſe again, if we deſire to riſe above it, and purchaſe new felicity by voluntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely that however the fancy may be amuſed with the deſcription of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no ſcenes are diſplayed but vallies enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods waving their perennial verdure, we ſhould ſoon grow weary of uniformity, find our thoughts languiſh for want of other ſubjects, call on heaven for our wonted round of ſeaſons, and think ourſelves liberally recompenſed for the inconveniencies of ſummer and winter, by new perceptions of the calmneſs and mildneſs of the intermediate variations.

Every ſeaſon has its particular power of ſtriking the mind. The nakedneſs and aſperity of the wintry world always fills the beholder with penſive and profound aſtoniſhment; as the variety of the ſcene is leſſened, its grandeur is increaſed; and the mind is ſwelled at once by the mingled ideas of the preſent and the paſt, of the beauties which have vaniſhed from the eyes, and the waſte and deſolation that are now before them.

It is obſerved by *Milton*, that he who neglects to viſit the country in ſpring, and rejects the pleaſures that are then in their firſt bloom and fragrance, is guilty of *ſullenneſs againſt nature*. If we allot different duties to different ſeaſons, he may be charged with equal diſobedience to the voice of nature, who looks on the bleak hills and leafleſs woods, without ſerioufneſs and awe. Spring is the ſeaſon of gaiety, and winter of terror; in ſpring the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the eye of benevolence ſparkles at the ſight of happineſs and plenty: In the winter, compaſſion melts at univerſal calamity, and the tear of ſoftneſs ſtarts at the wailings of hunger, and the cries of the creation in diſtreſs.

Few minds have much inclination to indulge heavineſs and ſorrow, nor do I recommend them beyond the degree neceſſary to maintain in its full vigour that habitual ſympathy and tenderneſs, which, in a world of ſo much miſery, is neceſſary to the ready diſcharge of our moſt important duties. The winter therefore is generally celebrated as the proper ſeaſon for domeſtick merriment and gaiety. We are ſeldom invited by the votaries of pleaſure to look abroad for any other purpoſe, than that we may ſhrink back with more ſatisfaction to our coverts, and when we have heard the howl of the tempeſt, and felt the gripe of the froſt, congratulate each other

other with more gladneſs upon a cloſe room, an eaſy chair, a large fire, and a ſmoaking dinner.

Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and converſation. Differences, we know, are never ſo effectually laid aſleep, as by ſome common calamity: An enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger. The rigour of winter brings generally to the ſame fire-ſide thoſe, who, by the oppoſition of inclinations, or difference of employment, moved in various directions through the other parts of the year; and when they have met, and find it their mutual intereſt to remain together, they endear each other by mutual compliances, and often wiſh for the continuance of the ſocial ſeaſon, with all its bleakneſs and all its ſeverities.

To the men of ſtudy and imagination, the winter is generally the chief time of labour. Gloom and ſilence produce compoſure of mind, and concentration of ideas; and the privation of external pleaſure naturally cauſes an effort to find entertainment within. This is the time in which thoſe, whom literature enables to find amuſements for themſelves, have more than common convictions of their own happineſs. When they are condemned by the elements to retirement, and debarred from moſt of the diverſions which are called in to aſſiſt the flight of time, they can find new ſubjects of enquiry, and preſerve themſelves from that wearineſs which hangs always flagging upon the vacant mind.

It cannot indeed be expected of all to be poets and philoſophers; it is neceſſary that the greater part of mankind ſhould be employed in the minute buſineſs of common life; minute, indeed, not if we conſider its influence upon our happineſs, but if we reſpect the abilities requiſite to conduct it. Theſe muſt neceſſarily be more dependent on accident for the means of ſpending agreeably thoſe hours

which their occupations leave unengaged, or nature obliges them to allow to relaxation. Yet even on theſe I would willingly impreſs ſuch a ſenſe of the value of time, as may incline them to find out for their careleſs hours amuſements of more uſe and dignity than the common games, which not only weary the mind without improving it, but ſtrengthen the paſſions of envy and avarice, and often lead to fraud and to profuſion, to corruption and to ruin. It is unworthy of a reaſonable being to ſpend any of the little time allotted us, without ſome tendency, either direct or oblique, to the end of our exiſtence. And though every moment cannot be laid out on the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the ſtated practice of a moral or religious duty, yet none ſhould be ſo ſpent as to exclude wiſdom or virtue, or paſs without poſſibility of qualifying us more or leſs for the better employment of thoſe which are to come.

It is ſcarcely poſſible to paſs an hour in honeſt converſation, without being able when we riſe from it, to pleaſe ourſelves with having given or received ſome advantages; but a man may ſhuffle cards, or rattle dice, from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any other token than his gain or loſs, and a confuſed remembrance of agitated paſſions, and clamorous altercations.

However, as experience is of more weight than precept, any of my readers, who are contriving how to ſpend the dreary months before them, may conſider which of their paſt amuſements fills them now with the greateſt ſatisfaction, and reſolve to repeat thoſe gratifications of which the pleaſure is moſt durable.

JUSTICE.

JUSTICE.

NUMB. 81. TUESDAY, *December* 25, 1750.

Diſcite Juſtitiam moniti —— VIRG.

Hear, and be juſt.

AMONG queſtions which have been diſcuſſed without any approach to deciſion, may be numbered the precedency or ſuperior excellence of one virtue to another, which has long furniſhed a ſubject of diſpute to men whoſe leiſure ſent them out into the intellectual world in ſearch of employment, and who have, perhaps, been ſometimes withheld from the practice of their favourite duty, by zeal for its advancement, and diligence in its celebration.

The intricacy of this diſpute may be alleged as a proof of that tenderneſs for mankind which providence has, I think, univerſally diſplayed, by making attainments eaſy in proportion as they are neceſſary. That all the duties of morality ought to be practiſed, is without difficulty diſcoverable, becauſe ignorance or uncertainty would immediately involve the world in confuſion and diſtreſs; but which duty ought to be moſt eſteemed, we may continue to debate, without inconvenience, ſo all be diligently performed as there is opportunity or need: for upon practice, not upon opinion, depends the happineſs of mankind; and controverſies, merely ſpeculative, are of ſmall importance in themſelves, however they may have ſometimes heated a diſputant, or provoked a faction.

Of the divine author of our religion it is impoſſible to peruſe the evangelical hiſtories, without

obſerving how little he favoured the vanity of inquiſitiveneſs; how much more rarely he condeſcended to ſatisfy curioſity, than to relieve diſtreſs; and how much he deſired that his followers ſhould rather excel in goodneſs than in knowledge. His precepts tend immediately to the rectification of the moral principles, and the direction of daily conduct, without oſtentation, without art, at once irrefragable and plain, ſuch as well-meaning ſimplicity may readily conceive, and of which we cannot miſtake the meaning, but when we are afraid to find it.

The meaſure of juſtice preſcribed to us, in our tranſactions with others, is remarkably clear and comprehenſive: *Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, even ſo do unto them.* A law by which every claim of right may be immediately adjuſted, as far as the private conſcience requires to be informed; a law, of which every man may find the expoſition in his own breaſt, and which may always be obſerved without any other qualifications than honeſty of intention, and purity of will.

Over this law, indeed, ſome ſons of ſophiſtry have been ſubtle enough to throw miſts, which have darkened their own eyes. To perplex this univerſal principle, they have enquired whether a man, conſcious to himſelf of unreaſonable wiſhes, be bound to gratify them in another. But ſurely there needed no long deliberation to conclude, that the deſires which are to be conſidered by us as the meaſure of right, muſt be ſuch as we approve, and that we ought to pay no regard to thoſe expectations in others which we condemn in ourſelves, and which however they may intrude upon our imagination, we know it our duty to reſiſt and ſuppreſs.

One

One of the moſt celebrated caſes which have been produced as requiring ſome ſkill in the direction of conſcience to adapt them to this great rule, is that of a criminal aſking mercy of his judge, who cannot but know, that if he was in the ſtate of the ſupplicant, he ſhould deſire that pardon which he now denies. The difficulty of this ſophiſm will vaniſh, if we remember that the parties are, in reality, on one ſide the criminal, and on the other the community, of which the magiſtrate is only the miniſter, and by which he is intruſted with the publick ſafety. The magiſtrate, therefore, in pardoning a man unworthy of pardon, betrays the truſt with which he is inveſted, gives away what is not his own, and, apparently, does to others what he would not that others ſhould do to him. Even the community, whoſe right is ſtill greater to arbitrary grants of mercy, is bound by thoſe laws which regard the great republick of mankind, and cannot juſtify ſuch forbearance as may promote wickedneſs, and leſſen the general confidence and ſecurity in which all have an equal intereſt, and which all are therefore bound to maintain. For this reaſon the ſtate has not a right to erect a general ſanctuary for fugitives, or give protection to ſuch as have forfeited their lives by crimes againſt the laws of common morality equally acknowledged by all nations, becauſe no people can, without infraction of the univerſal league of ſocial beings, incite, by proſpects of impunity and ſafety, thoſe practices in another dominion, which they would themſelves puniſh in their own.

One occaſion of uncertainty and heſitation, in thoſe by whom this great rule has been commented and dilated, is the confuſion of what the exacter caſuiſts are careful to diſtinguiſh, *debts of juſtice* and *debts of charity*. The immediate and primary intention

intention of this precept, is to eſtabliſh a rule of juſtice, and I know not whether invention, or ſophiſtry, can ſtart a ſingle difficulty to retard its application, when it is thus expreſſed and explained, *let every man allow the claim of right in another, which he ſhould think himſelf entitled to make in the like circumſtances.*

The diſcharge of the *debts of charity*, or duties which we owe to others, not merely as required by juſtice, but as dictated by benevolence, admits in its own nature greater complication of circumſtances, and greater latitude of choice. Juſtice is indiſpenſably and univerſally neceſſary, and what is neceſſary muſt always be limited, uniform, and diſtinct. But beneficence, though in general equally enjoined by our religion, and equally needful to the conciliation of the divine favour, is yet, for the moſt part, with regard to its ſingle acts, elective and voluntary. We may certainly, without injury to our fellow-beings, allow in the diſtribution of kindneſs ſomething to our affections, and change the meaſure of our liberality according to our opinions and proſpects, our hopes and fears. This rule therefore is not equally determinate and abſolute with reſpect to offices of kindneſs, and acts of liberality, becauſe liberality and kindneſs, abſolutely determined, would loſe their nature; for how could we be called tender, or charitable, for giving that which we are poſitively forbidden to withhold?

Yet even in adjuſting the extent of our beneficence no other meaſure can be taken than this precept affords us, for we can only know what others ſuffer or want, by conſidering how we ſhould be affected in the ſame ſtate; nor can we proportion our aſſiſtance by any other rule than that of doing what we ſhould then expect from others.

others. It indeed generally happens that the giver and receiver differ in their opinions of generoſity; the ſame partiality to his own intereſt inclines one to large expectations, and the other to ſparing diſtributions. Perhaps the infirmity of human nature will ſcarcely ſuffer a man groaning under the preſſure of diſtreſs, to judge rightly of the kindneſs of his friends, or think they have done enough till his deliverance is completed; not therefore what we might wiſh, but what we could demand from others, we are obliged to grant, ſince, though we can eaſily know how much we might claim, it is impoſſible to determine what we ſhould hope.

But in all enquiries concerning the practice of voluntary and occaſional virtues, it is ſafeſt for minds not oppreſſed with ſuperſtitious fears to determine againſt their own inclinations, and ſecure themſelves from deficiency, by doing more than they believe ſtrictly neceſſary. For of this every man may be certain, that, if he were to exchange conditions with his dependent, he ſhould expect more than, with the utmoſt exertion of his ardour, he now will prevail upon himſelf to perform; and when reaſon has no ſettled rule, and our paſſions are ſtriving to miſlead us, it is ſurely the part of a wiſe man to err on the ſide of ſafety.

SLOTH.

SLOTH.

NUMB. 85. TUESDAY, *Jan.* 8, 1751.

Otia ſi tollas periere Cupidinis *arcus*
Contemptæque jacent, et ſine luce faces. OVID.

At buſy hearts in vain Love's arrows fly;
Dim, ſcorn'd, and impotent, his torches lie.

MANY writers of eminence in phyſick have laid out their diligence upon the conſideration of thoſe diſtempers to which men are expoſed by particular ſtates of life, and very learned treatiſes have been produced upon the maladies of the camp, the ſea and the mines. There are, indeed, few employments which a man accuſtomed to anatomical enquiries, and medical refinements, would not find reaſons for declining as dangerous to health, did not his learning or experience inform him, that almoſt every occupation, however inconvenient or formidable, is happier and ſafer than a life of ſloth.

The neceſſity of action is not only demonſtrable from the fabrick of the body, but evident from obſervation of the univerſal practice of mankind, who, for the preſervation of health, in thoſe whoſe rank or wealth exempts them from the neceſſity of lucrative labour, have invented ſports and diverſions, though not of equal uſe to the world with manual trades, yet of equal fatigue to thoſe that practiſe them, and differing only from the drudgery of the huſbandman or manufacturer, as they are acts of choice, and therefore performed without the painful ſenſe of compulſion. The huntſman riſes early, purſues his game through all

all the dangers and obſtructions of the chace, ſwims rivers, and ſcales precipices, till he returns home no leſs haraſſed than the ſoldier, and has perhaps ſometimes incurred as great hazard of wounds or death: Yet he has no motive to incite his ardour; he is neither ſubject to the commands of a general, nor dreads any penalties for neglect and diſobedience; he has neither profit or honour to expect from his perils and his conqueſts, but toils without the hope of mural or civick garlands, and muſt content himſelf with the praiſe of his tenants and companions.

But ſuch is the conſtitution of man, that labour may be ſtyled its own reward; nor will any external incitements be requiſite, if it be conſidered how much happineſs is gained, and how much miſery eſcaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body.

Eaſe is the utmoſt that can be hoped from a ſedentary and unactive habit; eaſe, a neutral ſtate between pain and pleaſure. The dance of ſpirits, the bound of vigour, readineſs of enterprize, and defiance of fatigue, are reſerved for him that braces his nerves, and hardens his fibres, that keeps his limbs pliant with motion, and by frequent expoſure fortifies his frame againſt the common accidents of cold and heat.

With eaſe, however, if it could be ſecured, many would be content; but nothing terreſtrial can be kept at a ſtand. Eaſe, if it is not riſing into pleaſure, will be falling towards pain; and whatever hope the dreams of ſpeculation may ſuggeſt of obſerving the proportion between nutriment and labour, and keeping the body in a healthy ſtate by ſupplies exactly equal to its waſte, we know that, in effect, the vital powers unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid; that as their

vigour

vigour fails, obſtructions are generated; and that from obſtructions proceed moſt of thoſe pains which wear us away ſlowly with periodical tortures, and which, though they ſometimes ſuffer life to be long, condemn it to be uſeleſs, chain us down to the couch of miſery, and mock us with the hopes of death.

Exerciſe cannot ſecure us from that diſſolution to which we are decreed; but while the ſoul and body continue united, it can make the aſſociation pleaſing, and give probable hopes that they ſhall be disjoined by an eaſy ſeparation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diſeaſes are from heaven, and chronical from ourſelves; the dart of death indeed falls from heaven, but we poiſon it by our own miſconduct; to die is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguiſh is generally his folly.

It is neceſſary to that perfection of which our preſent ſtate is capable, that the mind and body ſhould both be kept in action; that neither the faculties of the one nor of the other be ſuffered to grow lax or torpid for want of uſe; that neither health be purchaſed by voluntary ſubmiſſion to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expence of that health, which muſt enable it either to give pleaſure to its poſſeſſor, or aſſiſtance to others. It is too frequently the pride of ſtudents to deſpiſe thoſe amuſements and recreations, which give to the reſt of mankind ſtrength of limbs and cheerfulneſs of heart. Solitude and contemplation are indeed ſeldom conſiſtent with ſuch ſkill in common exerciſes or ſports as is neceſſary to make them practiſed with delight, and no man is willing to do that of which the neceſſity is not preſſing and immediate, when he knows that his awkwardneſs muſt make him ridiculous.

Ludere

Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis,
Indoctuſque Pilæ, Diſcive, Trochive quieſcit,
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impunè Coronæ. HOR.

He that's unſkilful will not toſs a ball,
Nor run, nor wreſtle, for he fears the fall;
He juſtly fears to meet deſerv'd diſgrace,
And that the ring will hiſs the baffled aſs. CREECH.

Thus the man of learning is often reſigned, almoſt by his own conſent, to languor and pain; and while in the proſecution of his ſtudies he ſuffers the wearineſs of labour, is ſubject by his courſe of life to the maladies of idleneſs.

It was, perhaps, from the obſervation of this miſchievous omiſſion in thoſe who are employed about intellectual objects, that *Locke* has, in his *Syſtem of Education*, urged the neceſſity of a trade to men of all ranks and profeſſions, that when the mind is weary with its proper taſk, it may be relaxed by a ſlighter attention to ſome mechanical operation; and that while the vital functions are reſuſcitated and awakened by vigorous motion, the underſtanding may be reſtrained from that vagrance and diſſipation by which it relieves itſelf after a long intenſeneſs of thought, unleſs ſome allurement be preſented that may engage application without anxiety.

There is ſo little reaſon for expecting frequent conformity to *Locke*'s precept, that it is not neceſſary to enquire whether the practice of mechanical arts might not give occaſion to petty emulation, and degenerate ambition; and whether, if our divines and phyſicians were taught the lathe and the chizzel, they would not think more of their tools than their books; as *Nero* neglected the care of his empire for his chariot and his fiddle. It is certainly dangerous to be too much pleaſed with little things; but what is there which may not be perverted? Let us remember how much worſe employment migh

have been found for thoſe hours, which a manual occupation appears to engroſs; let us compute the profit with the loſs, and when we reflect how often a genius is allured from his ſtudies, conſider likewiſe that perhaps by the ſame attractions he is ſometimes withheld from debauchery, or recalled from malice, from ambition, from envy and from luſt.

I have always admired the wiſdom of thoſe by whom our female education was inſtituted, for having contrived, that every woman of whatever condition ſhould be taught ſome arts of manufacture, by which the vacuities of recluſe and domeſtick leiſure may be filled up. Theſe arts are more neceſſary as the weakneſs of their ſex and the general ſyſtem of life debar ladies from many employments which, by diverſifying the circumſtances of men, preſerve them from being cankered by the ruſt of their own thoughts. I know not how much of the virtue and happineſs of the world may be the conſequence of this judicious regulation. Perhaps, the moſt powerful fancy might be unable to figure the confuſion and ſlaughter that would be produced by ſo many piercing eyes and vivid underſtandings, turned looſe at once upon mankind, with no other buſineſs than to ſparkle and intrigue, to perplex and to deſtroy.

For my part, whenever chance brings within my obſervation a knot of miſſes buſy at their needles, I conſider myſelf as in the ſchool of virtue; and though I have no extraordinary ſkill in plain-work or embroidery, look upon their operations with as much ſatisfaction as their governeſs, becauſe I regard them as providing a ſecurity againſt the moſt dangerous enſnarers of the ſoul, by enabling themſelves to exclude idleneſs from their ſolitary moments, and with idleneſs her attendant train of paſſions, fancies, and chimeras, fears, ſorrows and deſires.

ſires. *Ovid* and *Cervantes* will inform them that love has no power but over thoſe whom he catches unemployed; and *Hector*, in the *Iliad*, when he ſees *Andromache* overwhelmed with terrors, ſends her for conſolation to the loom and the diſtaff.

It is certain that any wild wiſh or vain imagination never takes ſuch firm poſſeſſion of the mind, as when it is found empty and unoccupied. The old peripatetick principle, that *Nature abhors a Vacuum*, may be properly applied to the intellect, which will embrace any thing, however abſurd or criminal, rather than be wholly without an object. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of thoſe deſires that diſturb his life and contaminate his conſcience, from ſome unhappy hour when too much leiſure expoſed him to their incurſions; for he has lived with little obſervation either on himſelf or others, who does not know, that to be idle is to be vicious.

ADVICE.

NUMB. 87. TUESDAY, *January* 15, 1751.

Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, amator,
Nemo adeo ferus eſt, ut non mitеſcere poſſit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem. HOR.

The ſlave to envy, anger, wine, or love,
The wretch of ſloth, its excellence ſhall prove;
Fierceneſs itſelf ſhall hear its rage away,
When liſt'ning calmly to th' inſtructive lay. FRANCIS.

THAT few things are ſo liberally beſtowed, or ſquandered with ſo little effect, as good advice, has been generally obſerved; and many ſage poſitions have been advanced concerning the reaſons of this complaint, and the means of removing it. It is indeed

indeed an important and noble enquiry, for little would be wanting to the happineſs of life, if every man could conform to the right as ſoon as he was ſhown it.

This perverſe neglect of the moſt ſalutary precepts, and ſtubborn reſiſtance of the moſt pathetick perſuaſion, is uſually imputed to him by whom the counſel is received, and we often hear it mentioned as a ſign of hopeleſs depravity, that though good advice was given, it has wrought no reformation.

Others, who imagine themſelves to have quicker ſagacity and deeper penetration, have found out that the inefficacy of advice is uſually the fault of the counſellor, and rules have been laid down, by which this important duty may be ſucceſsfully performed: We are directed by what tokens to diſcover the favourable moment at which the heart is diſpoſed for the operation of truth and reaſon, with what addreſs to adminiſter, and with what vehicles to diſguiſe *the catharticks of the ſoul.*

But, notwithſtanding this ſpecious expedient, we find the world yet in the ſame ſtate; advice is ſtill given, but ſtill received with diſguſt; nor has it appeared that the bitterneſs of the medicine has been yet abated, or its power encreaſed, by any methods of preparing it.

If we conſider the manner in which thoſe who aſſume the office of directing the conduct of others execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous or affectionate, are frequently uſeleſs. For what is the advice that is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence, and inculcated with importunity, but failing for want of particular reference and immediate application.

It is not often that any man can have ſo much knowledge of another, as is neceſſary to make inſtruction

truction uſeful. We are ſometimes not ourſelves conſcious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our firſt care is to hide them from the ſight of others, and often from thoſe moſt diligently, whoſe ſuperiority either of power or underſtanding may intitle them to inſpect our lives; it is therefore very probable that he who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, miſtakes their cauſe; and that his preſcriptions avail nothing, becauſe he knows not which of the paſſions or deſires is vitiated.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of ſuperiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is moſt neceſſary or moſt judicious. But for the ſame reaſon every one is eager to inſtruct his neighbours. To be wiſe or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price; but when nothing is neceſſary to elevation but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is ſo inſenſible to the voice of fame as to linger on the ground.

——Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora. VIRG.

New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame. DRYDEN.

Vanity is ſo frequently the apparent motive of advice, that we, for the moſt part, ſummon our powers to oppoſe it without any very accurate enquiry whether it is right. It is ſufficient that another is growing great in his own eyes at our expence, and aſſumes authority over us without our permiſſion; for many would contentedly ſuffer the conſequences of their own miſtakes, rather than the inſolence of him who triumphs as their deliverer.

It is, indeed, ſeldom found that any advantage are enjoyed with that moderation which the uncertainty of all human good ſo powerfully enforces; and therefore the adviſer may juſtly ſuſpect, that he has inflamed the oppoſition which he laments by arrogance and ſupercilioufneſs. He may ſuſpect, but needs not haſtily to condemn himſelf, for he can rarely be certain that the ſofteſt language or moſt humble diffidence would have eſcaped reſentment; ſince ſcarcely any degree of circumſpection can prevent or obviate the rage with which the ſlothful, the impotent, and the unſucceſsful, vent their diſcontent upon thoſe that excel them. Modeſty itſelf, if it is praiſed, will be envied; and there are minds ſo impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a ſpecies of revenge, and they return benefits, not becauſe recompenſe is a pleaſure, but becauſe obligation is a pain.

The number of thoſe whom the love of themſelves has thus far corrupted, is perhaps not great; but there are few ſo free from vanity, as not to dictate to thoſe who will hear their inſtructions with a viſible ſenſe of their own beneficence; and few to whom it is not unpleaſing to receive documents, however tenderly and cautiouſly delivered, or who are not willing to raiſe themſelves from pupillage, by diſputing the propoſitions of their teacher.

— It was the maxim, I think, of *Alphonſus* of *Arragon*, that *dead counſellors are ſafeſt*. The grave puts an end to flattery and artifice, and the information that we receive from books is pure from intereſt, fear, or ambition. Dead counſellors are likewiſe moſt inſtructive; becauſe they are heard with patience and with reverence. We are not unwilling to believe that man wiſer than ourſelves, from whoſe abilities we may receive advantage,

without

without any danger of rivalry or oppoſition, and who affords us the light of his experience, without hurting our eyes by flaſhes of inſolence. —

By the conſultation of books, whether of dead or living authors, many temptations to petulance and oppoſition, which occur in oral conferences, are avoided. An author cannot obtrude his advice unaſked, nor can be often ſuſpected of any malignant intention to inſult his readers with his knowledge or his wit. Yet ſo prevalent is the habit of comparing ourſelves with others, while they remain within the reach of our paſſions, that books are ſeldom read with complete impartiality, but by thoſe from whom the writer is placed at ſuch a diſtance, that his life or death is indifferent.

We ſee that volumes may be peruſed and peruſed with attention, to little effect; and that maxims of prudence, or principles of virtue, may be treaſured in the memory without influencing the conduct. Of the numbers that paſs their lives among books, very few read to be made wiſer, or better, apply any general reproof of vice to themſelves, or try their own manners by axioms of juſtice. They purpoſe either to conſume thoſe hours for which they can find no other amuſement, to gain or preſerve that reſpect which learning has always obtained; or to gratify their curioſity with knowledge, which, like treaſures buried and forgotten, is of no uſe to others or themſelves.

"The preacher (ſays a *French* author) may "ſpend an hour in explaining and enforcing a pre- "cept of religion, without feeling any impreſſion "from his own performance, becauſe he may have "no further deſign than to fill up his hour." A ſtudent may eaſily exhauſt his life in comparing divines and moraliſts, without any practical regard to morality or religion; he may be learning not to live, but to reaſon; he may regard only the ele-

gance of ſtyle, juſtneſs of argument, and accuracy of method; and may enable himſelf to criticiſe with judgment, and diſpute with ſubtilty, while the chief uſe of his volumes is unthought of, his mind is unaffected, and his life is unreformed.

But though truth and virtue are thus frequently defeated by pride, obſtinacy, or folly, we are not allowed to deſert them; for whoever can furniſh arms which they hitherto have not employed, may enable them to gain ſome hearts which would have reſiſted any other method of attack. Every man of genius has ſome arts of fixing the attention peculiar to himſelf, by which, honeſtly exerted, he may benefit mankind; for the arguments for purity of life fail of their due influence, not becauſe they have been conſidered and confuted, but becauſe they have been paſſed over without conſideration. To the poſition of *Tully*, that if Virtue could be ſeen, ſhe muſt be loved, may be added, that if Truth could be heard, ſhe muſt be obeyed.

RELAXATION.

NUMB. 89. TUESDAY, *January* 22, 1751.

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco. HOR.

Wiſdom at proper times is well forgot.

LOCKE, whom there is no reaſon to ſuſpect of being a favourer of idleneſs or libertiniſm, has advanced, that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigour, muſt allow ſome of it to paſs in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to ſpend a whole life in profound ſtudy and intenſe meditation, and the moſt rigorous exacters of induſtry and ſerioufneſs have appointed hours for relaxation and amuſement.

It

It is certain, that, with or without our conſent, many of the few moments allotted us will ſlide imperceptibly away, and that the mind will break, from confinement to its ſtated taſk, into ſudden excurſions. Severe and connected attention is preſerved but for a ſhort time, and when a man ſhuts himſelf up in his cloſet, and bends his thoughts to the diſcuſſion of any abſtruſe queſtion, he will find his faculties continually ſtealing away to more pleaſing entertainments. He often perceives himſelf tranſported, he knows not how, to diſtant tracts of thought, and return to his firſt object as from a dream, without knowing when he forſook it, or how long he has been abſtracted from it.

It has been obſerved that the moſt ſtudious are not always the moſt learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in diſcovering that this difference of proficiency may ariſe from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the convenience of information. But I believe it likewiſe frequently happens that the moſt recluſe are not the moſt vigorous proſecutors of ſtudy. Many impoſe upon the world, and many upon themſelves, by an appearance of ſevere and exemplary diligence, when they, in reality, give themſelves up to the luxury of fancy, pleaſe their minds with regulating the paſt, or planning out the future; place themſelves at will in varied ſituations of happineſs, and ſlumber away their days in voluntary viſions. In the journey of life ſome are left behind, becauſe they are naturally feeble and ſlow; ſome becauſe they miſs the way, and many becauſe they leave it by choice, and inſtead of preſſing onward with a ſteady pace, delight themſelves with momentary deviations, turn aſide to pluck every flower, and repoſe in every ſhade.

There is nothing more fatal to a man whoſe buſineſs is to think, than to have learned the art of regaling his mind with thoſe airy gratifications. Other vices or follies are reſtrained by fear, reformed by admonition, or rejected by the conviction which the compariſon of our conduct with that of others, may in time produce. But this inviſible riot of the mind, this ſecret prodigality of being, is ſecure from detection, and fearleſs of reproach. The dreamer retires to his apartments, ſhuts out the cares and interruptions of mankind, and abandons himſelf to his own fancy; new worlds riſe up before him, one image is followed by another, and a long ſucceſſion of delights dances round him. He is at laſt called back to life by nature, or by cuſtom, and enters peeviſh into ſociety, becauſe he cannot model it to his own will. He returns from his idle excurſions with the aſperity, though not with the knowledge of a ſtudent, and haſtens again to the ſame felicity with the eagerneſs of a man bent upon the advancement of ſome favourite ſcience. The infatuation ſtrengthens by degrees, and, like the poiſon of opiates, weakens his powers, without any external ſymptom of malignity.

It happens, indeed, that theſe hypocrites of learning are in time detected, and convinced by diſgrace and diſappointment of the difference between the labour of thought, and the ſport of muſing. But this diſcovery is often not made till it is too late to recover the time that has been fooled away. A thouſand accidents may, indeed, awaken drones to a more early ſenſe of their danger and their ſhame. But they who are convinced of the neceſſity of breaking from this habitual drowſineſs, too often relapſe in ſpite of their reſolution; for theſe ideal ſeducers are always near, and neither any particularity of time nor place is neceſſary to their influence;

fluence; they invade the ſoul without warning, and have often charmed down reſiſtance before their approach is perceived or ſuſpected.

This captivity, however, it is neceſſary for every man to break, who has any deſire to be wiſe or uſeful, to paſs his life with the eſteem of others, or to look back with ſatisfaction from his old age upon his earlier years. In order to regain liberty, he muſt find the means of flying from himſelf; he muſt, in oppoſition to the *Stoick* precept, teach his deſires to fix upon external things; he muſt adopt the joys and the pains of others, and excite in his mind the want of ſocial pleaſures and amicable communication.

It is, perhaps, not impoſſible to promote the cure of this mental malady, by cloſe application to ſome new ſtudy, which may pour in freſh ideas, and keep curioſity in perpetual motion. But ſtudy requires ſolitude, and ſolitude is a ſtate dangerous to thoſe who are too much accuſtomed to ſink into themſelves. Active employment or public pleaſure, is generally a neceſſary part of this intellectual regimen, without which, though ſome remiſſion may be obtained, a complete cure will ſcarcely be effected.

This is a formidable and obſtinate diſeaſe of the intellect, of which, when it has once become radicated by time, the remedy is one of the hardeſt taſks of reaſon and of virtue. Its ſlighteſt attacks, therefore, ſhould be watchfully oppoſed; and he that finds the frigid and narcotick infection beginning to ſeize him, ſhould turn his whole attention againſt it, and check it at the firſt diſcovery by proper counteraction.

The great reſolution to be formed, when happineſs and virtue are thus formidably invaded, is, that no part of life be ſpent in a ſtate of neutrality or indifference; but that ſome pleaſure be found

for every moment that is not devoted to labour; and that, whenever the neceſſary buſineſs of life grows irkſome or diſguſting, an immediate tranſition be made to diverſion and gaiety.

After the exerciſes which the health of the body requires, and which have themſelves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the moſt eligible amuſement of a rational being ſeems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practiſed in free and eaſy converſation; where ſuſpicion is baniſhed by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man ſpeaks with no other reſtraint than unwillingneſs to offend, and hears with no other diſpoſition than deſire to be pleaſed.

There muſt be a time in which every man trifles; and the only choice that nature offers us, is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleaſure, has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amuſements ſhould not terminate wholly in the preſent moment, but contribute more or leſs to future advantage. He that amuſes himſelf among well choſen companions, can ſcarcely fail to receive, from the moſt careleſs and obſtreperous merriment which virtue can allow, ſome uſeful hints; nor can converſe on the moſt familiar topicks, without ſome caſual information. The looſe ſparkles of thoughtleſs wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical poſitions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which thoſe friendſhips that give happineſs or conſolation, relief or ſecurity, are generally formed. A wife and good man is never ſo amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroick generoſity, or philoſophical diſcoveries, may compel veneration and reſpect, but love always implies ſome kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that

levity

levity and cheerfulneſs which diſencumbers all minds from awe and ſolicitude, invites the modeſt to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence. This eaſy gaiety is certain to pleaſe, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if our ſuperiors deſcend from their elevation, we love them for leſſening the diſtance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can receive no laſting advantage, will always keep our affections while their ſprightlineſs and mirth contribute to our pleaſure.

Every man finds himſelf differently affected by the ſight of fortreſſes of war, and palaces of pleaſure; we look on the height and ſtrength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy ſatisfaction, for we cannot think of defence without admitting images of danger; but we range delighted and jocund through the gay apartments of the palace, becauſe nothing is impreſſed by them on the mind but joy and feſtivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters; with protectors we are ſafe, with companions we are happy.

TRUTH and FALSEHOOD.

NUMB. 96. SATURDAY, *February* 16, 1751.

Quod ſi Platonis *muſa perſonat verum,*
Quod quiſque diſcit, immemor recordatur. BOETIUS.

Truth in Platonick ornaments bedeck'd,
Inforc'd we love, unheeding recollect.

IT is reported of the *Perſians*, by an ancient writer, that the ſum of their education conſiſted in teaching youth *to ride, to ſhoot with the bow, and to ſpeak truth.*

The bow and the horſe were eaſily maſtered, but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preſervatives a *Perſian* mind was ſecured againſt the temptations to falſehood.

There are, indeed, in the preſent corruption of mankind, many incitements to forſake truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of impoſing on the ignorance or credulity of others, ſo frequently occur; ſo many immediate evils are to be avoided, and ſo many preſent gratifications obtained, by craft and deluſion, that very few of thoſe who are much entangled in life, have ſpirit and conſtancy ſufficient to ſupport them in the ſteady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to ſpeak truth, it is neceſſary that all likewiſe ſhould learn to hear it; for no ſpecies of falſehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by intereſt, and the friend by tenderneſs: Thoſe who are neither ſervile nor timorous, are yet deſirous to beſtow pleaſure; and while unjuſt demands of praiſe continue to be made, there will always be ſome whom hope, fear, or kindneſs, will diſpoſe to pay them.

The guilt of falſehood is very widely extended, and many whom their conſcience can ſcarcely charge with ſtooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronized the vice which they believe themſelves to abhor.

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own ſake; it is generally unpleaſing, becauſe contrary to our wiſhes and oppoſite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our intereſt, we hear unwillingly what we are afraid to know, and ſoon forget what we have no inclination to impreſs upon our memories.

For this reaſon many arts of inſtruction have been invented, by which the reluctance againſt truth may be overcome; and as phyſick is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thouſand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleaſure to eſcape deſtruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, TRUTH came among mortals from above, and FALSEHOOD from below. TRUTH was the daughter of JUPITER and WISDOM; FALSEHOOD was the progeny of FOLLY impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to ſeize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celeſtials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the conteſt.

TRUTH ſeemed conſcious of ſuperior power and juſter claim, and therefore came on towering and majeſtick, unaſſiſted and alone; REASON indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower, rather than companion. Her march was ſlow and ſtately, but her motion was perpetually progreſſive, and when once ſhe had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

FALSEHOOD always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of TRUTH, and was very ſucceſsful in the arts of mimickry. She was ſurrounded, animated, and ſupported by innumerable legions of appetites and paſſions, but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were ſudden, irregular and violent; for ſhe had no ſteadineſs nor conſtancy. She often gained conqueſts by haſty incurſions, which ſhe never hoped to keep by her own ſtrength, but maintained by the help of

the paſſions, whom ſhe generally found reſolute and faithful.

It ſometimes happened that the antagoniſts met in full oppoſition. In theſe encounters, FALSEHOOD always inveſted her head with clouds, and commanded FRAUD to place ambuſhes about her. In her left hand ſhe bore the ſhield of IMPUDENCE, and the quiver of SOPHISTRY rattled on her ſhoulder. All the paſſions attended at her call; VANITY clapped her wings before, and OBSTINACY ſupported her behind. Thus guarded and aſſiſted, ſhe ſometimes advanced againſt TRUTH, and ſometimes waited the attack; but always endeavoured to ſkirmiſh at a diſtance, perpetually ſhifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for ſhe certainly found that her ſtrength failed, whenever the eye of TRUTH darted full upon her.

TRUTH had the awful aſpect though not the thunder of her father, and when the long continuance of the conteſt brought them near to one another, FALSEHOOD let the arms of SOPHISTRY fall from her graſp, and, holding up the ſhield of IMPUDENCE with both her hands, ſheltered herſelf amongſt the paſſions.

TRUTH, though ſhe was often wounded, always recovered in a ſhort time; but it was common for the ſlighteſt hurt received by FALSEHOOD, to ſpread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burſt open again when it ſeemed to have been cured.

FALSEHOOD, in a ſhort time, found by experience that her ſuperiority conſiſted only in the celerity of her courſe, and the changes of her poſture. She therefore ordered SUSPICION to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to croſs the way of TRUTH, who, as ſhe never varied

varied her point, but moved conſtantly upon the ſame line, was eaſily eſcaped by the oblique and deſultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles which FALSEHOOD always practiſed, when the enemy began to raiſe terror by her approach.

By this procedure FALSEHOOD every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever ſhe carried her victories ſhe left the PASSIONS in full authority behind her; who were ſo well pleaſed with command, that they held out with great obſtinacy when TRUTH came to ſeize their poſts, and never failed to retard her progreſs, though they could not always ſtop it: They yielded at laſt with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and ſullen ſubmiſſion; and always inclined to revolt when TRUTH ceaſed to awe them by her immediate preſence.

TRUTH, who when ſhe firſt deſcended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by univerſal acclamation, cheriſhed with kindneſs, heard with obedience, and invited to ſpread her influence from province to province, now found, that wherever ſhe came, ſhe muſt force her paſſage. Every intellect was precluded by PREJUDICE, and every heart preoccupied by PASSION. She indeed advanced, but ſhe advanced ſlowly; and often loſt the conqueſts which ſhe left behind her, by ſudden inſurrections of the appetites, that ſhook off their allegiance, and ranged themſelves again under the banner of her enemy.

TRUTH, however, did not grow weaker by the ſtruggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet ſhe was provoked to ſee herſelf thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom ſhe looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but ſuch

as ſhe owed to inconſtancy, weakneſs, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of diſappointment, called upon her father JUPITER to re-eſtabliſh her in the ſkies, and leave mankind to the diſorder and miſery which they deſerved, by ſubmitting willingly to the uſurpation of FALSEHOOD.

JUPITER compaſſionated the world too much to grant her requeſt, yet was willing to eaſe her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to conſult the muſes by what methods ſhe might obtain an eaſier reception, and reign without the toil of inceſſant war. It was then diſcovered, that ſhe obſtructed her own progreſs by the ſeverity of her aſpect, and the ſolemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceaſed to fear her, ſince by giving themſelves up to FALSEHOOD they ſeldom made any ſacrifice of their eaſe or pleaſure, becauſe ſhe took the ſhape that was moſt engaging, and always ſuffered herſelf to be dreſſed and painted by DESIRE. The muſes wove, in the loom of *Pallas*, a looſe and changeable robe, like that in which FALSEHOOD captivated her admirers; with this they inveſted TRUTH, and named her FICTION. She now went out again to conquer with more ſucceſs; for when ſhe demanded entrance of the PASSIONS, they often miſtook her for FALSEHOOD, and delivered up their charge: but when ſhe had once taken poſſeſſion, ſhe was ſoon diſrobed by REASON, and ſhone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and reſiſtleſs dignity.

COQUETRY.

COQUETRY.

NUMB. 97. TUESDAY, *February* 19, 1751.

Fœcunda culpæ ſecula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, & genus, & domos,
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit. HOR.

Fruitful of crimes, this age firſt ſtain'd
Their hapleſs offspring, and profan'd
The nuptial bed; from whence the woes,
Which various and unnumber'd roſe
From this polluted fountain head,
O'er *Rome* and o'er the nations ſpread. FRANCIS.

THE reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the paſſions to move at the command of virtue.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN the SPECTATOR was firſt publiſhed in ſingle papers, it gave me ſo much pleaſure, that it is one of the favourite amuſements of my age to recollect it; and when I reflect on the foibles of thoſe times, as deſcribed in that uſeful work, and compare them with the vices now reigning among us, I cannot but wiſh that you would oftener take cognizance of the manners of the better half of the human ſpecies, that if your precepts and obſervations be carried down to poſterity, the SPECTATORS may ſhew to the riſing generation what were the faſhionable follies of their grandmothers,

the

the RAMBLER of their mothers, and that from both they may draw inſtruction and warning.

When I read thoſe SPECTATORS which took notice of the miſbehaviour of young women at church, by which they vainly hope to attract admirers, I uſed to pronounce ſuch forward young women SEEKERS, in order to diſtinguiſh them by a mark of infamy from thoſe who had patience and decency to ſtay till they were ſought.

But I have lived to ſee ſuch a change in the manners of women, that I would now be willing to compound with them for that name, although I then thought it diſgraceful enough, if they would deſerve no worſe; ſince now they are too generally given up to negligence of domeſtick buſineſs, to idle amuſements, and to wicked rackets, without any ſettled view at all but of ſquandering time.

In the time of the SPECTATOR, excepting ſometimes an appearance in the ring, ſometimes at a good and choſen play, ſometimes on a viſit at the houſe of a grave relation, the young ladies contented themſelves to be found employed in domeſtick duties; for then routes, drums, balls, aſſemblies, and ſuch like markets for women, were not known.

Modeſty and diffidence, gentleneſs and meekneſs, were looked upon as the appropriate virtues and characteriſtic graces of the ſex. And if a forward ſpirit puſhed itſelf into notice, it was expoſed in print as it deſerved.

The churches were almoſt the only places where ſingle women were to be ſeen by ſtrangers. Men went thither expecting to ſee them, and perhaps too much for that only purpoſe.

But ſome good often reſulted, however improper might be their motives. Both ſexes were in the way of their duty. The man muſt be abandoned indeed, who loves not goodneſs in another; nor were

were the young fellows of that age ſo wholly loſt to a ſenſe of right, as pride and conceit has ſince made them affect to be. When, therefore, they ſaw a fair-one, whoſe decent behaviour and cheerful piety ſhewed her earneſt in her firſt duties, they had the leſs doubt, judging politically only, that ſhe would have a conſcientious regard to her ſecond.

With what ardour have I ſeen watched for, the riſing of a kneeling beauty; and what additional charms has devotion given to her recommunicated features?

The men were often the better for what they heard. Even a *Saul* was once found prophefying among the prophets whom he had ſet out to deſtroy. To a man thus put into good-humour by a pleaſing object, religion itſelf looked more amiable. The MEN SEEKERS of the SPECTATOR's time loved the holy place for the object's ſake, and loved the object for her ſuitable behaviour in it.

Reverence mingled with their love, and they thought that a young lady of ſuch good principles muſt be addreſſed only by the man who at leaſt made a ſhew of good principles, whether his heart was yet quite right or not.

Nor did the young lady's behaviour, at any time of the ſervice, leſſen this reverence. Her eyes were her own, her ears the preacher's. Women are always moſt obſerved when they ſeem themſelves leaſt to obſerve, or to lay out for obſervation. The eye of a reſpectful lover loves rather to receive confidence from the withdrawn eye of the fair-one, than to find itſelf obliged to retreat.

When a young gentleman's affection was thus laudably engaged, he purſued its natural dictates; keeping

keeping then was a rare, at leaſt a ſecret and ſcandalous vice, and a wife was the ſummit of his wiſhes. Rejection was now dreaded, and pre-engagement apprehended. A woman whom he loved, he was ready to think muſt be admired by all the world. His fears, his uncertainties, increaſed his love.

Every enquiry he made into the lady's domeſtick excellence, which, when a wife is to be choſen, will ſurely not be neglected, confirmed him in his choice. He opens his heart to a common friend, and honeſtly diſcovers the ſtate of his fortune. His friend applies to thoſe of the young lady, whoſe parents, if they approve his propoſals, diſcloſe them to their daughter.

She perhaps is not an abſolute ſtranger to the paſſion of the young gentleman. His eyes, his aſſiduities, his conſtant attendance at a church, whither, till of late, he uſed ſeldom to come, and a thouſand little obſervances that he paid her, had very probably firſt forced her to regard, and then inclined her to favour him.

That a young lady ſhould be in love, and the love of the young gentleman undeclared, is an heterodoxy which prudence, and even policy, muſt not allow. But thus applied to, ſhe is all reſignation to her parents. Charming reſignation, which inclination oppoſes not.

Her relations applaud her for her duty; friends meet; points are adjuſted; delightful perturbations, and hopes, and a few lover's fears, fill up the tedious ſpace, till an interview is granted; for the young lady had not made herſelf cheap at publick places.

The time of interview arrives. She is modeſtly reſerved; he is not confident. He declares his paſſion; the conſciouſneſs of her own worth, and his application to her parents, take from her any doubt

doubt of his ſincerity; and ſhe owns herſelf obliged to him for his good opinion. The enquiries of her friends into his character, have taught her that his good opinion deſerves to be valued.

She tacitly allows of his future viſits; he renews them; the regard of each for the other is confirmed; and when he preſſes for the favour of her hand, he receives a declaration of an entire acquieſcence with her duty, and a modeſt acknowledgment of eſteem for him.

He applies to her parents therefore for a near day; and thinks himſelf under obligation to them for the cheerful and affectionate manner with which they receive his agreeable application.

With this proſpect of future happineſs, the marriage is celebrated. Gratulations pour in from every quarter. Parents and relations on both ſides, brought acquainted in the courſe of the courtſhip, can receive the happy couple with countenances illumined, and joyful hearts.

The brothers, the ſiſters, the friends of one family, are the brothers, the ſiſters, the friends of the other. Their two families thus made one, are the world to the young couple.

Their home is the place of their principal delight, nor do they ever occaſionally quit it but they find the pleaſure of returning to it augmented in proportion to the time of their abſence from it.

Oh, Mr. RAMBLER! forgive the talkativeneſs of an old man! When I courted and married my *Lætitia*, then a blooming beauty, every thing paſſed juſt ſo! But how is the caſe now? The ladies, maidens, wives, and widows, are engroſſed by places of open reſort and general entertainment, which fill every quarter of the metropolis, and

and being conſtantly frequented, make home irkſome. Breakfaſting-places, dining-places; routes drums, concerts, balls, plays, operas, maſquerades for the evening, and even for all night, and lately, publick ſales of the goods of broken houſekeepers, which the general diſſoluteneſs of manners has contributed to make very frequent, come in as another ſeaſonable relief to theſe modern time-killers.

In the ſummer there are in every country-town aſſemblies; *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, *Cheltenham*, *Scarborough!* What expence of dreſs and equipage is required to qualify the frequenters for ſuch emulous appearance?

By the natural infection of example, the loweſt people have places of ſix-penny reſort, and gaming-tables for pence. Thus ſervants are now induced to fraud and diſhoneſty, to ſupport extravagance, and ſupply their loſſes.

As to the ladies who frequent thoſe publick places, they are not aſhamed to ſhew their faces wherever men dare go, nor bluſh to try who ſhall ſtare moſt impudently, or who ſhall laugh loudeſt on the publick walks.

The men who would make good huſbands, if they viſit thoſe places, are frighted at wedlock, and reſolve to live ſingle, except they are bought at a very high price. They can be ſpectators of all that paſſes, and, if they pleaſe, more than ſpectators, at the expence of others. The companion of an evening, and the companion for life, require very different qualifications.

Two thouſand pounds in the laſt age, with a domeſtick wife, would go farther then ten thouſand in this. Yet ſettlements are expected, that often, to a mercantile man eſpecially, ſink a fortune into uſeleſſneſs; and pin-money is ſtipulated for, which

which makes a wife independent, and deſtroys love, by putting it out of a man's power to lay any obligation upon her, that might engage gratitude, and kindle affection. When to all this the card-tables are added, how can a prudent man think of marrying?

And when the worthy men know not where to find wives, muſt not the ſex be left to the foplings, the coxcombs, the libertines of the age, whom they help to make ſuch? And need even theſe wretches marry to enjoy the converſation of thoſe who render their company ſo cheap?

And what, after all, is the benefit which the gay coquette obtains by her flutters? As ſhe is approachable by every man, without requiring, I will not ſay incenſe or adoration, but even common complaiſance, every fop treats her as upon the level, looks upon her light airs as invitations, and is on the watch to take the advantage: ſhe has companions indeed, but no lovers; for love is reſpectful, and timorous; and where among all her followers will ſhe find a huſband?

Set, dear Sir, before the youthful, the gay, the inconſiderate, the contempt as well as the danger to which they are expoſed. At one time or other, women, not utterly thoughtleſs, will be convinced of the juſtice of your cenſure, and the charity of your inſtruction.

But ſhould your expoſtulations and reproofs have no effect upon thoſe who are far gone in faſhionable folly, they may be retailed from their mouths to their nieces (marriage will not often have intitled theſe to daughters), when they, the meteors of a day, find themſelves elbowed off the ſtage of vanity by other flutterers; for the moſt admired women cannot have many *Tunbridge*, many *Bath* ſeaſons to blaze in; ſince even fine faces, often ſeen, are

leſs

leſs regarded than new faces, the proper puniſhment of ſhowy girls, for rendering themſelves ſo impolitickly cheap.

I am, SIR,

Your ſincere admirer, &c.

POLITENESS.

NUMB. 98. SATURDAY, *February* 23, 1751.

Quæ nec Sarmentus *iniquas*
Cæſaris *ad menſas, nec vilis* Gabba *tuliſſet.* JUV.

Which not *Sarmentus* brook'd at *Cæſar*'s board,
Nor grov'ling *Gabba* from his haughty Lord.
ELPHINSTON.

To the AUTHOR *of the* RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER,

YOU have often endeavoured to impreſs upon your readers an obſervation of more truth than novelty, that life paſſes, for the moſt part, in petty tranſactions; that our hours glide away in trifling amuſements and ſlight gratifications; and that there very ſeldom emerges any occaſion that can call forth great virtue or great abilities.

It very commonly happens that ſpeculation has no influence on conduct. Juſt concluſions, and cogent arguments, formed by laborious ſtudy, and diligent enquiry, are often repoſited in the treaſuries of memory, as gold in the miſer's cheſt, uſeleſs alike to others and himſelf. As ſome are not richer for the extent of their poſſeſſions, others are not wiſer for the multitude of their ideas.

You have truly deſcribed the ſtate of human beings, but it may be doubted whether you have accommodated

accommodated your precepts to your deſcription; whether you have not generally conſidered your readers as influenced by the tragick paſſions, and ſuſceptible of pain or pleaſure only from powerful agents, and from great events.

To an author who writes not for the improvement of a ſingle art, or the eſtabliſhment of a controverted doctrine, but equally intends the advantage, and equally courts the peruſal of all the claſſes of mankind, nothing can juſtly ſeem unworthy of regard, by which the pleaſure of converſation may be increaſed, and the daily ſatisfactions of familiar life ſecured from interruption and diſguſt.

For this reaſon you would not have injured your reputation, if you had ſometimes deſcended to the minuter duties of ſocial beings, and enforced the obſervance of thoſe little civilities and ceremonious delicacies, which, inconſiderable as they may appear to the man of ſcience, and difficult as they may prove to be detailed with dignity, yet contribute to the regulation of the world, by facilitating the intercourſe between one man and another, and of which the *French* have ſufficiently teſtified their eſteem, by terming the knowledge and practice of them *Sçavoir vivre, the art of living*.

Politeneſs is one of thoſe advantages which we never eſtimate rightly but by the inconvenience of its loſs. Its influence upon the manners is conſtant and uniform, ſo that, like an equal motion, it eſcapes perception. The circumſtances of every action are ſo adjuſted to each other, that we do not ſee where any error could have been committed, and rather acquieſce in its propriety, than admire its exactneſs.

But

But as ſickneſs ſhews us the value of eaſe, a little familiarity with thoſe who were never taught to endeavour the gratification of others, but regulate their behaviour merely by their own will, will ſoon evince the neceſſity of eſtabliſhed modes and formalities to the happineſs and quiet of common life.

Wiſdom and virtue are by no means ſufficient, without the ſupplemental laws of good-breeding, to ſecure freedom from degenerating to rudeneſs, or ſelf-eſteem from ſwelling into inſolence; a thouſand incivilities may be committed, and a thouſand offices neglected, without any remorſe of conſcience, or reproach from reaſon.

The true effect of genuine politeneſs ſeems to be rather eaſe than pleaſure. The power of delighting muſt be conferred by nature, and cannot be delivered by precept, or obtained by imitation; but though it be the privilege of a very ſmall number to raviſh and to charm, every man may hope by rules and caution not to give pain, and may, therefore, by the help of good-breeding, enjoy the kindneſs of mankind, though he ſhould have no claim to higher diſtinctions.

The univerſal axiom in which all complaiſance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed in civiliſed nations, is, *That no man ſhould give any preference to himſelf.* A rule ſo comprehenſive and certain, that, perhaps, it is not eaſy for the mind to image an incivility, without ſuppoſing it to be broken.

There are, indeed, in every place ſome particular modes of the ceremonial part of good-breeding, which, being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habitude and converſation; ſuch are the forms of ſalutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjuſtments of place

place and precedence. Theſe, however, may be often violated without offence, if it be ſufficiently evident, that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure; but will not atone, however rigidly obſerved, for the tumour of inſolence, or petulance of contempt.

I have, indeed, not found among any part of mankind, leſs real and rational complaiſance, than among thoſe who have paſſed their time in paying and receiving viſits, in frequenting publick entertainments, in ſtudying the exact meaſures of ceremony, and in watching all the variations of faſhionable courteſy.

They know, indeed, at what hour they may beat the door of an acquaintance, how many ſteps they muſt attend him towards the gate, and what interval ſhould paſs before his viſit is returned; but ſeldom extend their care beyond the exterior and uneſſential parts of civility, nor refuſe their own vanity any gratification, however expenſive, to the quiet of another.

Trypherus is a man remarkable for ſplendour and expence; a man, that having been originally placed by his fortune and rank in the firſt claſs of the community, has acquired that air of dignity and that readineſs in the exchange of compliments, which courts, balls, and levees, eaſily confer.

But *Trypherus*, without any ſettled purpoſes of malignity, partly by his ignorance of human nature, and partly by the habit of contemplating with great ſatisfaction his own grandeur and riches, is hourly giving diſguſt to thoſe whom chance or expectation ſubject to his vanity.

To a man whoſe fortune confines him to a ſmall houſe, he declaims upon the pleaſure of ſpacious ap..rtments, and the convenience of changing his lodging-

lodging-room in different parts of the year; tells him, that he hates confinement; and concludes, that if his chamber was leſs, he ſhould never wake without thinking of a priſon.

To *Eucretus*, a man of birth equal to himſelf, but of much leſs eſtate, he ſhewed his ſervices of plate, and remarked that ſuch things were, indeed, nothing better than coſtly trifles, but that no man muſt pretend to the rank of a gentleman without them; and that for his part, if his eſtate was ſmaller, he ſhould not think of enjoying but encreaſing it, and would enquire out a trade for his eldeſt ſon.

He has, in imitation of ſome more acute obſerver than himſelf, collected a great many ſhifts and artifices by which poverty is concealed; and among the ladies of ſmall fortune, never fails to talk of frippery and ſlight ſilks, and the convenience of a general mourning.

I have been inſulted a thouſand times with a catalogue of his pictures, his jewels, and his rarities, which, though he knows the humble neatneſs of my habitation, he ſeldom fails to conclude by a declaration, that wherever he ſees a houſe meanly furniſhed, he deſpiſes the owner's taſte, or pities his poverty.

This, Mr. *Rambler*, is the practice of *Trypherus*, by which he is become the terror of all who are leſs wealthy than himſelf, and has raiſed innumerable enemies without rivalry, and without malevolence.

Yet though all are not equally culpable with *Trypherus*, it is ſcarcely poſſible to find any man who does not frequently, like him, indulge his own pride by forcing others into a compariſon with himſelf, when he knows the advantage is on his ſide, without conſidering that unneceſſarily to obtrude

obtrude unpleaſing ideas, is a ſpecies of oppreſſion; and that it is little more criminal to deprive another of ſome real advantage, than to interrupt that forgetfulneſs of its abſence, which is the next happineſs to actual poſſeſſion.

I am, &c.

EUTROPIUS.

CONFORMITY OF INCLINATION.

NUMB. 99. TUESDAY, *February* 26, 1751.

Scilicet ingeniis aliqua eſt concordia junctis,
Et ſervat ſtudii fœdera quiſque ſui,
Ruſticus agricolam, miles fera bella gerentem,
Rectorem dubiæ navita puppis amat. OVID.

Congenial paſſions ſouls together bind,
And ev'ry calling mingles with its kind;
Soldier unites with ſoldier, ſwain with ſwain,
The mariner with him that roves the main. F. LEWIS.

IT has been ordained by Providence, for the conſervation of order in the immenſe variety of nature, and for the regular propagation of the ſeveral claſſes of life with which the elements are peopled, that every creature ſhould be drawn by ſome ſecret attraction to thoſe of his own kind; and that not only the gentle and domeſtick animals which naturally unite into companies, or cohabit by pairs, ſhould continue faithful to their ſpecies, but even thoſe ravenous and ferocious ſavages which *Ariſtotle* obſerves never to be gregarious, ſhould range mountains and deſerts in ſearch of one another, rather than pollute the world with a monſtrous birth.

As the perpetuity and diſtinction of the lower tribes of the creation require that they ſhould be

determined to proper mates by ſome uniform motive of choice, or ſome cogent principle of inſtinct, it is neceſſary likewiſe, that man, whoſe wider capacity demands more gratifications, and who feels in himſelf innumerable wants, which a life of ſolitude cannot ſupply, and innumerable powers to which it cannot give employment, ſhould be led to ſuitable companions by particular influence; and among many beings of the ſame nature with himſelf, he may ſelect ſome for intimacy and tenderneſs, and improve the condition of his exiſtence, by ſuperadding friendſhip to humanity, and the love of individuals to that of the ſpecies.

Other animals are ſo formed, that they ſeem to contribute very little to the happineſs of each other, and know neither joy, nor grief, nor love, nor hatred, but as they are urged by ſome deſire immediately ſubſervient either to the ſupport of their own lives, or to the continuation of their race; they therefore ſeldom appear to regard any of the minuter diſcriminations which diſtinguiſh creatures of the ſame kind from one another.

But if man were to feel no incentives to kindneſs, more than his general tendency to congenial nature, *Babylon* or *London*, with all their multitudes, would have to him the deſolation of a wilderneſs; his affections, not compreſſed into a narrower compaſs, would vaniſh like elemental fire, in boundleſs evaporation; he would languiſh in perpetual inſenſibility, and though he might, perhaps, in the firſt vigour of youth, amuſe himſelf with the freſh enjoyments of life, yet, when curioſity ſhould ceaſe, and alacrity ſubſide, he would abandon himſelf to the fluctuations of chance, without expecting help againſt any calamity, or feeling any wiſh for the happineſs of others.

To love all men is our duty, ſo far as it includes a general habit of benevolence, and readineſs of occaſional

occaſional kindneſs; but to love all equally is impoſſible; at leaſt impoſſible without the extinction of thoſe paſſions which now produce all our pains and all our pleaſures; without the diſuſe, if not the abolition of ſome of our faculties, and the ſuppreſſion of all our hopes and fears in apathy and indifference.

The neceſſities of our condition require a thouſand offices of tenderneſs, which mere regard for the ſpecies will never dictate. Every man has frequent grievances which only the ſolicitude of friendſhip will diſcover and remedy, and which would remain for ever unheeded in the mighty heap of human calamity, were it only ſurveyed by the eye of general benevolence equally attentive to every miſery.

The great community of mankind is, therefore, neceſſarily broken into ſmaller independent ſocieties; theſe form diſtinct intereſts, which are too frequently oppoſed to each other, and which they who have entered into the league of particular governments falſely think it virtue to promote, however deſtructive to the happineſs of the reſt of the world.

Such unions are again ſeparated into ſubordinate claſſes and combinations, and ſocial life is perpetually branched out into minuter ſubdiviſions, till it terminates in the laſt ramifications of private friendſhip.

That friendſhip may at once be fond and laſting, it has been already obſerved in theſe papers, that a conformity of inclinations is neceſſary. No man can have much kindneſs for him by whom he does not believe himſelf eſteemed, and nothing ſo evidently proves eſteem as imitation.

That benevolence is always ſtrongeſt which ariſes from participation of the ſame pleaſures, ſince we

are naturally moſt willing to revive in our minds the memory of perſons, with whom the idea of enjoyment is connected.

It is commonly, therefore, to little purpoſe, that any one endeavours to ingratiate himſelf with ſuch as he cannot accompany in their amuſements and diverſions. Men have been known to riſe to favour and to fortune, only by being ſkilful in the ſports with which their patron happened to be delighted, by concurring with his taſte for ſome particular ſpecies of curioſities, by reliſhing the ſame wine, or applauding the ſame cookery.

Even thoſe whom wiſdom or virtue have placed above regard to ſuch petty recommendations, muſt nevertheleſs be gained by ſimilitude of manners. The higheſt and nobleſt enjoyment of familiar life, the communication of knowledge and reciprocation of ſentiments, muſt always preſuppoſe a diſpoſition to the ſame inquiry, and delight in the ſame diſcoveries.

With what ſatisfaction could the politician lay his ſchemes for the reformation of laws, or his compariſons of different forms of government, before the chemiſt, who has never accuſtomed his thoughts to any other object than ſalt and ſulphur; or how could the aſtronomer, in explaining his calculations and conjectures, endure the coldneſs of a grammarian, who would loſe ſight of *Jupiter* and all his *ſatellites*, for a happy etymology of an obſcure word, or a better explication of a controverted line.

Every man loves merit of the ſame kind with his own, when it is not likely to hinder his advancement or his reputation; for he not only beſt underſtands the worth of thoſe qualities which he labours to cultivate, or the uſefulneſs of the art which he practiſes with ſucceſs, but always feels a reflected pleaſure

pleaſure from the praiſes, which, though given to another, belong equally to himſelf.

There is indeed no need of reſearch and refinement to diſcover that men muſt generally ſelect their companions from their own ſtate of life, ſince there are not many minds furniſhed for great variety of converſation, or adapted to multiplicity of intellectual entertainments.

The ſailor, the academick, the lawyer, the mechanick and the courtier, have all a caſt of talk peculiar to their own fraternity, have fixed their attention upon the ſame events, have been engaged in affairs of the ſame ſort, and make uſe of alluſions and illuſtrations which themſelves only can underſtand.

To be infected with the jargon of a particular profeſſion, and to know only the language of a ſingle rank of mortals, is indeed ſufficiently deſpicable. But as limits muſt be always ſet to the excurſions of the human mind, there will be ſome ſtudy which every man more zealouſly proſecutes, ſome darling ſubject on which he is principally pleaſed to converſe; and he that can moſt inform or beſt underſtand him, will certainly be welcomed with particular regard.

Such partiality is not wholly to be avoided, nor is it culpable, unleſs ſuffered ſo far to predominate as to produce averſion from every other kind of excellence, and to ſhade the luſtre of diſſimilar virtues. Thoſe, therefore, whom the lot of life has conjoined, ſhould endeavour conſtantly to approach towards the inclination of each other, invigorate every motion of concurrent deſire, and fan every ſpark of kindred curioſity.

It has been juſtly obſerved, that diſcord generally operates in little things; it is inflamed to its utmoſt vehemence by contrariety of taſte, oftener than of principles; and might therefore commonly

be avoided by innocent conformity, which, if it was not at firſt the motive, ought always to be the conſequence of indiſſoluble union.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

NUMB. 102. SATURDAY, *March* 9, 1751.

Ipſa quoque aſſiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non ſecus ac flumen: neque enim conſiſtere flumen,
Nec levis hora poteſt; ſed ut unda impellitur undâ,
Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem,
Tempora ſic fugiunt pariter, pariterque ſequuntur. OVID.

With conſtant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide!
For none can ſtem by art, or ſtop by pow'r
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour:
But wave by wave purſu'd arrives on ſhore,
And each impell'd behind impels before:
So time on time revolving we deſcry;
So minutes follow, and ſo minutes fly. ELPHINSTON.

"LIFE," ſays *Seneca*, "is a voyage, in the "progreſs of which we are perpetually changing "our ſcenes: we firſt leave childhood behind us, "then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, "then the better and more pleaſing part of old "age." The peruſal of this paſſage having incited in me a train of reflections on the ſtate of man, the inceſſant fluctuation of his wiſhes, the gradual change of his diſpoſition to all external objects, and the thoughtleſſneſs with which he floats along the ſtream of time, I ſunk into a ſlumber amidſt my meditations, and, on a ſudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the ſhouts of alacrity, the ſhrieks of alarm, the whiſtle of winds, and the daſh of waters.

My aſtoniſhment for a time repreſſed my curioſity; but ſoon recovering myſelf ſo far as to enquire whither

whither we were going, and what was the cauſe of ſuch clamour and confuſion, I was told that they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already paſſed the ſtreights of infancy, in which multitudes had periſhed, ſome by the weakneſs and fragility of their veſſels, and more by the folly, perverſeneſs, or negligence of thoſe who undertook to ſteer them; and that we were now on the main ſea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of ſecurity than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chooſe among great numbers that offered their direction and aſſiſtance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerneſs; and firſt turning my eyes behind me, ſaw a ſtream flowing through flowery iſlands, which every one that ſailed along ſeemed to behold with pleaſure; but no ſooner touched, than the current, which, though not noiſy or turbulent, was yet irreſiſtible, bore him away. Beyond theſe iſlands all was darkneſs, nor could any of the paſſengers deſcribe the ſhore at which he firſt embarked.

Before me, and on each ſide, was an expanſe of waters violently agitated, and covered with ſo thick a miſt, that the moſt perſpicuous eye could ſee but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many ſunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full ſails, and inſulting thoſe whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and ſo thick the darkneſs, that no caution could confer ſecurity. Yet there were many, who, by falſe intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence puſhed thoſe whom they found in their way againſt the rocks.

The current was invariable and inſurmountable; but though it was impoſſible to ſail againſt it, or to return to the place that was once paſſed, yet it was

not ſo violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, ſince, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to ſteer with much care or prudence; for by ſome univerſal infatuation, every man appeared to think himſelf ſafe, though he ſaw his conſorts every moment ſinking round him; and no ſooner had the waves cloſed over them, than their fate and their miſconduct were forgotten; the voyage was purſued with the ſame jocund confidence; every man congratulated himſelf upon the ſoundneſs of his veſſel, and believed himſelf able to ſtem the whirlpool in which his friend was ſwallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was daſhed: nor was it often obſerved that the ſight of a wreck made any man change his courſe: if he turned aſide for a moment, he ſoon forgot the rudder, and left himſelf again to the diſpoſal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from wearineſs of their preſent condition; for not one of thoſe who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction, failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him; and many ſpent their laſt moments in cautioning others againſt the folly by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels in which we had embarked being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage; ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

This

This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their inability to bear the ſight of the terrors that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement for the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with HOPE, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that HOPE ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. HOPE, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.

In the midſt of the current of life was the *gulph of* INTEMPERANCE, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which EASE ſpread couches of repoſe, and with ſhades, where PLEASURE warbled the ſong of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks all who ſailed on the ocean of life muſt neceſſarily paſs. REASON, indeed, was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow outlet by which

they might eſcape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of PLEASURE, that they might ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of INTEMPERANCE, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotations, towards the center. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger, having danced in circles with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom REASON was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before, but floated along timorouſly and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk, by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others againſt the firſt approach of the gulph of INTEMPERANCE.

There were artiſts who profeſſed to repair the breaches and ſtop the leaks of the veſſels which had been ſhattered on the rocks of PLEASURE. Many appeared to have great confidence in their ſkill, and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked that

that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of PLEASURE, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and haraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce HOPE herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown Power, "Gaze "not idly upon others when thou thyſelf art ſink-"ing. Whence is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, "when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and ſeeing the gulph of INTEMPERANCE before me, ſtarted and awaked.

CURIOSITY.

NUMB. 103. TUESDAY, *March* 12, 1751.

Scire volunt ſecreta domus, atque inde timeri. JUV.

They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhip'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
DRYDEN.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteriſticks of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new proſpects,

and produces new incitements to further progreſs. All the attainments poſſible in our preſent ſtate are evidently inadequate to our capacities of enjoyment; conqueſt ſerves no purpoſe but that of kindling ambition, diſcovery has no effect but of raiſing expectation; the gratification of one deſire encourages another; and after all our labours, ſtudies and enquiries, we are continually at the ſame diſtance from the completion of our ſchemes, have ſtill ſome wiſh importunate to be ſatisfied, and ſome faculty reſtleſs and turbulent for want of its enjoyment.

The deſire of knowledge, though often animated by intrinſick and adventitious motives, ſeems on many occaſions to operate without ſubordination to any other principle; we are eager to ſee and hear, without intention of referring our obſervations to a farther end; we climb a mountain for a proſpect of the plain; we run to the ſtrand in a ſtorm, that we may contemplate the agitation of the water; we range from city to city, though we profeſs neither architecture nor fortification; we croſs ſeas only to view nature in nakedneſs, or magnificence in ruins; we are equally allured by novelty of every kind, by a deſert or a palace, a cataract or a cavern, by every thing rude and every thing poliſhed, every thing great and every thing little; we do not ſee a thicket but with ſome temptation to enter it, nor remark an inſect flying before us but with an inclination to purſue it.

This paſſion is, perhaps, regularly heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged. *Lucan* therefore introduces *Cæſar* ſpeaking with dignity ſuitable to the grandeur of his deſigns and the extent of his capacity, when he declares to the high-prieſt of *Egypt*, that he has no deſire equally powerful with that of finding the origin

origin of the *Nile*, and that he would quit all the projects of the civil war for a ſight of thoſe fountains which had been ſo long concealed. And *Homer*, when he would furniſh the *Sirens* with a temptation, to which his hero, renowned for wiſdom, might yield without diſgrace, makes them declare, that none ever departed from them but with increaſe of knowledge.

There is, indeed, ſcarce any kind of ideal acquirement which may not be applied to ſome uſe, or which may not at leaſt gratify pride with occaſional ſuperiority; but whoever attends the motions of his own mind will find, that upon the firſt appearance of an object, or the firſt ſtart of a queſtion, his inclination to a nearer view, or more accurate diſcuſſion, precedes all thoughts of profit, or of competition; and that his deſires take wing by inſtantaneous impulſe, though their flight may be invigorated, or their efforts renewed, by ſubſequent conſiderations. The gratification of curioſity rather frees us from uneaſineſs than confers pleaſure; we are more pained by ignorance than delighted by inſtruction. Curioſity is the thirſt of the ſoul; it inflames and torments us, and makes us taſte every thing with joy, however otherwiſe inſipid, by which it may be quenched.

It is evident that the earlieſt ſearchers after knowledge muſt have propoſed knowledge only as their reward; and that ſcience, though perhaps the nurſling of intereſt, was the daughter of curioſity: for who can believe that they who firſt watched the courſe of the ſtars, foreſaw the uſe of their diſcoveries to the facilitation of commerce, or the menſuration of time? They were delighted with the ſplendor of the nocturnal ſkies, they found that the lights changed their places; what they admired they were anxious to underſtand, and in time traced their revolutions.

There

There are, indeed, beings in the form of men, who appear ſatisfied with their intellectual poſſeſſions, and ſeem to live without deſire of enlarging their conceptions; before whom the world paſſes without notice, and who are equally unmoved by nature or by art.

This negligence is ſometimes only the temporary effect of a predominant paſſion; a lover finds no inclination to travel any path, but that which leads to the habitation of his miſtreſs; a trader can ſpare little attention to common occurrences, when his fortune is endangered by a ſtorm. It is frequently the conſequence of a total immerſion in ſenſuality: corporeal pleaſures may be indulged till the memory of every other kind of happineſs is obliterated; the mind, long habituated to a lethargick and quieſcent ſtate, is unwilling to wake to the toil of thinking; and though ſhe may ſometimes be diſturbed by the obtruſion of new ideas, ſhrinks back again to ignorance and reſt.

But, indeed, if we except them to whom the continual taſk of procuring the ſupports of life, denies all opportunities of deviation from their own narrow track, the number of ſuch as live without the ardour of enquiry is very ſmall, though many content themſelves with cheap amuſements, and waſte their lives in reſearches of no importance.

There is no ſnare more dangerous to buſy and excurſive minds, than the cobwebs of petty inquiſitiveneſs, which entangle them in trivial employments and minute ſtudies, and detain them in a middle ſtate, between the tediouſneſs of total inactivity, and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant them at once with eaſe and novelty, and vitiate them with the luxury of learning. The neceſſity of doing ſomething, and the fear of undertaking much, ſinks the hiſtorian to a genealogiſt, the

the philoſopher to a journaliſt of the weather, and the mathematician to a conſtructor of dials.

It is happy when thoſe who cannot content themſelves to be idle, nor reſolve to be induſtrious, are at leaſt employed without injury to others; but it ſeldom happens that we can contain ourſelves long in a neutral ſtate, or forbear to ſink into vice, when we are no longer ſoaring towards virtue.

Nugaculus was diſtinguiſhed in his earlier years by an uncommon livelineſs of imagination, quickneſs of ſagacity, and extent of knowledge. When he entered into life, he applied himſelf with particular inquiſitiveneſs to examine the various motives of human actions, the complicated influence of mingled affections, the different modifications of intereſt and ambition and the various cauſes of miſcarriage and ſucceſs both in publick and private affairs.

Though his friends did not diſcover to what purpoſe all theſe obſervations were collected, or how *Nugaculus* would much improve his virtue or his fortune by an inceſſant attention to changes of countenance, burſts of inconſideration, ſallies of paſſion, and all the other caſualties by which he uſed to trace a character, yet they could not deny the ſtudy of human nature to be worthy of a wiſe man; they therefore flattered his vanity, applauded his diſcoveries, and liſtened with ſubmiſſive modeſty to his lectures on the uncertainty of inclination, the weakneſs of reſolves, and the inſtability of temper, to his account of the various motives which agitate the mind, and his ridicule of the modern dream of a ruling paſſion.

Such was the firſt incitement of *Nugaculus* to a cloſe inſpection into the conduct of mankind. He had no intereſt in view, and therefore no deſign of ſupplantation; he had no malevolence, and therefore detected faults without any intention to expoſe them;

them; but having once found the art of engaging his attention upon others, he had no inclination to call it back to himſelf, but has paſſed his time in keeping a watchful eye upon every riſing character, and lived upon a ſmall eſtate without any thought of encreaſing it.

He is, by continual application, become a general maſter of ſecret hiſtory, and can give an account of the intrigues, private marriages, competitions, and ſtratagems, of half a century. He knows the mortgages upon every man's eſtate, the terms upon which every ſpendthrift raiſes his money, the real and reputed fortune of every lady, the jointure ſtipulated by every contract, and the expectations of every family from maiden aunts and childleſs acquaintances. He can relate the economy of every houſe, knows how much one man's cellar is robbed by his butler, and the land of another underlet by his ſteward; he can tell where the manor houſe is falling, though large ſums are yearly paid for repairs; and where the tenants are ſelling woods without the conſent of the owner.

To obtain all this intelligence he is inadvertently guilty of a thouſand acts of treachery. He ſees no man's ſervant without draining him of his truſt; he enters no family without flattering the children into diſcoveries; he is a perpetual ſpy upon the doors of his neighbours; and knows by long experience, at whatever diſtance, the looks of a creditor, a borrower, a lover, and a pimp.

Nugaculus is not ill-natured, and therefore his induſtry has not hitherto been very miſchievous to others, or dangerous to himſelf; but ſince he cannot enjoy this knowledge but by diſcovering it, and, if he had no other motive to loquacity, is obliged to traffick like the chymiſts, and purchaſe one ſecret with another, he is every day more hated as he is more known; for he is conſidered by great numbers

numbers as one that has their fame and their happineſs in his power; and no man can much love him of whom he lives in fear.

Thus has an intention, innocent at firſt, if not laudable, the intention of regulating his own behaviour by the experience of others, by an accidental declenſion of minuteneſs, betrayed *Nugaculus*, not only to a fooliſh, but vicious waſte of a life which might have been honourably paſſed in publick ſervices, or domeſtick virtues. He has loſt his original intention, and given up his mind to employments that engroſs, but do not improve it.

THE ART OF PLEASING.

NUMB. 104. SATURDAY, *March* 16, 1751.

——*Nihil eſt quod credere de ſe*
Non poſſit—— JUVENAL.

None e'er rejects hyperboles of praiſe.

THE apparent inſufficiency of every individual to his own happineſs or ſafety, compels us to ſeek from one another aſſiſtance and ſupport. The neceſſity of joint efforts for the execution of any great or extenſive deſign, the variety of powers diſſeminated in the ſpecies, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different perſons, demand an interchange of help, and communication of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence unite mankind in ſociety and friendſhip.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a ſtate of equality, without diſtinction of rank, or peculiarity

liarity of poſſeſſions, it is reaſonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute by his ſtrength, or his ſkill, to the ſupply of natural wants; there was then little room for peeviſh diſlike, or capricious favour; the affection admitted into the heart was rather eſteem than tenderneſs; and kindneſs was only purchaſed by benefits. But when by force or policy, by wiſdom or by fortune, property and ſuperiority were introduced and eſtabliſhed, ſo that many were condemned to labour for the ſupport of a few, then they whoſe poſſeſſions ſwelled above their wants, naturally laid out their ſuperfluities upon pleaſure; and thoſe who could not gain friendſhip by neceſſary offices endeavoured to promote their intereſt by luxurious gratifications, and to create need which they might be courted to ſupply.

The deſires of mankind are much more numerous than their attainments, and the capacity of imagination much larger than actual enjoyment. Multitudes are therefore unſatisfied with their allotment; and he that hopes to improve his condition by the favour of another, and either finds no room for the exertion of great qualities, or perceives himſelf excelled by his rivals, will, by other expedients, endeavour to become agreeable where he cannot be important, and learn, by degrees, to number the *art of pleaſing* among the moſt uſeful ſtudies, and moſt valuable acquiſitions.

This art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to its uſefulneſs, and will always flouriſh moſt where it is moſt rewarded; for this reaſon we find it practiſed with great aſſiduity under abſolute governments, where honours and riches are in the hands of one man, whom all endeavour to propitiate, and who ſoon becomes ſo much accuſtomed to compliance and officiouſneſs, as not eaſily to find,

find, in the moſt delicate addreſs, that novelty which is neceſſary to procure attention.

It is diſcovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleaſed with a companion, who does not increaſe in ſome reſpect, his fondneſs of himſelf; and, therefore, he that wiſhes rather to be led forward to proſperity by the gentle hand of favour, than to force his way by labour and merit, muſt conſider with more care how to diſplay his patron's excellencies than his own; that whenever he approaches, he may fill the imagination with pleaſing dreams, and chaſe away diſguſt and wearineſs by a perpetual ſucceſſion of delightful images.

This may, indeed, ſometimes be effected by turning the attention upon advantages which are really poſſeſſed, or upon proſpects which reaſon ſpreads before hope; for whoever can deſerve or require to be courted, has generally, either from nature or from fortune, gifts, which he may review with ſatisfaction, and of which, when he is artfully recalled to the contemplation, he will ſeldom be diſpleaſed.

But thoſe who have once degraded their underſtanding to an application only to the paſſions, and who have learned to derive hope from any other ſources than induſtry and virtue, ſeldom retain dignity and magnanimity ſufficient to defend them againſt the conſtant recurrence of temptation to falſehood. He that is too deſirous to be loved, will ſoon learn to flatter, and when he has exhauſted all the variations of honeſt praiſe, and can delight no longer with the civility of truth, he will invent new topicks of panegyrick, and break out into raptures at virtues and beauties conferred by himſelf.

The drudgeries of dependance would, indeed, be aggravated by hopeleſsneſs of ſucceſs, if no indulgence was allowed to adulation. He that will obſtinately

obſtinately confine his patron to hear only the commendations which he deſerves, will ſoon be forced to give way to others that regale him with more compaſs of muſick. The greateſt human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think ourſelves better than we are, and are generally deſirous that others ſhould think us ſtill better than we think ourſelves. To praiſe us for actions or diſpoſitions, which deſerve praiſe, is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute. We have always pretenſions to fame, which, in our own hearts, we know to be diſputable, and which we are deſirous to ſtrengthen by a new ſuffrage; we have always hopes which we ſuſpect to be fallacious, and of which we eagerly ſnatch at every confirmation.

It may, indeed, be proper to make the firſt approaches under the conduct of truth, and to ſecure credit to future encomiums, by ſuch praiſe as may be ratified by the conſcience; but the mind once habituated to the luſciouſneſs of eulogy, becomes, in a ſhort time, nice and faſtidious, and, like a vitiated palate, is inceſſantly calling for higher gratifications.

It is ſcarcely credible to what degree diſcernment may be dazzled by the miſt of pride, and wiſdom infatuated by the intoxication of flattery; or how low the genius may deſcend by ſucceſſive gradations of ſervility, and how ſwiftly it may fall down the precipice of falſehood. No man can, indeed, obſerve, without indignation, on what names, both of ancient and modern times, the utmoſt exuberance of praiſe has been laviſhed, and by what hands it has been beſtowed. It has never yet been found, that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppreſſor, the moſt hateful of the hateful, the moſt profligate of the profligate, have been denied any celebrations which they were willing to purchaſe, or

that

that wickedneſs and folly have not found correſpondent flatterers through all their ſubordinations, except when they have been aſſociated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyriſt.

As there is no character ſo deformed as to fright away from it the proſtitutes of praiſe, there is no degree of encomiaſtick veneration which pride has refuſed. The emperors of *Rome* ſuffered themſelves to be worſhipped in their lives with altars and ſacrifices; and in an age more enlightened, the terms peculiar to the praiſe and worſhip of the Supreme Being, have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men; and whom nothing but riches or power hindered thoſe that read or wrote their deification, from hunting into the toils of juſtice, as diſturbers of the peace of nature.

There are, indeed, many among the poetical flatterers, who muſt be reſigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we muſt confeſs to have deſerted the cauſe of virtue for pay: they have committed, againſt full conviction, the crime of obliterating the diſtinctions between good and evil, and inſtead of oppoſing the encroachments of vice, have incited her progreſs, and celebrated her conqueſts. But there is a lower claſs of ſycophants, whoſe underſtanding has not made them capable of equal guilt. Every man of high rank is ſurrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action, than his maxims and his conduct; whom the honour of being numbered among his acquaintance, reconciles to all his vices, and all his abſurdities; and who eaſily perſuade themſelves to eſteem him, by whoſe regard they conſider themſelves as diſtinguiſhed and exalted.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themſelves within the ſphere of greatneſs. Stupidity is

ſoon

ſoon blinded by the ſplendor of wealth, and cowardice is eaſily fettered in the ſhackles of dependance. To ſolicit patronage, is, at leaſt, in the event, to ſet virtue to ſale. None can be pleaſed without praiſe, and few can be praiſed without falſehood; few can be aſſiduous without ſervility, and none can be ſervile without corruption.

PROSTITUTES.

NUMB. 107. TUESDAY, *March* 26, 1751.

Mr. RAMBLER,

I Was ſeized this morning with an unuſual penſiveneſs, and finding that books only ſerved to heighten it, took a ramble into the fields, in hopes of relief and invigoration from the keenneſs of the air and brightneſs of the ſun.

As I wandered wrapped up in thought, my eyes were ſtruck with the hoſpital for the reception of deſerted infants, which I ſurveyed with pleaſure, till by a natural train of ſentiment, I began to reflect on the fate of the mothers. For to what ſhelter can they fly? Only to the arms of their betrayer, which perhaps are now no longer open to receive them; and then how quick muſt be the tranſition from deluded virtue to ſhameleſs guilt, and from ſhameleſs guilt to hopeleſs wretchedneſs.

The anguiſh that I felt, left me no reſt till I had, by your means, addreſſed myſelf to the publick on behalf of thoſe forlorn creatures, the women of the town; whoſe miſery here might ſatisfy the moſt rigorous cenſor, and whoſe participation of our common nature might ſurely induce us to endea-

vour,

vour, at leaſt, their preſervation from eternal puniſhment.

Theſe were all once, if not virtuous, at leaſt innocent; and might ſtill have continued blameleſs and eaſy, but for the arts and inſinuations of thoſe whoſe rank, fortune, or education, furniſhed them with means to corrupt or to delude them. Let the libertine reflect a moment on the ſituation of that woman, who, being forſaken by her betrayer, is reduced to the neceſſity of turning proſtitute for bread, and judge of the enormity of his guilt by the evils which it produces.

It cannot be doubted but that numbers follow this dreadful courſe of life, with ſhame, horror, and regret; but where can they hope for refuge; "*The world is not their friend, nor the world's law.*" Their ſighs, and tears, and groans, are criminal in the eye of their tyrants, the bully and the bawd, who fatten on their miſery, and threaten them with want or a gaol, if they ſhew the leaſt deſign of eſcaping from their bondage.

"To wipe all tears from off all faces," is a taſk too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortunes is often within the moſt limited power: yet the opportunities which every day affords of relieving the moſt wretched of human beings are over-looked and neglected, with equal diſregard of policy and goodneſs.

There are places, indeed, ſet apart, to which theſe unhappy creatures may reſort, when the diſeaſes of incontinence ſeize upon them; but if they obtain a cure, to what are they reduced? Either to return with the ſmall remains of beauty to their former guilt, or periſh in the ſtreets with nakedneſs and hunger?

How frequently have the gay and thoughtleſs, in their evening frolicks, ſeen a band of theſe miſerable

ſerable females, covered with rags, ſhivering with cold, and pining with hunger; and, without either pitying their calamities, or reflecting upon the cruelty of thoſe who perhaps firſt ſeduced them by careſſes of fondneſs, or magnificence of promiſes, go on to reduce others to the ſame wretchedneſs by the ſame means.

To ſtop the increaſe of this deplorable multitude, is undoubtedly the firſt and moſt preſſing conſideration. To prevent evil is the great end of government, the end for which vigilance and ſeverity are properly employed. But ſurely thoſe whom paſſion or intereſt have already depraved, have ſome claim to compaſſion, from beings equally frail and fallible with themſelves. Nor will they long groan in their preſent afflictions, if none were to refuſe them relief, but theſe that owe their exemption from the ſame diſtreſs only to their wiſdom and their virtue. *I am, &c.*

AMICUS.

REPENTANCE.

NUMB. 110. SATURDAY, *April* 6, 1751.

At nobis vitæ dominum quærentibus unum
Lux iter eſt, et clara dies, et gratia ſimplex.
Spem ſequimur, gradimurque fide, fruimurque futuris,
Ad quæ non veniunt præſentis gaudia vitæ,
Nec currunt pariter capta, et capienda voluptas.

PRUDENTIUS.

We thro' this maze of life one Lord obey;
Whoſe light and grace unerring lead the way.
By hope and faith ſecure of future bliſs,
Gladly the joys of preſent life we miſs:
For baffled mortals ſtill attempt in vain,
Preſent and future bliſs at once to gain. F. LEWIS.

THAT to pleaſe the Lord and Father of the univerſe, is the ſupreme intereſt of created and dependent

dependent beings, as it is eaſily proved, has been univerſally confeſſed; and ſince all rational agents are conſcious of having neglected or violated the duties preſcribed to them, the fear of being rejected, or puniſhed by God, has always burdened the human mind. The expiation of crimes, and renovation of the forfeited hopes of divine favour, therefore conſtitutes a large part of every religion.

The various methods of propitiation and atonement which fear and folly have dictated, or artifice and intereſt tolerated in the different parts of the world, however they may ſometimes reproach or degrade humanity, at leaſt ſhew the general conſent of all ages and nations in their opinion of the placability of the divine nature. That God will forgive, may, indeed, be eſtabliſhed as the firſt and fundamental truth of religion; for though the knowledge of his exiſtence is the origin of philoſophy, yet, without the belief of his mercy, it would have little influence upon our moral conduct. There could be no proſpect of enjoying the protection or regard of him, whom the leaſt deviation from rectitude made inexorable for ever; and every man would naturally withdraw his thoughts from the contemplation of a creator, whom he muſt conſider as a governor too pure to be pleaſed, and too ſevere to be pacified; as an enemy infinitely wiſe, and infinitely powerful, whom he could neither deceive, eſcape, nor reſiſt.

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour. A conſtant and unfailing obedience is above the reach of terreſtrial diligence; and therefore the progreſs of life could only have been the natural deſcent of negligent deſpair from crime to crime, had not the univerſal perſuaſion of forgiveneſs to be obtained by proper means of reconciliation, recalled thoſe to the paths of virtue

whom their paſſions had ſolicited aſide; and animated to new attempts, and firmer perſeverance, thoſe whom difficulty had diſcouraged, or negligence ſurpriſed.

In times and regions ſo disjoined from each other, that there can ſcarcely be imagined any communication of ſentiments either by commerce or tradition, has prevailed a general and uniform expectation of propitiating God by corporal auſterities, of anticipating his vengeance by voluntary inflictions, and appeaſing his juſtice by a ſpeedy and cheerful ſubmiſſion to a leſs penalty when a greater is incurred.

Incorporated minds will always feel ſome inclination towards exterior acts, and ritual obſervances. Ideas not repreſented by ſenſible objects are fleeting, variable, and evaneſcent. We are not able to judge of the degree of conviction which operated at any particular time upon our own thoughts, but as it is recorded by ſome certain and definite effect. He that reviews his life in order to determine the probability of his acceptance with God, if he could once eſtabliſh the neceſſary proportion between crimes and ſufferings, might ſecurely reſt upon his performance of the expiation; but while ſafety remains the reward only of mental purity, he is always afraid leſt he ſhould decide too ſoon in his own favour, leſt he ſhould not have felt the pangs of true contrition; leſt he ſhould miſtake ſatiety for deteſtation, or imagine that his paſſions are ſubdued when they are only ſleeping.

From this natural and reaſonable diffidence aroſe, in humble and timorous piety, a diſpoſition to confound penance with repentance, to repoſe on human determinations, and to receive from ſome judicial ſentence the ſtated and regular aſſignment of reconciliatory pain. We are never willing to be without reſource: we ſeek in the knowledge of others a ſuccour

cour for our own ignorance, and are ready to truſt any that will undertake to direct us when we have confidence in ourſelves.

This deſire to aſcertain by ſome outward marks the ſtate of the ſoul, and this willingneſs to calm the conſcience by ſome ſettled method, have produced, as they are diverſified in their effects by various tempers and principles, moſt of the diſquiſitions and rules, the doubts and ſolutions, that have embarraſſed the doctrine of repentance, and perplexed tender and flexible minds with innumerable ſcruples concerning the neceſſary meaſures of ſorrow, and adequate degrees of ſelf-abhorrence; and theſe rules corrupted by fraud, or debaſed by credulity, have, by the common reſiliency of the mind from one extreme to another, incited others to an open contempt of all ſubſidiary ordinances, all prudential caution, and the whole diſcipline of regulated piety.

Repentance, however difficult to be practiſed, is, if it be explained without ſuperſtition, eaſily underſtood. *Repentance is the relinquiſhment of any practice, from the conviction that it has offended God.* Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are too cloſely connected with it, to be eaſily ſeparated; for they not only mark its ſincerity, but promote its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obſtinacy, by which his ſafety or happineſs in this world is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorſe. He who is fully convinced, that he ſuffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace back his miſcarriage to its firſt cauſe, to image to himſelf a contrary behaviour, and to form involuntary reſolutions againſt the like fault, even when he knows that he ſhall never again have the power of committing it. Danger conſidered as imminent, naturally

turally produces ſuch trepidations of impatience as leave all human means of ſafety behind them: he that has once caught an alarm of terror, is every moment ſeized with uſeleſs anxieties, adding one ſecurity to another, trembling with ſudden doubts, and diſtracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he whoſe crimes have deprived him of the favour of God, can reflect upon his conduct without diſturbance, or can at will baniſh the reflection; if he who conſiders himſelf as ſuſpended over the abyſs of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which muſt ſoon part by its own weakneſs, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can caſt his eyes round him without ſhuddering with horror, or panting with ſecurity; what can he judge of himſelf but that he is not yet awakened to ſufficient conviction, ſince every loſs is more lamented than the loſs of the divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?

Retirement from the cares and pleaſures of the world has been often recommended as uſeful to repentance. This at leaſt is evident, that every one retires, whenever ratiocination and recollection are required on other occaſions: and ſurely the retroſpect of life, the diſentanglement of actions complicated with innumerable circumſtances, and diffuſed in various relations, the diſcovery of the primary movements of the heart, and the extirpation of luſts and appetites deeply rooted, and widely ſpread, may be allowed to demand ſome receſſion from ſport and noiſe, and buſineſs and folly. Some ſuſpenſion of common affairs, ſome pauſe of temporal pain and pleaſure, is doubtleſs neceſſary to him that deliberates for eternity, who is forming the only plan in which miſcarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only queſtion in which miſtake cannot be rectified.

Auſterities

Auſterities and mortifications are means by which the mind is invigorated and rouſed, by which the attractions of pleaſure are interrupted, and the chains of ſenſuality are broken. It is obſerved by one of the fathers, that *he who reſtrains himſelf in the uſe of things lawful, will never encroach upon things forbidden.* Aubſtinence, if nothing more, is, at leaſt, a cautious retreat from the utmoſt verge of permiſſion, and confers that ſecurity which cannot be reaſonably hoped by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of deſtruction, or delights to approach the pleaſures which he knows it fatal to partake. Auſterity is the proper antidote to indulgence; the diſeaſes of mind as well as body are cured by contraries, and to contraries we ſhould readily have recourſe, if we dreaded guilt as we dread pain.

The completion and ſum of repentance is a change of life. That ſorrow which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our eſcape, that auſterity which fails to rectify our affections are vain and unavaling. But ſorrow and terror muſt naturally precede reformation: for what other cauſe can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himſelf alarmed by his conſcience, anxious for the attainment of a better ſtate, and afflicted by the memory of his paſt faults, may juſtly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of ſtrengthening his conviction, to impreſs upon his mind ſuch a ſenſe of the divine preſence, as may overpower the blandiſhments of ſecular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holineſs to another, till death ſhall ſet him free from doubt and conteſt, miſery and temptation.

What better can we do than proſtrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confeſs

Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

PEEVISHNESS.

NUMB. 112. SATURDAY, *April* 13, 1751.

In mea veſanas habui diſpendia vires,
Et valui pœnas fortis in ipſe meas. OVID.

Of ſtrength pernicious to myſelf I boaſt;
The pow'rs I have were giv'n me to my coſt. F. LEWIS.

WE are taught by *Celſus*, that health is beſt preſerved by avoiding ſettled habits of life, and deviating ſometimes into ſlight aberrations from the laws of medicine; by varying the proportions of food and exerciſe, interrupting the ſucceſſions of reſt and labour, and mingling hardſhips with indulgence. The body, long accuſtomed to ſtated quantities and uniform periods, is diſordered by the ſmalleſt irregularity; and ſince we cannot adjuſt every day by the balance or barometer, it is fit ſometimes to depart from rigid accuracy, that we may be able to comply with neceſſary affairs, or ſtrong inclinations. He that too long obſerves nice punctualities, condemns himſelf to voluntary imbecility, and will not long eſcape the miſeries of diſeaſe.

The ſame laxity of regimen is equally neceſſary to intellectual health, and to a perpetual ſuſceptibility of occaſional pleaſure. Long confinement to the ſame company which perhaps ſimilitude of taſte brought firſt together, quickly contracts his faculties, and makes a thouſand things offenſive that are in themſelves indifferent; a man accuſtomed

tomed to bear only the echo of his own ſentiments, ſoon bars all the common avenues of delight, and has no part in the general gratifications of mankind.

In things which are not immediately ſubject to religious or moral conſideration, it is dangerous to be too long or too rigidly in the right. Senſibility may, by an inceſſant attention to elegance and propriety, be quickened to a tenderneſs inconſiſtent with the condition of humanity, irritable by the ſmalleſt aſperity, and vulnerable by the gentleſt touch. He that pleaſes himſelf too much with minute exactneſs, and ſubmits to endure nothing in accommodations, attendance, or addreſs, below the point of perfection, will, whenever he enters the crowd of life, be haraſſed with innumerable diſtreſſes, from which thoſe who have not in the ſame manner increaſed their ſenſations, find no diſturbance. His exotick ſoftneſs will ſhrink at the coarſeneſs of vulgar felicity, like a plant tranſplanted to northern nurſeries, from the dews and ſunſhine of the tropical regions.

There will always be a wide interval between practical and ideal excellence; and, therefore, if we allow not ourſelves to be ſatisfied while we can perceive any error or defect, we muſt refer our hopes of eaſe to ſome other period of exiſtence. It is well known, that, expoſed to a microſcope, the ſmootheſt poliſh of the moſt ſolid bodies diſcovers cavities and prominences; and that the ſofteſt bloom of roſeate virginity repels the eye with excreſcences and diſcolorations. The perceptions as well as the ſenſes may be improved to our own diſquiet, and we may, by diligent cultivation of the powers of diſlike, raiſe in time an artificial faſtidiouſneſs, which ſhall fill the imagination with phantoms of turpitude, ſhew us the naked ſkeleton of every delight, and preſent us only with

the pains of pleaſure, and the deformities of beauty.

Peeviſhneſs, indeed, would perhaps very little diſturb the peace of mankind, were it always the conſequence of ſuperfluous delicacy; for it is the privilege only of deep reflection, or lively fancy, to deſtroy happineſs by art and refinement. But by continual indulgence of a particular humour, or by long enjoyment of undiſputed ſuperiority, the dull and thoughtleſs may likewiſe acquire the power of tormenting themſelves and others, and become ſufficiently ridiculous or hateful to thoſe who are within ſight of their conduct, or reach of their influence.

They that have grown old in a ſingle ſtate are generally found to be moroſe, fretful, and captious; tenacious of their own practices and maxims; ſoon offended by contradiction or negligence; and impatient of any aſſociation, but with thoſe that will watch their nod, and ſubmit themſelves to unlimited authority. Such is the effect of having lived without the neceſſity of conſulting any inclination but their own.

The iraſcibility of this claſs of tyrants is generally exerted upon petty provocations, ſuch as are incident to underſtandings not far extended beyond the inſtincts of animal life; but unhappily he that fixes his attention on things always before him, will never have long ceſſations of anger. There are many veterans of luxury, upon whom every noon brings a proxyſm of violence, fury, and execration; they never ſit down to their dinner without finding the meat ſo injudiciouſly bought, or ſo unſkilfully dreſſed, ſuch blunders in the ſeaſoning, or ſuch improprieties in the ſauce, as can ſcarcely be expiated without blood; and, in the tranſports of reſentment, make very little diſtinctions between guilt and innocence, but let fly their menaces, or growl

growl out their diſcontent, upon all whom fortune expoſes to the ſtorm.

It is not eaſy to imagine a more unhappy condition than that of dependence on a peeviſh man. In every other ſtate of inferiority the certainty of pleaſing is perpetually increaſed by a fuller knowledge of our duty; and kindneſs and confidence are ſtrengthened by every new act of truſt, and proof of fidelity. But peeviſhneſs ſacrifices to a momentary offence, the obſequiouſneſs or uſefulneſs of half a life, and as more is performed increaſes her exactions.

Chryſalus gained a fortune by trade, and retired into the country; and, having a brother burdened by the number of his children, adopted one of his ſons. The boy was diſmiſſed with many prudent admonitions; informed of his father's inability to maintain him in his native rank; cautioned againſt all oppoſition to the opinions or precepts of his uncle; and animated to perſeverence by the hopes of ſupporting the honour of the family, and overtopping his elder brother. He had a natural ductility of mind, without much warmth of affection, or elevation of ſentiment: and therefore readily complied with every variety of caprice; patiently endured contradictory reproofs; heard falſe accuſations without pain, and opprobrious reproaches without reply; laughed obſtreperouſly at the ninetieth repetition of a joke; aſked queſtions about the univerſal decay of trade; admired the ſtrength of thoſe heads by which the price of ſtocks is changed and adjuſted; and behaved with ſuch prudence and circumſpection, that after ſix years the will was made, and *Juvenculus* was declared heir. But unhappily, a month afterwards, retiring at night from his uncle's chamber, he left the door open behind him: the old man tore his will, and being then perceptibly declining, for

want of time to deliberate, left his money to a trading company.

When female minds are imbittered by age or ſolitude, their malignity is generally exerted in a rigorous and ſpiteful ſuperintendence of domeſtick trifles. *Eriphile* has employed her eloquence for twenty years upon the degeneracy of ſervants, the naſtineſs of her houſe, the ruin of her furniture, the difficulty of preſerving tapeſtry from the moths, and the careleſneſs of the ſluts whom ſhe employs in bruſhing it. It is her buſineſs every morning to viſit all the rooms, in hopes of finding a chair without its cover, a window ſhut or open contrary to her orders, a ſpot on the hearth, or a feather on the floor, that the reſt of the day may be juſtifiably ſpent in taunts of contempt, and vociferations of anger. She lives for no other purpoſe but to preſerve the neatneſs of a houſe and gardens, and feels neither inclination to pleaſure, nor aſpiration after virtue, while ſhe is engroſſed by the great employment of keeping gravel from graſs, and wainſcot from duſt. Of three amiable nieces ſhe has declared herſelf an irreconcileable enemy to one, becauſe ſhe broke off a tulip with her hoop; to another, becauſe ſhe ſpilt her coffee on a Turkey carpet; and to the third, becauſe ſhe let a wet dog run into the parlour. She has broken off her intercourſe of viſits, becauſe company makes a houſe dirty; and reſolves to confine herſelf more to her own affairs, and to live no longer in mire by fooliſh lenity.

Peeviſhneſs is generally the vice of narrow minds, and, except when it is the effect of anguiſh and diſeaſe, by which the reſolution is broken, and the mind made too feeble to bear the lighteſt addition to its miſeries, proceeds from an unreaſonable perſuaſion of the importance of trifles. The proper remedy againſt it is, to conſider the dignity

dignity of human nature, and the folly of ſuffering perturbation and uneaſineſs from cauſes unworthy of our notice.

He that reſigns his peace to little caſualties, and ſuffers the courſe of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadvertencies, or offences, delivers up himſelf to the direction of the wind, and loſes all that conſtancy and equanimity which conſtitute the chief praiſe of a wiſe man.

The province of prudence lies between the greateſt things and the leaſt; ſome ſurpaſs our power by their magnitude, and ſome eſcape our notice by their number and their frequency. But the indiſpenſable buſineſs of life will afford ſufficient exerciſe to every underſtanding; and ſuch is the limitation of the human powers, that by attention to trifles we muſt let things of importance paſs unobſerved: when we examine a mite with a glaſs, we ſee nothing but a mite.

That it is every man's intereſt to be pleaſed, will need little proof: that it is his intereſt to pleaſe others, experience will inform him. It is therefore not leſs neceſſary to happineſs than to virtue, that he rid his mind of paſſions which make him uneaſy to himſelf, and hateful to the world, which enchain his intellects, and obſtruct his improvement.

THE USE OF RICHES.

NUMB. 120. SATURDAY, *May* 11, 1751.

Redditum Cyri ſolio Phraaten
Diſſidens plebi, numero beatorum
Eximit virtus, populumque falſis
Dedocet uti
Vocibus. HOR.

True virtue can the crowd unteach
Their falſe miſtaken forms of ſpeech;
Virtue to crowds a foe profeſt,
Diſdains to number with the bleſt
Phraates, by his ſlaves ador'd,
And to the *Parthian* crown reſtor'd. FRANCIS.

IN the reign of *Jenghiz Can*, conqueror of the eaſt, in the city of *Samarcand*, lived *Nouradin* the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of *India* for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouſes were filled with all the commodities of the remoteſt nations; every rarity of nature, every curioſity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was uſeful, haſted to his hand. The ſtreets were crouded with his carriages; the ſea was covered with his ſhips; the ſtreams of *Oxus* were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the ſky wafted wealth to *Nouradin*.

At length *Nouradin* felt himſelf ſeized with a ſlow malady, which he firſt endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding his ſtrength every day leſs, he was at laſt terrified, and called for help upon the ſages of phyſick; they filled his apartments with alexipharmicks, reſtoratives, and eſſential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were diſſolved, the ſpices of *Arabia* were diſtilled, and all the powers of nature were employed to give new ſpirits to his nerves,

nerves, and new balſam to his blood. *Nouradin* was for ſome time amuſed with promiſes, invigorated with cordials, or ſoothed with anodynes; but the diſeaſe preyed upon his vitals, and he ſoon diſcovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deſerted by his phyſicians, and rarely viſited by his friends; but his unwillingneſs to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having paſſed the night in tedious languor, he called to him *Almamoulin*, his only ſon; and diſmiſſing his attendants, "My ſon," ſays he, "behold here the weakneſs and fragility of man; "look backward a few days, thy father was great and "happy, freſh as the vernal roſe, and ſtrong as "the cedar of the mountain; the nations of *Aſia* "drank his dews, and art and commerce delighted "in his ſhade. Malevolence beheld me, and "ſighed: His root, ſhe cried, is fixed in the "depths; it is watered by the fountains of *Oxus*; "it ſends out branches afar, and bids defiance to "the blaſt; prudence reclines againſt his trunk, "and proſperity dances on his top. Now, *Alma-* "*moulin*, look upon me withering and proſtrate; "look upon me and attend. I have trafficked, I "have proſpered, I have rioted in gain; my houſe "is ſplendid, my ſervants are numerous; yet I "diſplayed only a ſmall part of my riches; the "reſt, which I was hindered from enjoying, by "the fear of raiſing envy, or tempting rapacity, "I have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, "I have hidden in ſecret repoſitories, which this "ſcroll will diſcover. My purpoſe was, after ten "months more ſpent in commerce, to have with- "drawn my wealth to a ſafer country; to have "given ſeven years to delight and feſtivity, and "the remaining part of my days to ſolitude and "repentance; but the hand of death is upon me;

"a fi-

" a frigorifick torpor encroaches upon my veins; " I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which " it muſt be thy buſineſs to enjoy with wiſdom." The thought of leaving his wealth filled *Nouradin* with ſuch grief, that he fell into convulſions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched a while with honeſt ſorrow, and ſat two hours in profound meditation, without peruſing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborn with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new poſſeſſions, which ſwelled his heart with ſuch tranſports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now ſufficiently compoſed to order a funeral of modeſt magnificence, ſuitable at once to the rank of *Nouradin*'s profeſſion, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he ſpent in viſiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treaſures greater to his eye than to his imagination.

Almamoulin had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed, that happineſs was now in his power, ſince he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accuſtomed to regret the want. He reſolved to give a looſe to his deſires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneaſineſs no more.

He immediately procured a ſplendid equipage, dreſſed his ſervants in rich embroidery, and covered his horſes with golden capariſons. He ſhowered down ſilver on the populace, and ſuffered their acclamations to ſwell him with inſolence. The nobles ſaw him with anger, the wiſe men of the ſtate combined againſt him, the leaders of armies threatened his deſtruction. *Almamoulin* was informed of his danger: he put on the robe of mourning in the preſence of his enemies, and appeaſed

appeaſed them with gold, and gems, and ſupplication.

He then ſought to ſtrengthen himſelf, by an alliance with the princes of *Tartary*, and offered the price of kingdoms for a wife of noble birth. His ſuit was generally rejected, and his preſents refuſed; but a princeſs of *Aſtracan* once condeſcended to admit him to her preſence. She received him ſitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and ſhining with the jewels of *Golconda*; command ſparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. *Almamoulin* approached and trembled. She ſaw his confuſion, and diſdained him: How, ſays ſhe, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus ſhrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in ſordid oſtentation; thou waſt born to be wealthy, but never canſt be great.

He then contracted his deſires to more private and domeſtick pleaſures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he tranſplanted foreſts, he levelled mountains, opened proſpects into diſtant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels.

Theſe amuſements pleaſed him for a time; but languor and wearineſs ſoon invaded him. His bowers loſt their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchaſed large tracts of land in diſtant provinces, adorned them with houſes of pleaſure, and diverſified them with accommodations for different ſeaſons. Change of place at firſt relieved his ſatiety, but all the novelties of ſituation were ſoon exhauſted; he found his heart vacant, and his deſires, for want of external objects, ravaging himſelf.

He therefore returned to *Samarcand*, and ſet open his doors to thoſe whom idleneſs ſends out in ſearch of pleaſure. His tables were always covered with

with delicacies; wines of every vintage ſparkled in his bowls, and his lamps ſcattered perfumes. The ſound of the lute, and the voice of the ſinger, chaſed away ſadneſs; every hour was crowded with pleaſure; and the day ended and began with feaſts and dances, and revelry and merriment. *Almamoulin* cried out, "I have at laſt found the uſe "of riches; I am ſurrounded by companions, "who view my greatneſs without envy; and "I enjoy at once the raptures of popularity, "and the ſafety of an obſcure ſtation. What "trouble can he feel, whom all are ſtudious to "pleaſe, that they may be repaid with pleaſure? "What danger can he dread, to whom every man "is a friend?"

Such were the thoughts of *Almamoulin*, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay aſſembly, regaling at his expence; but in the midſt of this ſoliloquy, an officer of juſtice entered the houſe, and, in the form of legal citation, ſummoned *Almamoulin* to appear before the emperor. The gueſts ſtood awhile aghaſt, then ſtole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a ſingle voice to witneſs his integrity. He now found one of his moſt frequent viſitants accuſing him of treaſon, in hopes of ſharing his confiſcation; yet, unpatronized and unſupported, he cleared himſelf by the openneſs of innocence, and the conſiſtence of truth; he was diſmiſſed with honour, and his accuſer periſhed in priſon.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reaſon he had hoped for juſtice or fidelity from thoſe who live only to gratify their ſenſes; and being now weary with vain experiments upon life, and fruitleſs reſearches after felicity, he had recourſe to a ſage, who, after ſpending his youth in travel and obſervation, had retired from all human cares, to a ſmall habitation on the banks of *Oxus*, where he

he converſed only with ſuch as ſolicited his counſel. "Brother," ſaid the philoſopher, "thou "haſt ſuffered thy reaſon to be deluded by idle "hopes, and fallacious appearances. Having long "looked with deſire upon riches, thou hadſt "taught thyſelf to think them more valuable than "nature deſigned them, and to expect from them, "what experience has now taught thee, that they "cannot give. That they do not confer wiſdom, "thou mayeſt be convinced, by conſidering at "how dear a price they tempted thee, upon thy "firſt entrance into the world, to purchaſe the "empty ſound of vulgar acclamation. That they "cannot beſtow fortitude or magnanimity, that "man may be certain, who ſtood trembling at "*Aſtracan*, before a being not naturally ſuperior "to himſelf. That they will not ſupply unex-"hauſted pleaſure, the recollection of forſaken "palaces, and neglected gardens, will eaſily in-"form thee. That they rarely purchaſe friends, "thou didſt ſoon diſcover, when thou wert left "to ſtand thy trial uncountenanced and alone. "Yet think not riches uſeleſs; there are pur-"poſes, to which a wiſe man may be delighted "to apply them; they may, by a rational diſtri-"bution to thoſe who want them, eaſe the pains "of helpleſs diſeaſe, ſtill the throbs of reſtleſs "anxiety, relieve innocence from oppreſſion, and "raiſe imbecility to cheerfulneſs and vigour. "This they will enable thee to perform, and this "will afford the only happineſs ordained for our "preſent ſtate, the confidence of divine favour, "and the hope of future rewards."

COUNTRY

COUNTRY RETREATS.

NUMB. 135. TUESDAY, *July* 2, 1751.

Cælum, non animum mutant. HOR.
Place may be chang'd; but who can change his mind?

IT is impoſſible to take a view on any ſide, or obſerve any of the various claſſes that form the great community of the world, without diſcovering the influence of example; and admitting with new conviction the obſervation of *Ariſtotle*, that *man is an imitative being*. The greater, far the greater number, follow the track which others have beaten, without any curioſity after new diſcoveries, or ambition of truſting themſelves to their own conduct. And, of thoſe who break the ranks and diſorder the uniformity of the march, moſt return in a ſhort time from their deviation, and prefer the equal and ſteady ſatisfaction of ſecurity before the frolicks of caprice and the honours of adventure.

In queſtions difficult or dangerous it is indeed natural to repoſe upon authority, and, when fear happens to predominate, upon the authority of thoſe whom we do not in general think wiſer than ourſelves. Very few have abilities requiſite for the diſcovery of abſtruſe truth; and of thoſe few ſome want leiſure, and ſome reſolution. But it is not ſo eaſy to find the reaſon of the univerſal ſubmiſſion to precedent where every man might ſafely judge for himſelf; where no irreparable loſs can be hazarded, nor any miſchief of long continuance incurred. Vanity might be expected to operate where the more powerful paſſions are not awakened; the mere pleaſure of acknowledging no ſuperior

ſuperior might produce ſlight ſingularities, or the hope of gaining ſome new degree of happineſs awaken the mind to invention or experiment.

If in any caſe the ſhackles of preſcription could be wholly ſhaken off, and the imagination left to act without controul, on what occaſion ſhould it be expected, but in the ſelection of lawful pleaſure? Pleaſure, of which the eſſence is choice; which compulſion diſſociates from every thing to which nature has united it; and which owes not only its vigour but its being to the ſmiles of liberty. Yet we ſee that the ſenſes, as well as the reaſon, are regulated by credulity; and that moſt will feel, or ſay that they feel, the gratification which others have taught them to expect.

At this time of univerſal migration, when almoſt every one, conſiderable enough to attract regard, has retired, or is preparing with all the earneſtneſs of diſtreſs to retire, into the country; when nothing is to be heard but the hopes of ſpeedy departure, or the complaints of involuntary delay; I have often been tempted to enquire what happineſs is to be gained, or what inconvenience to be avoided, by this ſtated receſſion? Of the birds of paſſage, ſome follow the ſummer, and ſome the winter, becauſe they live upon ſuſtenance which only ſummer or winter can ſupply; but of the annual flight of human rovers it is much harder to aſſign the reaſon, becauſe they do not appear either to find or ſeek any thing which is not equally afforded by the town and country.

I believe that many of theſe fugitives may have heard of men whoſe continual wiſh was for the quiet of retirement, who watched every opportunity to ſteal away from obſervation, to forſake the crowd, and delight themſelves with *the ſociety of ſolitude*. There is indeed ſcarce any writer who has not celebrated the happineſs of rural privacy, and delighted

delighted himſelf and his reader with the melody of birds, the whiſper of groves, and the murmur of rivulets; nor any man eminent for extent of capacity, or greatneſs of exploits, that has not left behind him ſome memorials of lonely wiſdom, and ſilent dignity.

But almoſt all abſurdity of conduct ariſes from the imitation of thoſe whom we cannot reſemble. Thoſe who thus teſtified their wearineſs of tumult and hurry, and haſted with ſo much eagerneſs to the leiſure of retreat, were either men overwhelmed with the preſſure of difficult employments, haraſſed with importunities, and diſtracted with multiplicity; or men wholly engroſſed by ſpeculative ſciences, who having no other end of life but to learn and teach, found their ſearches interrupted by the common commerce of civility, and their reaſonings disjointed by frequent interruptions. Such men might reaſonably fly to that eaſe and convenience which their condition allowed them to find only in the country. The ſtateſman who devoted the greater part of his time to the publick, was deſirous of keeping the remainder in his own power. The general, ruffled with dangers, wearied with labours, and ſtunned with acclamations, gladly ſnatched an interval of ſilence and relaxation. The naturaliſt was unhappy where the works of Providence were not always before him. The reaſoner could adjuſt his ſyſtems only where his mind was free from the intruſion of outward objects.

Such examples of ſolitude very few of thoſe who are now haſtening from the town, have any pretenſions to plead in their own juſtification, ſince they cannot pretend either wearineſs of labour, or deſire of knowledge. They purpoſe nothing more than to quit one ſcene of idleneſs for another, and after having trifled in publick, to

ſleep

ſleep in ſecrecy. The utmoſt that they can hope to gain is the change of ridiculouſneſs to obſcurity, and the privilege of having fewer witneſſes to a life of folly. He who is not ſufficiently important to be diſturbed in his purſuits, but ſpends all his hours according to his own inclination, and has more hours than his mental faculties enable him to fill either with enjoyment or deſires, can have nothing to demand of ſhades and valleys. As bravery is ſaid to be a panoply, inſignificancy is always a ſhelter.

There are however pleaſures and advantages in a rural ſituation, which are not confined to philoſophers and heroes. The freſhneſs of the air, the verdure of the woods, the paint of the meadows, and the unexhauſted variety which ſummer ſcatters upon the earth, may eaſily give delight to an unlearned ſpectator. It is not neceſſary that he who looks with pleaſure on the colours of a flower ſhould ſtudy the principles of vegetation, or that the *Ptolemaick* and *Copernican* ſyſtem ſhould be compared before the light of the ſun can gladden, or its warmth invigorate. Novelty is itſelf a ſource of gratification; and *Milton* juſtly obſerves, that to him who has been long pent up in cities no rural object can be preſented, which will not delight or refreſh ſome of his ſenſes.

Yet even theſe eaſy pleaſures are miſſed by the greater part of thoſe who waſte their ſummer in the country. Should any man purſue his acquaintances to their retreats, he would find few of them liſtening to *Philomel*, loitering in woods, or plucking daiſies, catching the healthy gale of the morning, or watching the gentle coruſcations of declining day. Some will be diſcovered at a window by the road ſide, rejoicing when a new cloud of duſt gathers towards them, as at the approach of a momentary ſupply of converſation,

tion, and a ſhort relief from the tedioufneſs of unideal vacancy. Others are placed in the adjacent villages, where they look only upon houſes as in the reſt of the year, with no change of objects but what a remove to any new ſtreet in *London* might have given them. The ſame ſet of acquaintances ſtill ſettle together, and the form of life is not otherwiſe diverſified than by doing the ſame things in a different place. They pay and receive viſits in the uſual form, they frequent the walks in the morning, they deal cards at night, they attend to the ſame tattle, and dance with the ſame partners; nor can they at their return to their former habitation congratulate themſelves on any other advantage, than that they have paſſed their time like others of the ſame rank; and have the ſame right to talk of the happineſs and beauty of the country, of happineſs which they never felt, and beauty which they never regarded.

To be able to procure its own entertainments, and to ſubſiſt upon its own ſtock, is not the prerogative of every mind. There are indeed underſtandings ſo fertile and comprehenſive, that they can always feed reflection with new ſupplies, and ſuffer nothing from the preclufion of adventitious amuſements; as ſome cities have within their own walls encloſed ground enough to feed their inhabitants in a ſiege. But others live only from day to day, and muſt be conſtantly enabled by foreign ſupplies, to keep out the encroachments of languor and ſtupidity. Such could not indeed be blamed for hovering within reach of their uſual pleaſure, more than any other animal for not quitting its native element, were not their faculties contracted by their own fault. But let not thoſe who go into the country, merely becauſe they dare not be left alone at home, boaſt their love of nature, or their

qualifications

qualifications for ſolitude; nor pretend that they receive inſtantaneous infuſions of wiſdom from the *Dryads*, and are able, when they leave ſmoke and noiſe behind, to act, or think, or reaſon for themſelves.

ADVERSITY.

NUMB. 150. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 24, 1751.

O munera nondum
Intellecta Deûm! LUCAN.

——————Thou chiefeſt good!
Beſtow'd by Heav'n, but ſeldom underſtood. ROWE.

AS daily experience makes it evident that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor eſcaped by flight, neither awed by greatneſs, nor eluded by obſcurity; philoſophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by perſuading us that moſt of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverſeneſs, and that nature has annexed to every viciſſitude of external circumſtances, ſome advantage ſufficient to overbalance all its inconveniences.

This attempt may perhaps be juſtly ſuſpected of reſemblance to the practice of phyſicians, who when they cannot mitigate pain, deſtroy ſenſibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyriſts of calamity have more frequently gained applauſe to their wit, than acquieſcence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the moſt muſical oratory or ſubtle ratiocination has been able long to overpower

power the anguiſh of oppreſſion, the tedioufneſs of languor, or the longings of want.

Yet it may be generally remarked, that where much has been attempted, ſomething has been performed; though the diſcoveries or acquiſitions of man are not always adequate to the expectations of his pride, they are at leaſt ſufficient to animate his induſtry. The antidotes with which philoſophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it ſalubrity and ſweetneſs, have at leaſt allayed its bitterneſs, and contempered its malignity; the balm which ſhe drops upon the wounds of the mind abates their pain, though it cannot heal them.

By ſuffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we ſecure ourſelves from vain and immoderate diſquiet, we preſerve for better purpoſes that ſtrength which would be unprofitably waſted in wild efforts of deſperation, and maintain that circumſpection which may enable us to ſeize every ſupport, and improve every alleviation. This calmneſs will be more eaſily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled unabated evil, and diverted to thoſe accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every ſtate.

Seneca has attempted not only to pacify us in misfortune, but almoſt to allure us to it, by repreſenting it as neceſſary to the pleaſures of the mind. *He that never was acquainted with adverſity*, ſays he, *has ſeen the world but on one ſide, and is ignorant of half the ſcenes of nature.* He invites his pupil to calamity, as the Syrens allured the paſſenger to their coaſts, by promiſing that he ſhall return πλέονα ἰδὼς, with increaſe of knowledge, with enlarged views, and multiplied ideas.

Curioſity

Curioſity is, in great and generous minds, the firſt paſſion and the laſt; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the ſtrength of the contemplative faculties. He who eaſily comprehends all that is before him, and ſoon exhauſts any ſingle ſubject, is always eager for new enquiries; and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider proſpect, it muſt be gratified with variety by more rapid flights, and bolder excurſions; nor perhaps can there be propoſed to thoſe who have been accuſtomed to the pleaſures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any undertaking, than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reaſon.

When *Jaſon*, in *Valerius Flaccus*, would incline the young prince *Acaſtus* to accompany him in the firſt eſſay of navigation, he diſperſes his apprehenſions of danger by repreſentations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would ſpread before their eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear, at their return, of the countries which they ſhall have ſeen, and the toils which they have ſurmounted.

O quantum terræ, quantum cognoſcere cæli,
Permiſſum eſt! pelagus quantos aperimus in uſus!
Nunc forſan grave veris opus: ſed læta recurret
Cum ratis, & caram cum jam mihi reddet Iolcon;
Quis pudor heu noſtros tibi tunc audire labores!
Quam referam vijas tua per ſuſpiria gentes!

Led by our ſtars, what tracts immenſe we trace!
From ſeas remote, what ſtores of ſcience raiſe!
A pain to thought! but when th' heroick band
Returns applauded to their native land,
A life domeſtick you will then deplore,
And ſigh, while I deſcribe the various ſhore.

EDW. CAVE.

Acaſtus was ſoon prevailed upon by his curioſity to ſet rocks and hardſhips at defiance, and commit his life to the winds, and the ſame motives have

in all ages had the ſame effect upon thoſe whom the deſire of fame or wiſdom has diſtinguiſhed from the lower orders of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that diſtreſs is neceſſary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy ſituation hides from us ſo large a part of the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the ſight of affluence and ſplendor will be much diminiſhed; for ſuch is the delight of mental ſuperiority, that none on whom nature or ſtudy have conferred it, would purchaſe the gifts of fortune by its loſs.

It is certain, that however the rhetorick of *Seneca* may have dreſſed adverſity with extrinſick ornaments, he has juſtly repreſented it as affording ſome opportunities of obſervation, which cannot be found in continual ſucceſs; he has truly aſſerted, that to eſcape misfortune is to want inſtruction, and that to live at eaſe is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happineſs without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is neceſſary to a juſt ſenſe of better fortune; for the good of our preſent ſtate is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be ſufficient to diſturb and haraſs him, if he does not know how much he eſcapes. The luſtre of diamonds is invigorated by the interpoſition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the ſhades. The higheſt pleaſure which nature has indulged to ſenſitive perception, is that of reſt after fatigue; yet that ſtate which labour heightens into delight, is of itſelf only eaſe, and is incapable of ſatisfying the mind without the ſuperaddition of diverſified amuſements.

Proſperity, as is truly aſſerted by *Seneca*, very much obſtructs the knowledge of ourſelves. No man can form a juſt eſtimate of his own powers by unactive

unactive ſpeculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has ſurmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at beſt be conſidered but as gold not yet brought to the teſt, of which therefore the true value cannot be aſſigned. *He that traverſes the liſts without an adverſary, may receive*, ſays the philoſopher, *the reward of victory, but he has no pretenſions to the honour.* If it be the higheſt happineſs of man to contemplate himſelf with ſatisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own conſcience, he whoſe courage has made way amidſt the turbulence of oppoſition, and whoſe vigour has broken through the ſnares of diſtreſs, has many advantages over theſe that have ſlept in the ſhades of indolence, and whoſe retroſpect of time can entertain them with nothing but day riſing upon day, and year gliding after year.

Equally neceſſary is ſome variety of fortune to a nearer inſpection of the manners, principles, and affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their ſubjects, find it neceſſary to ſteal away from guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power of doing good or harm, nothing is ſhown in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reaſonings determined by his opinions; whatever can alarm ſuſpicion, or excite reſentment, is carefully ſuppreſſed, and nothing appears but uniformity of ſentiments and ardour of affection. It may be obſerved that the unvaried complaiſance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unſkilled in human nature; proſperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore

muſt be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is ſcarcely to be heard, but by thoſe from whom it can ſerve no intereſt to conceal it.

PROSTITUTION.

NUMB. 170. SATURDAY, *November* 2, 1751.

Confiteor; ſi quid prodeſt delicta fateri. OVID.
I grant the charge; forgive the fault confeſs'd.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am one of thoſe beings, from whom many, that melt at the ſight of all other miſery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; one whom the rigour of virtuous indignation dooms to ſuffer without complaint, and periſh without regard; and whom I myſelf have formerly inſulted in the pride of reputation and ſecurity of innocence.

I am of a good family, but my father was burthened with more children than he could decently ſupport. A wealthy relation, as he travelled from *London* to his country ſeat, condeſcending to make him a viſit, was touched with compaſſion of his narrow fortune, and reſolved to eaſe him of part of his charge, by taking the care of a child upon himſelf. Diſtreſs on one ſide, and ambition on the other, were too powerful for parental fondneſs, and the little family paſſed in review before him, that he might make his choice. I was then ten years old, and without knowing for what purpoſe, I was called to my great couſin, endeavoured to recommend myſelf by my beſt courteſy, ſung him my prettieſt ſong, told the laſt ſtory that I had read, and ſo much endeared myſelf by my innocence, that he declared his

his reſolution to adopt me, and to educate me with his own daughters.

My parents felt the common ſtruggles at the thought of parting, and *ſome natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them ſoon.* They conſidered, not without that falſe eſtimation of the value of wealth which poverty long continued always produces, that I was raiſed to higher rank than they could give me, and to hopes of more ample fortune than they could bequeath. My mother ſold ſome of her ornaments to dreſs me in ſuch a manner as might ſecure me from contempt at my firſt arrival; and when ſhe diſmiſſed me, preſſed me to her boſom with an embrace that I ſtill feel, gave me ſome precepts of piety, which, however neglected, I have not forgotten, and uttered prayers for my final happineſs, of which I have not yet ceaſed to hope that they will at laſt be granted.

My ſiſters envied my new finery, and ſeemed not much to regret our ſeparation; my father conducted me to the ſtage-coach with a kind of cheerful tenderneſs; and in a very ſhort time, I was tranſported to ſplendid apartments, and a luxurious table, and grew familiar to ſhow, noiſe, and gaiety.

In three years my mother died, having implored a bleſſing on her family with her laſt breath. I had little opportunity to indulge a ſorrow which there was none to partake with me, and therefore ſoon ceaſed to reflect much upon my loſs. My father turned all his care upon his other children, whom ſome fortunate adventures and unexpected legacies enabled him, when he died four years after my mother, to leave in a condition above their expectations.

I ſhould have ſhared the increaſe of his fortune, and had once a portion aſſigned me in his will; but my couſin aſſuring him that all care for me was

needleſs, ſince he had reſolved to place me happily in the world, directed him to divide my part amongſt my ſiſters.

Thus I was thrown upon dependance without reſource. Being now at an age in which young women are initiated into company, I was no longer to be ſupported in my former character, but at conſiderable expence; ſo that partly leſt I ſhould waſte money, and partly leſt my appearance might draw too many compliments and aſſiduities, I was inſenſibly degraded from my equality, and enjoyed few privileges above the head ſervant, but that of receiving no wages.

I felt every indignity, but knew that reſentment would precipitate my fall. I therefore endeavoured to continue my importance by little ſervices and active officiouſneſs, and for a time preſerved myſelf from neglect, by withdrawing all pretences to competition, and ſtudying to pleaſe rather than to ſhine. But my intereſt, notwithſtanding this expedient, hourly declined, and my couſin's favourite maid began to exchange repartees with me, and conſult me about the alterations of a caſt gown.

I was now completely depreſſed; and though I had ſeen mankind enough to know the neceſſity of outward cheerfulneſs, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, or turn my condition in my mind, and examine by what means I might eſcape from perpetual mortification. At laſt my ſchemes and ſorrows were interrupted by a ſudden change of my relation's behaviour, who one day took an occaſion, when we were left together in a room, to bid me ſuffer myſelf no longer to be inſulted, but aſſume the place which he always intended me to hold in the family. He aſſured me that his wife's preference of her own daughters ſhould never hurt me; and, accompanying his profeſſions with a purſe of gold, ordered me to beſpeak a rich ſuit at

at the mercer's, and to apply privately to him for money when I wanted it, and inſinuate that my other friends ſupplied me, which he would take care to confirm.

By this ſtratagem, which I did not then underſtand, he filled me with tenderneſs and gratitude, compelled me to repoſe on him as my only ſupport, and produced a neceſſity of private converſation. He often appointed interviews at the houſe of an acquaintance, and ſometimes called on me with a coach, and carried me abroad. My ſenſe of his favour, and the deſire of retaining it, diſpoſed me to unlimited complaiſance, and though I ſaw his kindneſs grow every day more fond, I did not ſuffer any ſuſpicion to enter my thoughts. At laſt the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the ſubmiſſion which he exacted as my benefactor, to complete the ruin of an orphan, whom his own promiſes had made indigent, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority ſubdued.

I know not why it ſhould afford ſubject of exultation, to overpower on any terms the reſolution, or ſurpriſe the caution of a girl; but of all the boaſters that deck themſelves in the ſpoils of innocence and beauty, they ſurely have the leaſt pretenſions to triumph, who ſubmit to owe their ſucceſs to ſome caſual influence. They neither employ the graces of fancy, nor the force of underſtanding, in their attempts; they cannot pleaſe their vanity with the art of their approaches, the delicacy of their adulations, the elegance of their addreſs, or the efficacy of their eloquence; nor applaud themſelves as poſſeſſed of any qualities, by which affection is attracted. They ſurmount no obſtacles, they defeat no rivals, but attack only thoſe who cannot reſiſt, and are often content to

poſſeſs the body, without any ſolicitude to gain the heart.

Many of theſe deſpicable wretches does my preſent acquaintance with infamy and wickedneſs enable me to number among the heroes of debauchery. Reptiles whom their own ſervants would have deſpiſed, had they not been their ſervants, and with whom beggary would have diſdained intercourſe, had ſhe not been allured by hopes of relief. Many of the beings which are now rioting in taverns, or ſhivering in the ſtreets, have been corrupted not by arts of gallantry which ſtole gradually upon the affections and laid prudence aſleep, but by the fear of loſing benefits which were never intended, or of incurring reſentment which they could not eſcape; ſome have been frighted by maſters, and ſome awed by guardians into ruin.

Our crime had its uſual conſequence, and he ſoon perceived that I could not long continue in his family. I was diſtracted at the thought of the reproach which I now believed inevitable. He comforted me with hopes of eluding all diſcovery, and often upbraided me with the anxiety, which perhaps none but himſelf ſaw in my countenance; but at laſt mingled his aſſurances of protection and maintenance with menaces of total deſertion, if in the moments of perturbation I ſhould ſuffer his ſecret to eſcape, or endeavour to throw on him any part of my infamy.

Thus paſſed the diſmal hours till my retreat could no longer be delayed. It was pretended that my relations had ſent for me to a diſtant country, and I entered upon a ſtate which ſhall be deſcribed in my next letter.

I am, Sir, &c.
MISELLA.

PROSTI-

PROSTITUTION.

NUMB. 171. TUESDAY, *November* 5, 1751.

Tædet cæli convexa tueri. VIRG.
Dark is the ſun, and loathſome is the day.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

MISELLA now ſits down to continue her narrative. I am convinced that nothing would more powerfully preſerve youth from irregularity, or guard inexperience from ſeduction, than a juſt deſcription of the condition into which the wanton plunges herſelf, and therefore hope that my letter may be a ſufficient antidote to my example.

After the diſtraction, heſitation and delays which the timidity of guilt naturally produces, I was removed to lodgings in a diſtant part of the town, under one of the characters commonly aſſumed upon ſuch occaſions. Here being by my circumſtances condemned to ſolitude, I paſſed moſt of my hours in bitterneſs and anguiſh. The converſation of the people with whom I was placed was not at all capable of engaging my attention, or diſpoſſeſſing the reigning ideas. The books which I carried to my retreat were ſuch as heightened my abhorrence of myſelf; for I was not ſo far abandoned as to ſink voluntarily into corruption, or endeavour to conceal from my own mind the enormity of my crime.

My relation remitted none of his fondneſs, but viſited me ſo often, that I was ſometimes afraid leſt his aſſiduity ſhould expoſe him to ſuſpicion. Whenever he came he found me weeping, and

was therefore leſs delightfully entertained than he expected. After frequent expoſtulations upon the unreaſonableneſs of my ſorrow, and innumerable proteſtations of everlaſting regard, he at laſt found that I was more affected with the loſs of my innocence, than the danger of my fame, and that he might not be diſturbed by my remorſe, began to lull my conſcience with the opiates of irreligion. His arguments were ſuch as my courſe of life has ſince expoſed me often to the neceſſity of hearing, vulgar, empty, and fallacious; yet they at firſt confounded me by their novelty, filled me with doubt and perplexity, and interrupted that peace which I began to feel from the ſincerity of my repentance, without ſubſtituting any other ſupport. I liſtened a while to his impious gabble, but its influence was ſoon overpowered by natural reaſon and early education, and the convictions which this new attempt gave me of his baſeneſs completed my abhorrence. I have heard of barbarians, who, when tempeſts drive ſhips upon their coaſt, decoy them to the rocks that they may plunder their lading, and have always thought that wretches, thus mercileſs in their depredations, ought to be deſtroyed by a general inſurrection of all ſocial beings! yet how light is this guilt to the crime of him, who in the agitations of remorſe cuts away the anchor of piety, and when he has drawn aſide credulity from the paths of virtue, hides the light of heaven which would direct her to return. I had hitherto conſidered him as a man equally betrayed with myſelf by the concurrence of appetite and opportunity; but I now ſaw with horror that he was contriving to perpetuate his gratification, and was deſirous to fit me to his purpoſe by complete and radical corruption.

To eſcape, however, was not yet in my power. I could ſupport the expences of my condition, only

only by the continuance of his favour. He provided all that was neceſſary, and, in a few weeks, congratulated me upon my eſcape from the danger which we had both expected with ſo much anxiety. I then began to remind him of his promiſe to reſtore me with my fame uninjured to the world. He promiſed me in general terms, that nothing ſhould be wanting which his power could add to my happineſs, but forebore to releaſe me from my confinement. I knew how much my reception in the world depended upon my ſpeedy return, and was therefore outrageouſly impatient of his delays, which I now perceived to be only artifices of lewdneſs. He told me, at laſt, with an appearance of ſorrow, that all hopes of reſtoration to my former ſtate were for ever precluded; that chance had diſcovered my ſecret, and malice divulged it; and that nothing now remained, but to ſeek a retreat more private, where curioſity or hatred could never find us.

The rage, anguiſh, and reſentment, which I felt at this account, are not to be expreſſed. I was in ſo much dread of reproach and infamy, which he repreſented as purſuing me with full cry, that I yielded myſelf implicitly to his diſpoſal, and was removed, with a thouſand ſtudied precautions, through by-ways and dark paſſages, to another houſe, where I haraſſed him with perpetual ſolicitations for a ſmall annuity, that might enable me to live in the country in obſcurity and innocence.

This demand he at firſt evaded with ardent profeſſions, but in time appeared offended at my importunity and diſtruſt; and having one day endeavoured to ſooth me with uncommon expreſſions of tenderneſs, when he found my diſcontent immoveable, left me with ſome inarticulate murmurs of anger. I was pleaſed that he was at laſt rouſed to ſenſibility, and expecting that at his next viſit he

would comply with my requeſt, lived with great tranquillity upon the money in my hands, and was ſo much pleaſed with this pauſe of perſecution, that I did not reflect how much his abſence had exceeded the uſual intervals, till I was alarmed with the danger of wanting ſubſiſtence. I then ſuddenly contracted my expences, but was unwilling to ſupplicate for aſſiſtance. Neceſſity, however, ſoon overcame my modeſty or my pride, and I applied to him by a letter, but had no anſwer. I writ in terms more preſſing, but without effect. I then ſent an agent to enquire after him, who informed me, that he had quitted his houſe, and was gone with his family to reſide for ſome time upon his eſtate in *Ireland*.

However ſhocked at this abrupt departure, I was yet unwilling to believe that he could wholly abandon me, and therefore, by the ſale of my clothes, I ſupported myſelf, expecting that every poſt would bring me relief. Thus I paſſed ſeven months between hope and dejection, in a gradual approach to poverty and diſtreſs, emaciated with diſcontent, and bewildered with uncertainty. At laſt, my landlady, after many hints of the neceſſity of a new lover, took the opportunity of my abſence to ſearch my boxes, and miſſing ſome of my apparel, ſeized the remainder for rent, and led me to the door.

To remonſtrate againſt legal cruelty, was vain; to ſupplicate obdurate brutality, was hopeleſs. I went away I knew not whither, and wandered about without any ſettled purpoſe, unacquainted with the uſual expedients of miſery, unqualified for laborious offices, afraid to meet an eye that had ſeen me before, and hopeleſs of relief from thoſe who were ſtrangers to my former condition. Night came on in the midſt of my diſtraction, and I ſtill continued to wander till the menaces of the

the watch obliged me to ſhelter myſelf in a covered paſſage.

Next day, I procured a lodging in the backward garret of a mean houſe, and employed my landlady to enquire for a ſervice. My applications were generally rejected for want of a character. At length, I was received at a draper's; but when it was known to my miſtreſs that I had only one gown, and that of ſilk, ſhe was of opinion that I looked like a thief, and without warning hurried me away. I then tried to ſupport myſelf by my needle; and, by my landlady's recommendation, obtained a little work from a ſhop, and for three weeks lived without repining; but when my punctuality had gained me ſo much reputation, that I was truſted to make up a head of ſome value, one of my fellow-lodgers ſtole the lace, and I was obliged to fly from a proſecution.

Thus driven again into the ſtreets, I lived upon the leaſt that could ſupport me, and at night accommodated myſelf under pent-houſes as well as I could. At length I became abſolutely pennyleſs; and having ſtrolled all day without ſuſtenance, was, at the cloſe of evening, accoſted by an elderly man, with an invitation to a tavern. I refuſed him with heſitation; he ſeized me by the hand, and drew me into a neighbouring houſe, where when he ſaw my face pale with hunger, and my eyes ſwelling with tears, he ſpurned me from him, and bad me cant and whine in ſome other place; he for his part would take care of his pockets.

I ſtill continued to ſtand in the way, having ſcarcely ſtrength to walk further, when another ſoon addreſſed me in the ſame manner. When he ſaw the ſame tokens of calamity, he conſidered that I might be obtained at a cheap rate, and therefore quickly made overtures, which I had no longer firmneſs to reject. By this man I was maintained four months

months in penurious wickedneſs, and then abandoned to my former condition, from which I was delivered by another keeper.

In this abject ſtate I have now paſſed four years, the drudge of extortion and the ſport of drunkenneſs; ſometimes the property of one man, and ſometimes the common prey of accidental lewdneſs; at one time tricked up for ſale by the miſtreſs of a brothel, at another begging in the ſtreets to be relieved from hunger by wickedneſs; without any hope in the day but of finding ſome whom folly or exceſs may expoſe to my allurements, and without any reflections at night, but ſuch as guilt and terror impreſs upon me.

If thoſe who paſs their days in plenty and ſecurity, could viſit for an hour the diſmal receptacles to which the proſtitute retires from her nocturnal excurſions, and ſee the wretches that lie crowded together, mad with intemperance, ghaſtly with famine, nauſeous with filth, and noiſome with diſeaſe; it would not be eaſy for any degree of abhorrence to harden them againſt compaſſion, or to repreſs the deſire which they muſt immediately feel to reſcue ſuch numbers of human beings from a ſtate ſo dreadful.

It is ſaid that in *France* they annually evacuate their ſtreets, and ſhip their proſtitutes and vagabonds to their colonies. If the women that infeſt this city had the ſame opportunity of eſcaping from their miſeries, I believe very little force would be neceſſary; for who among them can dread any change? Many of us indeed are wholly unqualified for any but the moſt ſervile employments, and thoſe perhaps would require the care of a magiſtrate to hinder them from following the ſame practices in another country; but others are only precluded by infamy from reformation, and would gladly be delivered on any terms from the neceſſity of guilt and the tyranny of

of chance. No place but a populous city can afford opportunities for open proſtitution, and where the eye of juſtice can attend to individuals, thoſe who cannot be made good may be reſtrained from miſchief. For my part, I ſhould exult at the privilege of baniſhment, and think myſelf happy in any region that ſhould reſtore me once again to honeſty and peace.

I am, SIR, &c.

MISELLA.

ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

A GREENLAND TALE.

NUMB. 186. SATURDAY, *December* 28, 1751.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur Aurâ ———
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem. HOR.

Place me where never ſummer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry *Jove* deforms th' inclement year:
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils,
The nymph, who ſweetly ſpeaks and ſweetly ſmiles.
FRANCIS.

OF the happineſs and miſery of our preſent ſtate, part ariſes from our ſenſations, and part from our opinions; part is diſtributed by nature, and part is in a great meaſure apportioned by ourſelves. Poſitive pleaſure we cannot always obtain, and poſitive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the *Indian* groves; nor will any precepts of philoſophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds

wounds or diſeaſes. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the preſſure of ſufferings, but the abſence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reaſon.

One of the great arts of eſcaping ſuperfluous uneaſineſs, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the bleſſings of life are more bountifully beſtowed, or with imaginary ſtates of delight and ſecurity, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a ſituation ſo gloomy and diſtreſsful, as not to ſee every day beings yet more forlorn and miſerable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is leſs ſuperable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exerciſe for this philoſophical abſtraction. A native of *England*, pinched with the froſts of *December*, may leſſen his affection for his own country, by ſuffering his imagination to wander in the vales of *Aſia*, and ſport among woods that are always green, and ſtreams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and conſiders the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkneſs, and who are condemned to paſs weeks and months amidſt mountains of ſnow, he will ſoon recover his tranquillity, and while he ſtirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in *Greenland* or *Siberia*.

The barrenneſs of the earth and the ſeverity of the ſkies in theſe dreary countries, are ſuch as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of neceſſity and diſtreſs, ſo that the care of eſcaping death from cold and hunger, ſhould leave no room for thoſe paſſions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct, or diverſify characters;

racters; the ſummer ſhould be ſpent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the ſummer.

Yet learned curioſity is known to have found its way into theſe abodes of poverty and gloom. *Lapland* and *Iceland* have their hiſtorians, their criticks, and their poets; and love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the ſame power in the *Greenlander*'s hut as in the palaces of eaſtern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of *Greenland* retire together, to paſs the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were ſo much diſtinguiſhed for their beauty, that they were called by the reſt of the inhabitants *Anningait* and *Ajut*, from a ſuppoſed reſemblance to their anceſtors of the ſame names, who had been transformed of old into the ſun and moon.

Anningait for ſome time heard the praiſes of *Ajut* with little emotion, but at laſt, by frequent interviews, became ſenſible of her charms, and firſt made a diſcovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feaſt, where he placed before *Ajut* the tail of a whale. *Ajut* ſeemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was obſerved rarely to appear, but in a veſt made of the ſkin of a white deer; ſhe uſed frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her ſleeves with coral and ſhells, and to braid her hair with great exactneſs.

The elegance of her dreſs, and the judicious diſpoſition of her ornaments, had ſuch an effect upon *Anningait* that he could no longer be reſtrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore compoſed a poem in her praiſe, in which, among

among other heroick and tender ſentiments, he proteſted, that "She was beautiful as the vernal "willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the moun- "tains; that her fingers were white as the teeth "of the morſe, and her ſmile grateful as the diſ- "ſolution of the ice; that he would purſue her, "though ſhe ſhould paſs the ſnows of the midland "cliffs, or ſeek ſhelter in the caves of the eaſtern "cannibals; that he would tear her from the "embraces of the genius of the rocks, ſnatch "her from the paws of *Amaroc*, and reſcue her "from the ravine of *Hafgufa*." He concluded with a wiſh, that "whoever ſhall attempt to hin- "der his union with *Ajut*, might be buried with- "out his bow, and that in the land of ſouls "his ſkull might ſerve for no other uſe than to "catch the droppings of the ſtarry lamps."

This ode being univerſally applauded, it was expected that *Ajut* would ſoon yield to ſuch fervour and accompliſhments; but *Ajut*, with the natural haughtineſs of beauty, expected all the forms of courtſhip; and before ſhe would confeſs herſelf conquered, the ſun returned, the ice broke, and the ſeaſon of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and *Ajut* for a time always went out in the ſame boat, and divided whatever was caught. *Anningait*, in the ſight of his miſtreſs, loſt no opportunity of ſignalizing his courage; he attacked the ſea-horſes on the ice; purſued the ſeals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet ſtruggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence leſs to accumulate all that could be neceſſary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fiſhes, and the fleſh of ſeals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dreſſed their ſkins to adorn his bride; he feaſted her with eggs from the rocks, and ſtrewed her tent with flowers.

It

It happened that a tempeſt drove the fiſh to a diſtant part of the coaſt, before *Anningait* had completed his ſtore; he therefore entreated *Ajut*, that ſhe would at laſt grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now ſummoned by neceſſity. *Ajut* thought him not yet entitled to ſuch condeſcenſion, but propoſed, as a trial of his conſtancy, that he ſhould return at the end of ſummer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his aſſiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the ſun ſhining on the water, conſider," ſaid *Anningait*, "what thou haſt required. How eaſily may my return be precluded by a ſudden froſt, or unexpected fogs; then muſt the night be paſt without my *Ajut*. We live not, my fair, in thoſe fabled countries, which lying ſtrangers ſo wantonly deſcribe; where the whole year is divided into ſhort days and nights; where the ſame habitation ſerves for ſummer and winter; where they raiſe houſes in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways incloſed with trees, or over walls raiſed upon the inland waters; and direct their courſe through wide countries by the ſight of green hills or ſcattered buildings. Even in ſummer, we have no means of croſſing the mountains, whoſe ſnows are never diſſolved; nor can remove to any diſtant reſidence, but in our boats coaſting the bays. Conſider, *Ajut*; a few ſummer-days, and a few winter-nights, and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of eaſe and feſtivity, of revels and gaiety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious ſeal, or the ſoft oil, without the ſmile of *Ajut*."

The

The eloquence of *Anningait* was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promiſes to meet again before the night of winter.

ANNINGAIT and AJUT continued.

NUMB. 187. TUESDAY, *Dec.* 31, 1751.

Non illum noſtri poſſunt mutare labores,
Non ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniaſque nives hiemis ſubeamus aquoſæ, ——
Omnia vincit amor. VIRGIL.

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not tho' beneath the *Thracian* clime we freeze,
Or the mild bliſs of temperate ſkies forego,
And in mid winter tread *Sithonian* ſnow: ——
Love conquers all. —— DRYDEN.

ANNINGAIT, however diſcompoſed by the dilatory coyneſs of *Ajut*, was yet reſolved to omit no tokens of amorous reſpect; and therefore preſented her at his departure with the ſkins of ſeven white fawns, of five ſwans and eleven ſeals, with three marble lamps, ten veſſels of ſeal oil, and a large kettle of braſs, which he had purchaſed from a ſhip, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of ſea-unicorns.

Ajut was ſo much affected by the fondneſs of her lover, or ſo much overpowered by his magnificence, that ſhe followed him to the ſea-ſide; and, when ſhe ſaw him enter the boat, wiſhed aloud, that he might return with plenty of ſkins, and oil; that neither the mermaids might ſnatch him into the deeps, nor the ſpirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She ſtood a while to gaze upon the departing veſſel, and then returning to her hut, ſilent and dejected,

dejected, laid aſide, from that hour, her white deer ſkin, ſuffered her hair to ſpread unbraided on her ſhoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moſs for the winter lamps, and dried graſs to line the boots of *Anningait*. Of the ſkins which he had beſtowed upon her, ſhe made a fiſhing-coat, a ſmall boat, and tent, all of exquiſite manufacture; and while ſhe was thus buſied ſolaced her labours with a ſong, in which ſhe prayed, "that her lover might "have hands ſtronger than the paws of the bear, "and feet ſwifter than the feet of the rain-deer; "that his dart might never err, and that his "boat might never leak; that he might never "ſtumble on the ice, nor faint in the water; "that the ſeal might ruſh on his harpoon, and "the wounded whale might daſh the waves in "vain."

The large boats in which the *Greenlanders* tranſport their families are always rowed by women; for a man will not debaſe himſelf by work, which requires neither ſkill nor courage. *Anningait* was therefore expoſed by idleneſs to the ravages of paſſion. He went thrice to the ſtern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and ſwim back to his miſtreſs; but recollecting the miſery which they muſt endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or ſkins for the bed, he reſolved to employ the weeks of abſence in proviſion for a night of plenty and felicity. He then compoſed his emotions as he could, and expreſſed in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his ſorrows, and his fears. "O life," ſays he, "frail and uncertain! where ſhall wretched man "find thy reſemblance but in ice floating on the "ocean? It towers on high, it ſparkles from "afar,

"afar, while the ſtorms drive and the waters "beat it, the ſun melts it above, and the rocks "ſhatter it below. What art thou, deceitful "pleaſure! but a ſudden blaze ſtreaming from "the north, which plays a moment on the eye, "mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, "and then vaniſhes for ever? What, love, art "thou but a whirlpool, which we approach with-"out knowledge of our danger, drawn on by "imperceptible degrees, till we have loſt all "power of reſiſtance and eſcape? Till I fixed "my eyes on the graces of *Ajut*, while I had "yet not called her to the banquet, I was care-"leſs as the ſleeping morſe, I was merry as "the ſingers in the ſtars. Why, *Ajut*, did I "gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I "call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, "my love, remember *Anningait*, and meet my "return with the ſmile of virginity. I will "chaſe the deer, I will ſubdue the whale, reſiſt-"leſs as the froſt of darkneſs, and unwearied as "the ſummer ſun. In a few weeks, I ſhall re-"turn proſperous and wealthy; then ſhall the "roeſiſh and the porpoiſe feaſt thy kindred; the "fox and hare ſhall cover thy couch; the tough "hide of the ſeal ſhall ſhelter thee from cold; "and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwell-"ing."

Anningait having with theſe ſentiments conſoled his grief, and animated his induſtry, found that they had now coaſted the headland, and ſaw the whales ſpouting at a diſtance. He therefore placed himſelf in his fiſhing-boat, called his aſſociates to their ſeveral employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chace and fiſhery, ſuſpended the miſeries of abſence and ſuſpicion.

Ajut,

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithſtanding her neglected dreſs, happened as ſhe was drying ſome ſkins in the ſun, to catch the eye of *Norngſuk*, on his return from hunting. *Norngſuk* was of birth truly illuſtrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the moſt expert fiſher of *Greenland*, had periſhed by too cloſe purſuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches, he was maſter of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five-and-twenty ſeals buried in the ſnow againſt the ſeaſon of darkneſs. When he ſaw the beauty of *Ajut*, he immediately threw over her the ſkin of a deer that he had taken, and ſoon after preſented her with a branch of coral. *Ajut* refuſed his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of *Anningait*.

Norngſuk, thus rejected, had recourſe to ſtratagem. He knew that *Ajut* would conſult an *Angekkok*, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himſelf to the moſt celebrated *Angekkok* of that part of the country, and by a preſent of two ſeals and a marble kettle obtained a promiſe, that when *Ajut* ſhould conſult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of ſouls. *Ajut*, in a ſhort time, brought him a coat made by herſelf, and enquired what events were to befal her, with aſſurances of a much larger reward at the return of *Anningait*, if the prediction ſhould flatter her deſires. The *Angekkok* knew the way to riches, and foretold that *Anningait*, having already caught two whales, would ſoon return home with a large boat laden with proviſions.

This prognoſtication ſhe was ordered to keep ſecret; and *Norngſuk* depending upon his artifice, renewed his addreſſes with greater confidence, but

but finding his ſuit ſtill unſucceſsful, applied himſelf to her parents with gifts and promiſes. The wealth of *Greenland* is too powerful for the virtue of a *Greenlander*; they forgot the merit and the preſents of *Anningait*, and decreed *Ajut* to the embraces of *Norngſuk*. She entreated; ſhe remonſtrated; ſhe wept, and raved; but finding riches irreſiſtible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon ſuch berries as ſhe could gather, and the birds or hares which ſhe had the fortune to enſnare, taking care, at an hour when ſhe was not likely to be found, to view the ſea every day, that her lover might not miſs her at his return.

At laſt ſhe ſaw the great boat in which *Anningait* had departed, ſtealing ſlow and heavy laden along the coaſt. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her conſtancy and ſufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that *Anningait*, after the fiſhery was ended, being unable to ſupport the ſlow paſſage of the veſſel of carriage, had ſet out before them in his fiſhing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on ſhore.

Ajut, diſtracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though ſhe was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at laſt they retired to reſt, *Ajut* went down to the beach: where finding a fiſhing-boat, ſhe entered it without heſitation, and telling thoſe who wondered at her raſhneſs, that ſhe was going in ſearch of *Anningait*, rowed away with great ſwiftneſs, and was ſeen no more.

The fate of theſe lovers gave occaſion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that

that they were changed into ſtars; others imagine, that *Anningait* was ſeized in his paſſage by the genius of the rocks, and that *Ajut* was transformed into a mermaid, and ſtill continues to ſeek her lover in the deſerts of the ſea. But the general perſuaſion is, that they are both in that part of the land of ſouls where the ſun never ſets, where oil is always freſh, and proviſions always warm. The virgins ſometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapleſs maid departed; and when a *Greenlander* would praiſe any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like *Anningait* and *Ajut*.

INGRATITUDE.

NUMB. 190. SATURDAY, *Jan.* 11, 1752.

Ploravere ſuis, non reſpondere favorem
Quæſitum meritis. HOR.

Henry and *Alfred*———
Clos'd their long glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of baſe mankind. POPE.

AMONG the emirs and viſiers, the ſons of valour and of wiſdom, that ſtand at the corners of the *Indian* throne, to aſſiſt the counſels or conduct the wars of the poſterity of *Timur*, the firſt place was long held by *Morad* the ſon of *Hanuth*. *Morad* having ſignalized himſelf in many battles and ſieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wiſdom and moderation was wafted to the pinnacles of *Agra*, by the prayers of thoſe whom his adminiſtration made happy. The emperor called him into his preſence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches, and the ſabre of command. The

voice of *Morad* was heard from the cliffs of *Taurus* to the *Indian* ocean, every tongue faultered in his preſence, and every eye was caſt down before him.

Morad lived many years in proſperity; every day increaſed his wealth, and extended his influence. The ſages repeated his maxims, the captains of thouſands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and diſcontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatneſs is ſhort and tranſitory, as the odour of incenſe in the fire. The ſun grew weary of gilding the palaces of *Morad*, the clouds of ſorrow gathered round his head, and the tempeſt of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad ſaw ruin haſtily approaching. The firſt that forſook him were his poets; their example was followed by all thoſe whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleaſures, and only a few, whoſe virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be ſeen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and proſtrated himſelf at the foot of the throne. His accuſers were confident and loud, his friends ſtood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was diveſted of his power, deprived of his acquiſitions, and condemned to paſs the reſt of his life on his hereditary eſtate.

Morad had been ſo long accuſtomed to crowds and buſineſs, ſupplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in ſolitude; he ſaw with regret the ſun riſe to force on his eye a new day for which he had no uſe; and envied the ſavage that wanders in the deſert, becauſe he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chaſing his prey, or ſleeping in his den.

His diſcontent in time vitiated his conſtitution, and a ſlow diſeaſe ſeized upon him. He refuſed phyſick,

phyſick, neglected exerciſe, and lay down on his couch peeviſh and reſtleſs, rather afraid to die than deſirous to live. His domeſticks, for a time, redoubled their aſſiduities; but finding that no officiouſneſs could ſooth, nor exactneſs ſatisfy, they ſoon gave way to negligence and ſloth, and he that once commanded nations, often languiſhed in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy ſtate, he commanded meſſengers to recal his eldeſt ſon *Abouzaid* from the army. *Abouzaid* was alarmed at the account of his father's ſickneſs, and haſted by long journeys to his place of reſidence. *Morad* was yet living, and felt his ſtrength return at the embraces of his ſon; then commanding him to ſit down at his bedſide, "*Abouzaid*," ſays he, "thy father has no "more to hope or fear from the inhabitants of "the earth, the cold hand of the angel of death "is now upon him, and the voracious grave is "howling for his prey. Hear therefore the pre"cepts of ancient experience, let not my laſt "inſtructions iſſue forth in vain. Thou haſt ſeen "me happy and calamitous, thou haſt beheld my "exaltation and my fall. My power is in the "hands of my enemies, my treaſures have re"warded my accuſers; but my inheritance the "clemency of the emperor has ſpared, and my "wiſdom his anger could not take away. Caſt "thine eyes round thee, whatever thou beholdeſt "will, in a few hours, be thine; apply thine ear "to my dictates, and theſe poſſeſſions will pro"mote thy happineſs. Aſpire not to publick "honours, enter not the palaces of kings; thy "wealth will ſet thee above inſult, let thy mode"ration keep thee below envy. Content thyſelf "with private dignity, diffuſe thy riches among "thy friends, let every day extend thy benefi"cence, and ſuffer not thy heart to be at reſt till

" thou art loved by all to whom thou art known. " In the height of my power, I ſaid to defamation, " Who will hear thee? and to artifice, What " canſt thou perform? But, my ſon, deſpiſe not " thou the malice of the weakeſt; remember that " venom ſupplies the want of ſtrength, and that " the lion may periſh by the puncture of an aſp."

Morad expired in a few hours. *Abouzaid*, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindneſs and endearment. He wiſely conſidered, that domeſtick happineſs was firſt to be ſecured, and that none have ſo much power of doing good or hurt, as thoſe who are preſent in the hour of negligence, hear the burſts of thoughtleſs merriment, and obſerve the ſtarts of unguarded paſſion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by ſupernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himſelf upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers, who being purſued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his ſervants; the ſervant immediately confeſſed, that he unbarred the door, becauſe another not more worthy of confidence was entruſted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a dependant could not eaſily be made a friend; and that while many were ſoliciting for the firſt rank of favour, all thoſe would be alienated whom he diſappointed. He therefore reſolved to aſſociate with a few equal companions, ſelected from among the chief men of the province. With theſe he lived happily for a time, till familiarity ſet them free from reſtraint, and every man thought himſelf at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then diſturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations,

inclinations, and difference of ſentiments, and *Abouzaid* was neceſſitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a cloſe union with beings ſo diſcordant in their nature, and to diffuſe himſelf in a larger circle. He practiſed the ſmile of univerſal courteſy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendſhip, now refuſed to accept his acquaintance; and of thoſe whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one preſſed forward toward intimacy, thought himſelf overlooked in the crowd, and murmured becauſe he was not diſtinguiſhed above the reſt. By degrees all made advances, and all reſented repulſe. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the muſick ſounded in empty rooms; and *Abouzaid* was left to form in ſolitude ſome new ſcheme of pleaſure or ſecurity.

Reſolving now to try the force of gratitude, he enquired for men of ſcience, whoſe merit was obſcured by poverty. His houſe was ſoon crowded with poets, ſculptors, painters, and deſigners, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a ſhort time they forgot the diſtreſs from which they had been reſcued, and began to conſider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condeſcending to accept his bounties. *Abouzaid* heard their murmurs and diſmiſſed them, and from that hour continued blind to colours, and deaf to panegyrick.

As the ſons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, *Abouzaid*, who ſtood at the gate, called to him *Hamet* the poet. "*Hamet*," ſaid he, "thy ingratitude has put an end to my

" hopes and experiments: I have now learned " the vanity of thoſe labours that wiſh to be re- " warded by human benevolence; I ſhall hence- " forth do good, and avoid evil, without reſpect " to the opinion of men; and reſolve to ſolicit " only the approbation of that Being whom alone " we are ſure to pleaſe by endeavouring to pleaſe " him."

YOUTH.

NUMB. 196. SATURDAY, *February* 1, 1752.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum
Multa recedentes adimunt. ——— HOR.

The bleſſings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreaſing glide. FRANCIS.

BAXTER, in the narrative of his own life, has enumerated ſeveral opinions, which, though he thought them evident and inconteſtable at his firſt entrance into the world, time and experience diſpoſed him to change.

Whoever reviews the ſtate of his own mind from the dawn of manhood to its decline, and conſiders what he purſued or dreaded, ſlighted or eſteemed at different periods of his age, will have no reaſon to imagine ſuch changes of ſentiment peculiar to any ſtation or character. Every man, however careleſs and inattentive, has conviction forced upon him; the lectures of time obtrude themſelves upon the moſt unwilling or diſſipated auditor; and, by comparing our paſt with our preſent thoughts, we perceive that we have changed our minds, though perhaps we cannot diſcover when the alteration happened, or by what cauſes it was produced.

This

This revolution of ſentiments occaſions a perpetual conteſt between the old and young. They who imagine themſelves entitled to veneration by the prerogative of longer life, are inclined to treat the notions of thoſe whoſe conduct they ſuperintend with ſuperciliouſneſs and contempt, for want of conſidering that the future and the paſt have different appearances; that the diſproportion will always be great between expectation and enjoyment, between new poſſeſſion and ſatiety; that the truth of many maxims of age, gives too little pleaſure to be allowed till it is felt; and that the miſeries of life would be increaſed beyond all human power of endurance, if we were to enter the world with the ſame opinions as we carry from it.

We naturally indulge thoſe ideas that pleaſe us. Hope will predominate in every mind, till it has been ſuppreſſed by frequent diſappointments. The youth has not yet diſcovered how many evils are continually hovering about us, and when he is ſet free from the ſhackles of diſcipline, looks abroad into the world with rapture; he ſees an elyſian region open before him, ſo variegated with beauty, and ſo ſtored with pleaſure, that his care is rather to accumulate good, than to ſhun evil; he ſtands diſtracted by different forms of delight, and has no other doubt, than which path to follow of thoſe which all lead equally to the bowers of happineſs.

He who has ſeen only the ſuperficies of life believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely ſuſpects that external ſplendor conceals any latent ſorrow or vexation. He never imagines that there may be greatneſs without ſafety, affluence without content, jollity without friendſhip, and ſolitude without peace. He fancies himſelf permitted to cull the bleſſings of every condition, and to leave its inconveniencies to the idle and the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miſerable but by his

own fault, and ſeldom looks with much pity upon failings or miſcarriages, becauſe he thinks them willingly admitted, or negligently incurred.

It is impoſſible, without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous ſentiments and warm imagination, declaring in the moment of openneſs and confidence his deſigns and expectations; becauſe long life is poſſible, he conſiders it as certain, and therefore promiſes himſelf all the changes of happineſs, and provides gratifications for every deſire. He is, for a time, to give himſelf wholly to frolick and diverſion, to range the world in ſearch of pleaſure, to delight every eye, to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleaſing levities and ſolid attainments, his deep reflections and his ſparkling repartees. He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the ſcattered excellencies of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addreſſes to wealth and titles; he is afterwards to engage in buſineſs, to diſſipate difficulty, and overpower oppoſition; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatneſs; and reward all thoſe who countenanced his riſe, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At laſt he will retire in peace and honour; contract his views to domeſtick pleaſures; form the manners of children like himſelf; obſerve how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his ſons catch ardour from their father's hiſtory; he will give laws to the neighbourhood; dictate axioms to poſterity; and leave the world an example of wiſdom and of happineſs.

With hopes like theſe, he ſallies jocund into life; to little purpoſe is he told, that the condition of humanity admits no pure and unmingled happineſs; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or diſeaſe; that uncommon qualifications and contrarieties of excellence, produce envy equally with

with applauſe; that whatever admiration and fondneſs may promiſe him, he muſt marry a wife like the wives of others, with ſome virtues and ſome faults, and be as often diſguſted by her vices, as delighted by her elegance; that if he adventures into the circle of action, he muſt expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as reſolute as himſelf; that of his children, ſome may be deformed, and others vicious; ſome may diſgrace him by their follies, ſome offend him by their inſolence, and ſome exhauſt him by their profuſion. He hears all this with obſtinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of miſery.

Among other pleaſing errors of young minds, is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked, how little attention his contemporaries can ſpare from their own affairs, conceives all eyes turned upon himſelf, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a ſpy. He therefore conſiders his fame as involved in the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of youth proceed from this quick ſenſe of reputation. This it is that gives firmneſs and conſtancy, fidelity and diſintereſtedneſs, and it is this that kindles reſentment for flight injuries, and dictates all the principles of ſanguinary honour.

But as time brings him forward into the world, he ſoon diſcovers that he only ſhares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obſcurity of the crowd; and that what he does, whether good or bad, ſoon gives way to new objects of regard. He then eaſily ſets himſelf free from the anxieties of reputation, and conſiders praiſe or cenſure as a tranſient breath,

which, while he hears it, is paſſing away, without any laſting miſchief or advantage.

In youth, it is common to meaſure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any meaſure but intereſt, and to loſe ſhame without ſubſtituting virtue.

Such is the condition of life, that ſomething is always wanting to happineſs. In youth we have warm hopes, which are ſoon blaſted by raſhneſs and negligence, and great deſigns which are defeated by inexperience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence without ſpirit to exert, or motives to prompt them; we are able to plan ſchemes, and regulate meaſures; but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

PUNCTUALITY.

NUMB. 201. TUESDAY, *February* 18, 1752.

——— *Sanctus haberi*
Promiſſique tenax dictis factiſque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem. JUV.

Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt magnitude to me. STEPNEY.

BOYLE has obſerved, that the excellency of manufactures, and the facility of labour would be much promoted, if the various expedients and contrivances which lie concealed in private hands, were by reciprocal communications made generally known; for there are few operations that are not performed by one or other with ſome peculiar advantages, which though ſingly of little importance, would by conjunction and concurrence open new inlets

inlets to knowledge, and give new powers to diligence.

There are, in like manner, ſeveral moral excellencies diſtributed among the different claſſes of a community. It was ſaid by *Cujacius*, that he never read more than one book, by which he was not inſtructed; and he that ſhall enquire after virtue with ardour and attention, will ſeldom find a man by whoſe example or ſentiments he may not be improved.

Every profeſſion has ſome eſſential and appropriate virtue, without which there can be no hope of honour or ſucceſs, and which, as it is more or leſs cultivated, confers within its ſphere of activity different degrees of merit and reputation. As the aſtrologers range the ſubdiviſions of mankind under the planets which they ſuppoſe to influence their lives, the moraliſt may diſtribute them according to the virtues which they neceſſarily practiſe, and conſider them as diſtinguiſhed by prudence or fortitude, diligence or patience.

So much are the modes of excellence ſettled by time and place, that men may be heard boaſting in one ſtreet of that which they would anxiouſly conceal in another. The grounds of ſcorn and eſteem, the topicks of praiſe and ſatire, are varied according to the ſeveral virtues or vices which the courſe of life has diſpoſed men to admire or abhor; but he who is ſolicitous for his own improvement, muſt not be limited by local reputation, but ſelect from every tribe of mortals their characteriſtical virtues, and conſtellate in himſelf the ſcattered graces which ſhine ſingle in other men.

The chief praiſe to which a trader aſpires is that of punctuality, or an exact and rigorous obſervance of commercial engagements; nor is there any vice of which he ſo much dreads the imputation, as of negligence and inſtability. This is a quality which

the intereſt of mankind requires to be diffuſed through all the ranks of life, but which many ſeem to conſider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatneſs or attention of wit, ſcarcely requiſite among men of gaiety and ſpirit, and ſold at its higheſt rate when it is ſacrificed to a frolick or a jeſt.

Every man has daily occaſion to remark what vexations ariſe from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have ſo long diſdained the reſtraints of truth, that promiſes and appointments have loſt their cogency, and both parties neglect their ſtipulations, becauſe each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

Negligence is firſt admitted in ſmall affairs, and ſtrengthened by petty indulgencies. He that is not yet hardened by cuſtom, ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himſelf bound by his word in caſes of property or danger, though he allows himſelf to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

This laxity of honour would be more tolerable, if it could be reſtrained to the play-houſe, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet even there it is ſufficiently troubleſome, and darkens thoſe moments with expectation, ſuſpenſe, and reſentment, which are ſet aſide for pleaſure, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment, and total relaxation. But he that ſuffers the ſlighteſt breach in his morality, can ſeldom tell what ſhall enter it, or how wide it ſhall be made; when a paſſage is open, the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down oppoſition, and by ſlow degrees deluges the heart.

Aliger entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extenſive views, and untainted principles. His curioſity incited him to range from place to place, and

and try all the varieties of converſation; his elegance of addreſs and fertility of ideas, gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at leaſt he found the general kindneſs of reception always ſhown to a young man whoſe birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly deſtroyed his privileges. *Aliger* was pleaſed with this general ſmile of mankind, and was induſtrious to preſerve it by compliance and officiouſneſs, but did not ſuffer his deſire of pleaſing to vitiate his integrity. It was his eſtabliſhed maxim, that a promiſe is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once ſuffered himſelf to be drawn away from a feſtal engagement by the importunity of another company.

He ſpent the evening, as is uſual, in the rudiments of vice, in perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his diſappointed friends in the morning, with confuſion and excuſes. His companions, not accuſtomed to ſuch ſcrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneaſineſs, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the ſame experiment upon another ſociety, and found them equally ready to conſider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickneſs and gaiety; till by degrees, he began to think himſelf at liberty to follow the laſt invitation, and was no longer ſhocked at the turpitude of falſehood. He made no difficulty to promiſe his preſence at diſtant places, and if liſtleſſneſs happened to creep upon him, would ſit at home with great tranquillity, and has often ſunk to ſleep in a chair, while he held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

It was ſo pleaſant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he ſoon diſmiſſed his attention as an uſeleſs incumbrance, and reſigned himſelf to careleſſneſs and

and diſſipation, without any regard to the future or the paſt, or any other motive of action than the impulſe of a ſudden deſire, or the attraction of immediate pleaſure. The abſent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears felt by others, had no influence upon his conduct. He was in ſpeculation completely juſt, but never kept his promiſe to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived thoſe friends whom he undertook to patronize or aſſiſt; he was prudent, but ſuffered his affairs to be embarraſſed for want of regulating his accounts at ſtated times. He courted a young lady, and when the ſettlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to ſign them. He reſolved to travel, and ſent his cheſts on ſhipboard, but delayed to follow them till he loſt his paſſage. He was ſummoned as an evidence in a cauſe of great importance, and loitered on the way till the trial was paſt. It is ſaid, that when he had, with great expence, formed an intereſt in a borough, his opponent contrived, by ſome agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

His benevolence draws him into the commiſſion of a thouſand crimes, which others leſs kind or civil would eſcape. His courteſy invites application; his promiſes produce dependance; he has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends ſome time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of requeſt, with which he purpoſes to comply; but time ſlips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or buſy; his friends loſe their opportunities, and charge upon him their miſcarriages and calamities.

This character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to *Aliger*. They whoſe activity of imagination is often ſhifting the ſcenes of expectation, are frequently ſubject to ſuch ſallies of caprice as make

make all their actions fortuitous, deſtroy the value of their friendſhip, obſtruct the efficacy of their virtues, and ſet them below the meaneſt of thoſe that perſiſt in their reſolutions, execute what they deſign, and perform what they have promiſed.

PROSPECTS OF FUTURITY.

NUMB. 203. TUESDAY, *February* 25, 1752.

Cum volet illa dies, quæ nil niſi corporis hujus
Jus habet, incerti ſpatium mihi finiat ævi. OVID.

Come, ſoon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
This mortal being only can decay. WELSTED.

IT ſeems to be the fate of man to ſeek all his conſolations in futurity. The time preſent is ſeldom able to fill deſire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to ſupply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation.

Every one has ſo often detected the fallaciouſneſs of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himſelf to expect what a thouſand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth ruſhes out to take poſſeſſion of the world, we endeavour, or wiſh, to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repoſe upon real facts, and certain experience. This is perhaps one reaſon, among many, why age delights in narratives.

But ſo full is the world of calamity, that every ſource of pleaſure is polluted, and every retirement of tranquillity diſturbed. When time has ſupplied us with events ſufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with ſo many diſaſters, that we ſhrink from their remembrance, dread their intruſion

truſion upon our minds, and fly from them as from enemies that purſue us with torture.

No man paſt the middle point of life can ſit down to feaſt upon the pleaſures of youth without finding the banquet imbittered by the cup of ſorrow; he may revive lucky accidents, and pleaſing extravagancies; many days of harmleſs frolick, or nights of honeſt feſtivity, will perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in ſcenes of action, and acquainted with affairs of difficulty and viciſſitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the nobler pleaſure of looking back upon diſtreſs firmly ſupported, dangers reſolutely encountered, and oppoſition artfully defeated. *Æneas* properly comforts his companions, when after the horrors of a ſtorm they have landed on an unknown and deſolate country, with the hope that their miſeries will be at ſome diſtant time recounted with delight. There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on ſurmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice, nor guilt.

But this felicity is almoſt always abated by the reflection, that they, with whom we ſhould be moſt pleaſed to ſhare it, are now in the grave. A few years make ſuch havock in human generations, that we ſoon ſee ourſelves deprived of thoſe with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleaſures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterprize recounts his adventures and expedients, but is forced, at the cloſe of the relation, to pay a ſigh to the names of thoſe that contributed to his ſucceſs; he that paſſes his life among the gayer part of mankind, has his remembrance ſtored with remarks and repartees of wits, whoſe ſprightlineſs and merriment are now loſt in perpetual ſilence; the trader, whoſe

whoſe induſtry has ſupplied the want of inheritance, repines in ſolitary plenty at the abſence of companions, with whom he had planned out amuſements for his latter years; and the ſcholar, whoſe merit, after a long ſeries of efforts, raiſes him from obſcurity, looks round in vain from his exaltation for his old friends or enemies, whoſe applauſe or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Among *Martial*'s requiſites to happineſs is, *Res non parta labore, ſed relicta*, an eſtate not gained by induſtry, but left by inheritance. It is neceſſary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for whatever comes at the cloſe of life, will come too late to give much delight; yet all human happineſs has its defects. Of what we do not gain for ourſelves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, becauſe we cannot compare the difference between want and poſſeſſion, or at leaſt can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increaſe of ſelf-eſteem; what we acquire by bravery or ſcience, by mental or corporal diligence, comes at laſt when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow its happineſs from the time to come. In youth we have nothing paſt to entertain us, and in age, we derive little from retroſpect, but hopeleſs ſorrow. Yet the future likewiſe has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we ſee to be not far diſtant. The loſs of our friends and companions impreſſes hourly upon us the neceſſity of our own departure: we know that the ſchemes of man are quickly at an end, that we muſt ſoon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, ſhall be driven awhile, by hope or fear, about the ſurface of the earth,

earth, and then like us be loſt in the ſhades of death.

Beyond this termination of our material exiſtence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes; and almoſt every man indulges his imagination with ſomething, which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being: ſome amuſe themſelves with entails and ſettlements, provide for the perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the diſſipation of the fortunes, which it has been their buſineſs to accumulate; others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of diſtant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced poſterity.

They whoſe ſouls are ſo chained down to coffers and tenements, that they cannot conceive a ſtate in which they ſhall look upon them with leſs ſolicitude, are ſeldom atttentive or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and, therefore, may be called to reconſider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wiſe man's wiſh, has not yet been ſatisfactorily decided; and, indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to ſo ſmall a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little intereſt in the queſtion. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity or meaſure of renown. The neceſſary buſineſs of life, the immediate pleaſures or pains of every condition, leave us not leiſure beyond a fixed proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our preſent welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of ſome that muſt be thruſt into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend its view to new objects,

jects, by losing sight of those which are now before it.

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while, and disappears for ever; and if we except a few transcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion or length of time is able to suppress; all those that engage our thoughts, or diversify our conversation, are every moment hasting to obscurity, as new favourites are adopted by fashion.

It is not therefore from this world, that any ray of comfort can proceed, to cheer the gloom of the last hour. But futurity has still its prospects; there is yet happiness in reserve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will support us in the pains of disease, and the languor of decay. This happiness we may expect with confidence, because it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that sincerely desire and earnestly pursue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to rest. Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

PLEASURE NOT TO BE COMPELLED.

NUMB. 204. SATURDAY, *February* 29, 1752.

Nemo tam dives habuit faventes,
Craſtinum ut poſſit ſibi polliceri. SENECA.

Of heav'n's protection who can be
So confident to utter this—?
To-morrow I will ſpend in bliſs. F. LEWIS.

SEGED, lord of *Ethiopia*, to the inhabitants of the world: To the ſons of *preſumption*, humility and

and fear; and to the daughters of *ſorrow*, content and acquieſcence.

Thus, in the twenty-ſeventh year of his reign, ſpoke *Seged*, the monarch of forty nations, the diſtributor of the waters of the *Nile*: "At "length, *Seged*, thy toils are at an end; thou haſt "reconciled diſaffection, thou haſt ſuppreſſed re-"bellion, thou haſt pacified the jealouſies of thy "courtiers, thou haſt chaſed war from thy con-"fines, and erected fortreſſes in the lands of thy "enemies. All who have offended thee, tremble "in thy preſence, and wherever thy voice is "heard, it is obeyed. Thy throne is ſurrounded "by armies, numerous as the locuſts of the ſum-"mer, and reſiſtleſs as the blaſts of peſtilence. "Thy magazines are ſtored with ammunition, "thy treaſuries overflow with the tribute of con-"quered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy "fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy "nod is as the earthquake that ſhakes the moun-"tains, and thy ſmile as the dawn of the vernal "day. In thy hand is the ſtrength of thouſands, "and thy health is the health of millions. Thy "palace is gladdened by the ſong of praiſe, and "thy path perfumed by the breath of benedic-"tion. Thy ſubjects gaze upon thy greatneſs, "and think of danger or miſery no more. Why, "*Seged*, wilt not thou partake the bleſſings thou "beſtoweſt? Why ſhouldſt thou only forbear to "rejoice in this general felicity? Why ſhould "thy face be clouded with anxiety, when the "meaneſt of thoſe who call thee ſovereign, "gives the day to feſtivity, and the night to "peace? At length, *Seged*, reflect and be "wiſe. What is the gift of conqueſt but ſafe-"ty, why are riches collected but to purchaſe "happineſs?"

Seged

Seged then ordered the houſe of pleaſure, built in an iſland of the lake *Dambea*, to be prepared for his reception. "I will retire," ſays he, "for "ten days from tumult and care, from counſels "and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the "governors of nations, but a ceſſation of ten "days cannot be denied me. This ſhort interval "of happineſs may ſurely be ſecured from the in-"terruption of fear or perplexity, ſorrow or diſ-"appointment. I will exclude all trouble from "my abode, and remove from my thoughts "whatever may confuſe the harmony of the con-"cert, or abate the ſweetneſs of the banquet. I "will fill the whole capacity of my ſoul with en-"joyment, and try what it is to live without a "wiſh unſatisfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and *Seged* haſted to the palace of *Dambea*, which ſtood in an iſland cultivated only for pleaſure, planted with every flower that ſpreads its colours to the ſun, and every ſhrub that ſheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extenſive garden, were open walks for excurſions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and ſilent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repoſe at noon. All that could ſolace the ſenſe, or flatter the fancy, all that induſtry could extort from nature, or wealth furniſh to art, all that conqueſt could ſeize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region *Seged* ſummoned all the perſons of his court, who ſeemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleaſure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haſte to be ſated with felicity. They ſailed jocund over the lake, which ſeemed to ſmooth its ſurface before them:

them: their paſſage was cheered with muſick, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged landing here with his band of pleaſure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with diſcontent, to give his heart for ten days to eaſe and jollity, and then fall back to the common ſtate of man, and ſuffer his life to be diverſified, as before, with joy and ſorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to conſider where he ſhould begin his circle of happineſs. He had all the artiſts of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, ſince he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He choſe and rejected, he reſolved and changed his reſolution, till his faculties were haraſſed, and his thoughts confuſed; then returned to the apartment where his preſence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and ſpread the infection of uneaſineſs over the whole aſſembly. He obſerved their depreſſion, and was offended, for he found his vexation increaſed by thoſe whom he expected to diſſipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and ſought for conſolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long ſucceſſion of images ſeized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of penſiveneſs, till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and ſaw the lake brightened by the ſetting ſun. "Such," ſaid *Seged*, ſighing, "is the longeſt day of human "exiſtence: Before we have learned to uſe it, we "find it at an end."

The regret which he felt for the loſs of ſo great a part of his firſt day, took from him all diſpoſition to enjoy the evening; and, after having endeavoured, for the ſake of his attendants, to force

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an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not ſhare, he reſolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the ſlaves of labour and poverty the bleſſing of ſleep.

He roſe early the ſecond morning, and reſolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, ſhould appear in the preſence of the king with dejected countenance, or utter any expreſſion of diſcontent or ſorrow, ſhould be driven for ever from the palace of *Dambea*.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court, and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frighted away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or ſinging in the ſhades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that *Seged* might find his will punctually obeyed, and ſee none among them liable to baniſhment.

Seged now met every face ſettled in a ſmile; but a ſmile that betrayed ſolicitude, timidity, and conſtraint. He accoſted his favourites with familiarity and ſoftneſs; but they durſt not ſpeak without premeditation, leſt they ſhould be convicted of diſcontent or ſorrow. He propoſed diverſions, to which no objection was made, becauſe objection would have implied uneaſineſs; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other deſire than to ſignalize themſelves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topicks of converſation, but obtained only forced jeſts, and laborious laughter, and after many attempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confeſs to himſelf the impotence of command, and reſign another day to grief and diſappointment.

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He at laſt relieved his companions from their terrors, and ſhut himſelf up in his chamber to aſcertain, by different meaſures, the felicity of the ſucceeding days. At length he threw himſelf on the bed, and cloſed his eyes, but imagined, in his ſleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man ſtruggling in the water. He compoſed himſelf again to reſt, but was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and ſtriving, as is uſual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himſelf betrayed to his enemies, and again ſtarted up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind, that he could ſleep no more. He roſe, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invaſion, nor was he able to diſengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and eaſe in any amuſement. At length his perturbation gave way to reaſon, and he reſolved no longer to be haraſſed by viſionary miſeries; but before this reſolution could be completed, half the day had elapſed: He felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human ſchemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakneſs of that being, whoſe quiet was to be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having been firſt diſturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could diſturb him. He at laſt diſcovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and, that to loſe the preſent in lamenting the paſt, was voluntarily to protract a melancholy viſion. The third day was now declining, and *Seged* again reſolved to be happy on the morrow.

(The Same, continued.)

NUMB. 205. TUESDAY, *March* 3, 1752.

——Volat ambiguis
Mobilis alis hora, nec ulli
Præstat velox fortuna fidem. SENECA.

On fickle wings the minutes haſte;
And fortune's favours never laſt. F. LEWIS.

ON the fourth morning *Seged* roſe early refreſhed with ſleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden, attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and ſeeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulneſs, began to ſay to his heart, "This day ſhall be a "day of pleaſure." The ſun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and ſometimes liſtened to the ſongs, ſometimes mingled with the dancers, ſometimes let looſe his imagination in flights of merriment; and ſometimes uttered grave reflections, and ſententious maxims, and feaſted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intruſion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladneſs from his looks, and the ſight of happineſs conferred by himſelf filled his heart with ſatisfaction. But having paſſed three hours in this harmleſs luxury, he was alarmed on a ſudden by an univerſal ſcream among the women, and turning back, ſaw the whole aſſembly flying in confuſion. A young crocodile had riſen out of the lake, and was ranging the

garden in wantonneſs or hunger. *Seged* beheld him with indignation, as a diſturber of his felicity, and chaſed him back into the lake, but could not perſuade his retinue to ſtay, or free their hearts from the terror which had ſeized upon them. The princeſſes incloſed themſelves in the palace, and could yet ſcarcely believe themſelves in ſafety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and eſcape, and no mind was any longer at leiſure for gay ſallies or careleſs prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable caſualties which lie in ambuſh on every ſide to intercept the happineſs of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the conſolation of thinking, that he had not been now diſappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blaſted the hopes of the day, might eaſily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleaſure of the next morning, he reſolved to repeal his penal edict, ſince he had already found that diſcontent and melancholy were not to be frighted away by the threats of authority, and that pleaſure would only reſide where ſhe was exempted from controul. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleaſantry, by propoſing prizes for thoſe who ſhould, on the following day, diſtinguiſh themſelves by any feſtive performances; the tables of the antechamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands, decreed the rewards of thoſe who could refine elegance or heighten pleaſure.

At this diſplay of riches every eye immediately ſparkled, and every tongue was buſied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when *Seged* entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from univerſal emulation, he found that any paſſion too ſtrongly agitated, puts an

an end to that tranquillity which is neceſſary to mirth, and that the mind, that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, muſt be firſt ſmoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wiſh to gain, we muſt in the ſame degree be afraid to loſe, and fear and pleaſure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and ſolicitude. Nothing was done or ſpoken, but with ſo viſible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it ſometimes forced admiration: And *Seged* could not but obſerve with ſorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himſelf. As the evening approached, the conteſt grew more earneſt, and thoſe who were forced to allow themſelves excelled, began to diſcover the malignity of defeat, firſt by angry glances, and at laſt by contemptuous murmurs. *Seged* likewiſe ſhared the anxiety of the day, for conſidering himſelf as obliged to diſtribute with exact juſtice the prizes which had been ſo zealouſly ſought, he durſt never remit his attention, but paſſed his time upon the rack of doubt in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjuſting the claims of all the competitors.

At laſt, knowing that no exactneſs could ſatisfy thoſe whoſe hopes he ſhould diſappoint, and thinking that on a day ſet apart for happineſs, it would be cruel to oppreſs any heart with ſorrow, he declared that all had pleaſed him alike, and diſmiſſed all with preſents of equal value.

Seged ſoon ſaw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themſelves ſecure of the higheſt prizes, were not pleaſed to be levelled with the crowd; and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promiſe had intitled them to expect, they departed unſatisfied, becauſe they were honoured with no diſtinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph

in the mortification of their opponents. "Behold "here," ſaid *Seged*, "the condition of him who "places his happineſs in the happineſs of others." He then retired to meditate, and, while the courtiers were repining at his diſtributions, ſaw the fifth ſun go down in diſcontent.

The next dawn renewed his reſolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by ſettled ſchemes or preparatory meaſures, he thought it beſt to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to pleaſe and be pleaſed his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffuſed a general complacence through the whole court, and the emperor imagined, that he had at laſt found the ſecret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careleſs aſſembly with equal careleſsneſs, he overheard one of his courtiers in a cloſe arbour murmuring alone: "What merit has "*Seged* above us, that we ſhould thus fear and "obey him; a man, whom, whatever he may "have formerly performed, his luxury now ſhews "to have the ſame weakneſs with ourſelves." This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always obſerved among the moſt abject of his flatterers. At firſt his indignation prompted him to ſeverity; but reflecting, that what was ſpoken, without intention to be heard, was to be conſidered as only thought, and was perhaps but the ſudden burſt of caſual and temporary vexation, he invented ſome decent pretence to ſend him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy, and after the ſtruggle of deliberation was paſt, and all deſire of revenge utterly ſuppreſſed, paſſed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himſelf was conſcious of the victory.

The

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the ſeventh day, and nothing happened to diſturb the pleaſure of *Seged*, till looking on the tree that ſhaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the ſame kind he had paſſed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of *Geiama*. The reflection on his loſs, his diſhonour, and the miſeries which his ſubjects ſuffered from the invader, filled him with ſadneſs. At laſt he ſhook off the weight of ſorrow, and began to ſolace himſelf with his uſual pleaſures, when his tranquillity was again diſturbed by jealouſies which the late conteſt for the prizes had produced, and which, having in vain tried to pacify by perſuaſion, he was forced to ſilence by command.

On the eighth morning *Seged* was awakened early by an unuſual hurry in the apartments, and enquiring the cauſe, was told that the princeſs *Balkis* was ſeized with ſickneſs. He roſe, and calling the phyſicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity: All his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whoſe eyes he cloſed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which *Seged* of *Ethiopia* had appropriated to a ſhort reſpiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may preſume to ſay, "This day "ſhall be a day of happineſs."

CONCLUSION OF RAMBLER.

NUMB. 208. SATURDAY, *March* 14, 1752.

Begone, ye blockheads, *Heraclitus* cries,
And leave my labours to the learn'd and wiſe;
By wit, by knowledge, ſtudious to be read,
I ſcorn the multitude, alive and dead.

TIME, which puts an end to all human pleaſures and ſorrows, has likewiſe concluded the labours of the RAMBLER. Having ſupported, for two years, the anxious employment of a periodical writer, and multiplied my eſſays to four volumes, I have now determined to deſiſt.

The reaſons of this reſolution it is of little importance to declare, ſince juſtification is unneceſſary when no objection is made. I am far from ſuppoſing, that the ceſſation of my performances will raiſe any inquiry, for I have never been much a favourite of the publick, nor can boaſt that, in the progreſs of my undertaking, I have been animated by the rewards of the liberal, the careſſes of the great, or the praiſes of the eminent.

But I have no deſign to gratify pride by ſubmiſſion, or malice by lamentation; nor think it reaſonable to complain of neglect from thoſe whoſe regard I never ſolicited. If I have not been diſtinguiſhed by the diſtributors of literary honours, I have ſeldom deſcended to the arts by which favour is obtained. I have ſeen the meteors of faſhion riſe and fall, without any attempt to add a moment to their duration. I have never complied with temporary curioſity, nor enabled my readers to diſcuſs the topick of the day; I have rarely exemplified my aſſertions by living characters; in my papers,

papers, no man could look for cenſures of his enemies, or praiſes of himſelf; and they only were expected to peruſe them, whoſe paſſions left them leiſure for abſtracted truth, and whom virtue could pleaſe by its naked dignity.

To ſome, however, I am indebted for encouragement, and to others for aſſiſtance. The number of my friends was never great, but they have been ſuch as would not ſuffer me to think that I was writing in vain, and I did not feel much dejection from the want of popularity.

My obligations having not been frequent, my acknowledgments may be ſoon diſpatched. I can reſtore to all my correſpondents their productions, with little diminution of the bulk of my volumes, though not without the loſs of ſome pieces to which particular honours have been paid.

The parts from which I claim no other praiſe than that of having given them an opportunity of appearing, are the four billets in the tenth paper, the ſecond letter in the fifteenth, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, the ninety-ſeventh, and the hundredth papers, and the ſecond letter in the hundred and ſeventh.

Having thus deprived myſelf of many excuſes which candour might have admitted for the inequality of my compoſitions, being no longer able to allege the neceſſity of gratifying correſpondents, the importunity with which publication was ſolicited, or obſtinacy with which correction was rejected, I muſt remain accountable for all my faults, and ſubmit, without ſubterfuge, to the cenſures of criticiſm, which, however, I ſhall not endeavour to ſoften by a formal deprecation, or to overbear by the influence of a patron. The ſupplications of an author never yet reprieved him a moment from oblivion; and, though greatneſs has ſometimes ſheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance

ignorance or dulneſs. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not at laſt violate it by the confeſſion of terrors which I do not feel: Having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanneſs of dedication.

The ſeeming vanity with which I have ſometimes ſpoken of myſelf, would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the example of thoſe who have publiſhed eſſays before me, and by the privilege which every nameleſs writer has been hitherto allowed. "A maſk," ſays *Caſtiglione*, "confers a right of acting and ſpeaking with leſs "reſtraint, even when the wearer happens to be "known." He that is diſcovered without his own conſent, may claim ſome indulgence, and cannot be rigorouſly called to juſtify thoſe ſallies or frolicks which his diſguiſe muſt prove him deſirous to conceal.

But I have been cautious leſt this offence ſhould be frequently or groſsly committed; for, as one of the philoſophers directs us to live with a friend, as with one that is ſome time to become an enemy, I have always thought it the duty of an anonymous author to write, as if he expected to be hereafter known.

I am willing to flatter myſelf with hopes, that, by collecting theſe papers, I am not preparing, for my future life, either ſhame or repentance. That all are happily imagined, or accurately poliſhed, that the ſame ſentiments have not ſometimes recurred, or the ſame expreſſions been too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities ſufficient to warrant. He that condemns himſelf to compoſe on a ſtated day, will often bring to his taſk an attention diſſipated, a memory embarraſſed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind diſtracted with anxieties, a body languiſhing with diſeaſe: He will labour

labour on a barren topick, till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuſe his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the preſſing hour of publication cannot ſuffer judgment to examine or reduce.

Whatever ſhall be the final ſentence of mankind, I have at leaſt endeavoured to deſerve their kindneſs. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbariſms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its conſtruction, and ſomething to the harmony of its cadence. When common words were leſs pleaſing to the ear, or leſs diſtinct in their ſignification, I have familiarized the terms of philoſophy by applying them to popular ideas, but have rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; for I believe that whoever knows the *Engliſh* tongue in its preſent extent, will be able to expreſs his thoughts without further help from other nations.

As it has been my principal deſign to inculcate wiſdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle ſports of imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found, of which the higheſt excellence is harmleſs merriment; but ſcarcely any man is ſo ſteadily ſerious as not to complain, that the ſeverity of dictatorial inſtruction has been too ſeldom relieved, and that he is driven by the ſternneſs of the Rambler's philoſophy to more cheerful and airy companions.

Next to the excurſions of fancy are the diſquiſitions of criticiſm, which, in my opinion, is only to be ranked among the ſubordinate and inſtrumental arts. Arbitrary deciſion and general exclamation I have carefully avoided, by aſſerting nothing without a reaſon, and eſtabliſhing all my principles

principles of judgment on unalterable and evident truth.

In the pictures of life I have never been ſo ſtudious of novelty or ſurprize, as to depart wholly from all reſemblance; a fault which writers deſervedly celebrated frequently commit, that they may raiſe, as the occaſion requires, either mirth or abhorrence. Some enlargement may be allowed to declamation, and ſome exaggeration to burleſque; but as they deviate further from reality, they become leſs uſeful, becauſe their leſſons will fail of application. The mind of the reader is carried away from the contemplation of his own manners; he finds in himſelf no likeneſs to the phantom before him; and though he laughs or rages, is not reformed.

The eſſays profeſſedly ſerious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Chriſtianity, without any accommodation to the licentiouſneſs and levity of the preſent age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleaſure, which no blame or praiſe of man ſhall diminiſh or augment. I ſhall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cauſe, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Celeſtial pow'rs! that piety regard,
From you my labours wait their laſt reward.

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